

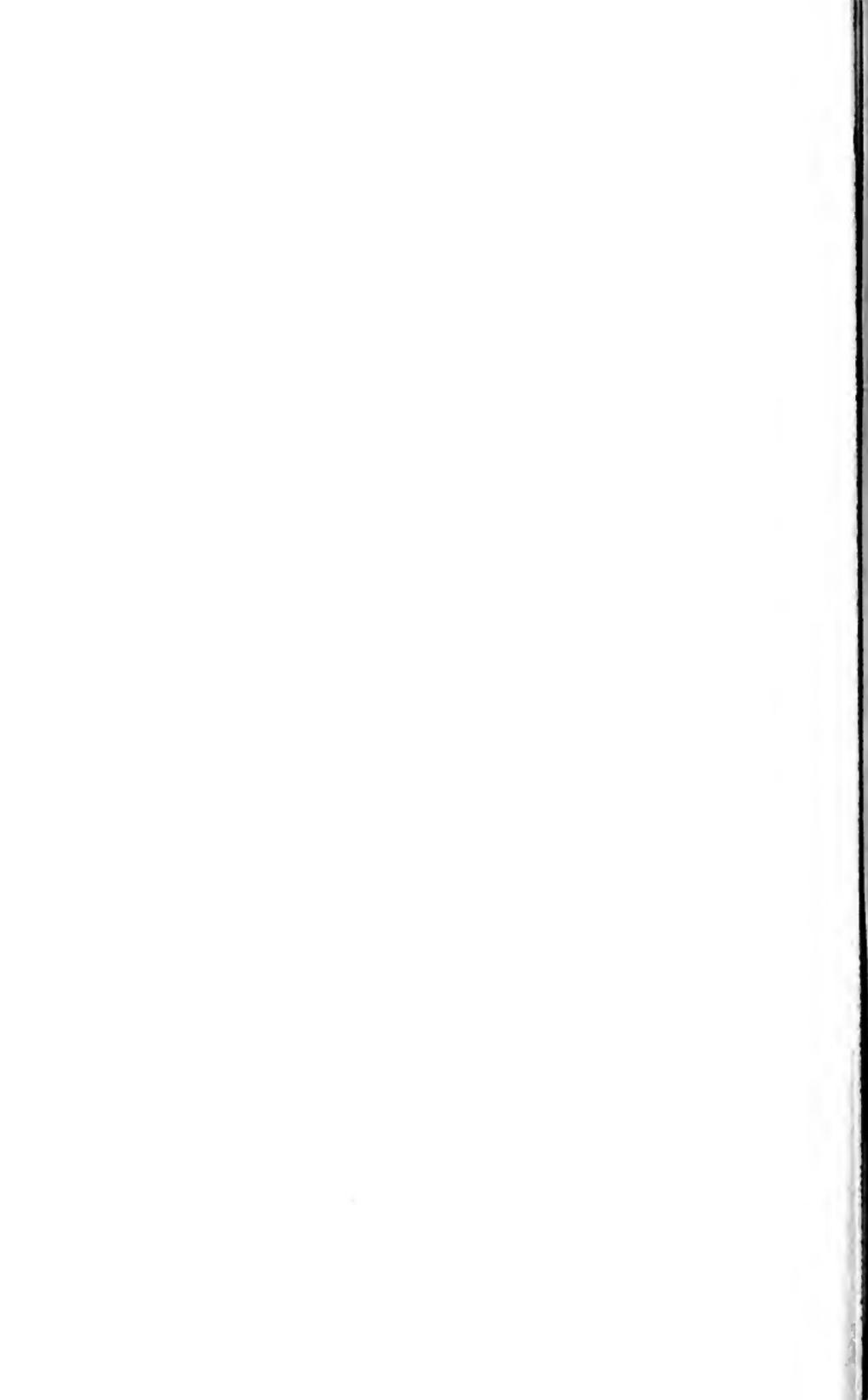
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PASSAGES FROM FROISSART.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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INTRODUCTION.

“DID you ever read Froissart?” inquired Claverhouse of Morton, as the two were riding side by side, in courteous colloquy though the latter was Claverhouse’s prisoner. “‘No,’ was Morton’s answer. ‘I have half a mind,’ said Claverhouse, ‘to contrive you should have six months’ imprisonment, in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself.’” Thus speaks Sir Walter Scott through the lips of the ruthless enemy of the Covenanters;—and Michelet calls Froissart the Scott of the Fourteenth Century. There is a pleasure in bringing together the two great names—in making Scott, as it were, smile encouragement on this attempt to popularise once more the great writer who, five hundred years ago, showed so much of Scott’s own temper and spirit, so very much of Scott’s gift as a narrator and marshaller of stirring events.

Jean Froissart first saw the light in Hainault, at Valenciennes, a city of no mean pretensions in the fourteenth century, and boasting a brisk trade, and commercial relations extending even so far as London. The exact date of his birth is not known, but probably the event occurred somewhere towards the end of the year 1337 or 1338. Nor

do we know, with any degree of certainty, what was his father's profession or social position. Biographers, judging from one or two ambiguous passages in the son's poems, have surmised that Froissart the elder was a painter, and specially a painter of coats-of-arms. But this, though it would, no doubt, fall in well with the fitness of things, is mere conjecture. The probability, such as it is, seems rather to be that he was an honest tradesman of the good city. As to the mother, or possible brothers and sisters, we again know nothing.

Amid all this darkness, one gets, however, a kind of glimmer, rather perhaps than any very definite light, over the lad's childhood and youth. Boys will be boys, and Froissart tells us, in one of his poems¹—looking backwards, as grown men will, with a great tenderness—how he had spent the happy days of his earlier life. He had made dirt pies—“pasties, round loaves, flauns, and tartlets,” to be specific; he had caught butterflies, and caused them—“that age is without pity,” says La Fontaine—to flutter at the end of a thread;—he had dammed the local rivulets, and shown his engineering skill as a constructor of sluices and water-mills; he had practised the high jump with his companions; he had played at many games, all duly enumerated, but under names that puzzle the archæologist—names, however, beneath which one discerns, or fancies one discerns, prototypes of hide-and-seek, hare-and-hounds, blindman's buff, prisoner's base, a whole joyous host of childish pastimes, old and yet eternally new. For chess and draughts he cared but little. All his delight was in games that called forth the play of his young muscles. “At such games,” says he, “full often have I been well weary.”

¹ *Le Trettie de l'Espinette amoureuse*—“The Treatise of the little Thorn of Love.”

Then, as he says again, with the years of growing wisdom he was made to learn Latin ; and, when his construing proved to be faulty, due chastisement followed. It followed too when he tore his clothes ; for at about this time a combative spirit led him into numberless encounters, "beating and being beaten," to the great detriment of his wardrobe, and doubtless to the exasperation of his careful mother. Whereupon he was "brought to reason" with many blows, but small result. "Their trouble was but lost," he declares, "for no sooner did I see one of my companions going before me along the street than I found some excuse for fisticuffs." At the same time, for this, I should gather, was when he had about reached the age of twelve, he delighted much in seeing dances and mummings, and in listening to minstrels and tellers of stories ; and he also took much pleasure in the society of "those who love dogs and hawks." There were girls too at the school to which he went—girls whose favour the youngling squire sought to win, in all innocence, by such gifts as an apple or a pear, "holding it"—for those were days of chivalry—"holding it a high thing to have acquired their grace."

" Oh, when I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy ! "

So sings Tom Hood. So too, some five hundred years before him, had Froissart sung, in words which may be very freely paraphrased as follows :—

" Thus did I pass in great delight
That time—for which to God be praise !
Since all things came to me aright,
Silence or speech, and quiet days
Or joyful days of glad unrest,—
Each in its sequence seeming best.

INTRODUCTION.

And rich I was—richer, God wot,
When in my hand I held a crown
Of violet or forget-me-not
To deck the maidens of our town,
Richer than if some baron bold
Gave me to-day ten marks of gold.

Glad was my heart, and gentle too,
My spirits light, as light as air,
So blithe I piped as birdlings do,
So brisk I fluttered here and there.
All mine the hours in those glad days,
For which again to God be praise!"

There is something altogether fresh and pleasant about this glimpse of boyhood in the fourteenth century. The lad was clearly a fine, manly little fellow, loving the open air, keen at his games, curious in matters of sport, ready enough to drink delight of battle, not at all unduly depressed by such untoward incidents as a little personal chastisement from a worthy pedagogue. *Mutatis mutandis*, he might almost have been one of Tom Brown's school-fellows at Rugby. Perhaps, however, on the whole he had more of artistic and literary taste than that excellent young barbarian. For he loved flowers—roses and violets,—and when winter came, and the weather grew wet and ugly, then full willingly did he betake himself to the reading of romances, and "especially"—here boyhood is merging into adolescence—and "especially the treatises on love";—for "in reading these," he says, "I conceived much that was pleasant to me."

Like his great English contemporary, the lad loved the spring. Chaucer tells how he was wont to forswear his studies,

“ When that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foules sing,
And that the floures ginnen for to spring,”

at which times, he says,

“ Farewell my booke and my devotion !”

And he tells us further how, on the May mornings, before the dawn, he would wander forth into the meadows to catch the daisies still asleep, and watch them open to the sun. So Froissart relates, in very similar language, how one morning, “in the pretty month of May,” he went out into a little garden close. It was again just before the dawn. The firmament was still full of stars, but Lucifer had already begun to drive away the darkness. Never before, “so might God help him,” had he seen such beautiful weather. The birds sang. His heart sang with them. Everything seemed to smile upon him. Suddenly, as it had happened to Chaucer when the “God of Love” and Alcestis came to him from dreamland, so to the boy Froissart, standing beneath a May-tree in bloom, there came, “he knew not how”—in vision possibly—three ladies and a youth. The youth announced himself as Mercurius, and introduced the ladies as Juno, Pallas, and Venus, saying that the two former still misdoubted the justice of the judgment delivered by Paris, and would be glad if he, Froissart, could see his way to revise the sentence. Froissart modestly demurred. He was young and ignorant. His means were but slender. “Seeing, however, that in age and worldly possessions are malice, hatred, and envy,” Mercurius would take no denial; and the boy, having considered the case, came again to the old conclusion. He would “hold and maintain, in all place and circumstance,” that in giving the apple to Venus, and so winning “Elaine,”

Paris had done well. "I knew it would be so," observes Mercurius dryly; "all lovers go that gate."

Dame Venus, as of old, proved not ungrateful. With gracious words she bestowed on him this guerdon, that "from that day forth, and live as long as he might, he should have a heart gay, joyous, and loving,"—for "better will it be for you," she said, "to have joy of heart than great possessions, since wealth full oft takes to itself wings, while happiness abides." And further, "the better to complete her gift," she would "engraft into his heart this virtue, that he should obey and fear a lady beautiful, young and gracious, and love her with all his heart," for, as she assured him, "love without fear is of no value;" and she assured him further, that such pleasure would he take in his lady's "government and sweet constancy," that "more than a thousand times a week" he would "say to himself" that "Helen, for whom Paris endured such sorrows," was not the peer of his love.

Thereafter, "remembering but too well the goddess' very great beauty," he wandered full oft into "the fields, the gardens, and the woods," hoping to have sight of her once more. Such sight was never vouchsafed to him; so that sometimes he almost came to think that she had only visited him in dreamland,—when suddenly that occurred which reassured his waning faith. For one day, "just at the hour of prime," he came, wandering as "young men will," to a certain place, and there found a lady reading a romance. He went to her, and "said softly, calling her by her name," "Oh! fair and sweet, what romance is this that you are reading?" To which she answered courteously, "It is called Cleomades;—and is well and lovingly writ and endited, as you shall hear, if it pleases you to give me your opinion of it." Then the boy looked at her "sweet

face," her "fresh colour," her "eyes so green," her "hair that was lighter than flax is light," her peerless hands,— "Ah! God, how beautiful she was, and of gay carriage, and of fair body." "Fair one," he said, "readily will I listen to your reading. There is no sound of instrument in which I should take such pleasure." Whereupon the lady laughed softly and sweetly, "but not too long"—for her bearing was perfect—and then read to him for a space. After which she asked him graciously if he would not read a little. So, "not daring to contradict her," he read a few leaves—he "knew not how many, two or three." Then they read no more, but fell to talking of this and that, "as young people use"; but "full well I know," says Froissart, "that at that hour the God of Love ran towards me, and wounded me with his arrow . . . ; and there it was, God help me, that *Belle et Bonne*"—the Fair and Good—"with one look of hers, threw me into love-sickness."

Alas! poor squire;—for Cupid, as he says, proved recreant on the occasion, and did not wound the lady as he had wounded her lover. Was *Belle et Bonne* then a coquette? Froissart, in his utter loyalty and devotion, breathes no such word, suggests no such thought. Who was he, Cupid's vassal, to question Cupid's acts? "I excuse him, as I am in duty bound to excuse him," he cries. Peradventure the archer-god had already shot his "sweet and joyous" shaft at "the lady, and caused her to love some other." Were it so, Froissart would utter no word of blame, either as regards the lady or the god. Whatsoever they did, even though he might suffer for it, was well done. But we, who are, possibly, not Cupid's thralls, and have certainly never come under the spells of *Belle et Bonne* in her youth and beauty—we, I think, while exonerating the irresponsible love-god, may venture to

doubt whether the lady, though doubtless fair, was so altogether good, and whether she did not, from that hour forth, play with her admirer.

"When the time came for parting," she "laughed," and said to him, "very lovingly," "come back to us, for, in truth, I take great pleasure in your reading, and would not forego it on any account." Of course he came back. Of course he fluttered about her, now full of hope, more often full of fears, elated when she gave him a smile, depressed and indignant when he noticed how freely she bestowed her smiles on others. She asks him if he cannot lend her a book;—he lends her one, and places between the leaves, "neatly writ in a little schedule," a ballade in her honour. She thanks him for the loan, and returns the book shortly, and again with thanks,—but alas! returns the poem also. Anon he carries to her a "vermeil rose,"—and this gift she receives "gently" and "with a little smile"—which "gives him great joy and great good." Then he meets her at a dance, holds her by her finger, and presses it slightly and tenderly,—and, in a pause of the dance—"sitting out," as one may say—it all might be happening at this moment—he tries to tell her of his love, and she, with her woman's wiles, "looks at him a little space, but so as not to attract notice," and says, "let us go on with our dancing, for of dancing I am never tired,"—and "for a long while they fell into the order of the dance."

Belle et Bonne, Belle et Bonne, you were certainly playing with Master Jehan Froissart. You were, I take it there is no question, of better birth, and richer than he. I take it too, though this is mere conjecture, that you were a woman while he was no more than a boy. And you liked his love, when it did not become too pressing, and you were flattered by his admiration; and what woman is there who

does not feel pleasure at seeing herself enshrined in a poet's verse? So you smiled upon him, and listened to the lovetones in his voice, and read his lines;—and when he fell sick, sick well-nigh unto death, at hearing of your possible marriage, you observed, very much like Barbara Allen, "this young man is very ill, at which I am sorry" Nay, you even expressed a hope that he might get better. Your real name, *Belle et Bonne*, is unknown to us. We only know you by the pretty name your poet gave you—a name that, curiously enough, was again bestowed, long centuries after your death, on another woman by another great French writer, Voltaire. But though you are to us not even a name, and scarcely more than a shadow, I take it we are justified in thinking of you as little better than a flirt.

Poor Froissart, after being ill for three months and a half, and exhaling his sorrows in a good many verses, bethought himself that his pain might be eased by change of air and scene. Accordingly he left Valenciennes, carrying with him a precious mirror, in which the face of *Belle et Bonne* had often been reflected, and made his way to the English Court. His exact itinerary cannot be followed. All we know is, that the passage was very rough, and that the young lover beguiled its discomforts and dangers by the composition of three rather indifferent rondeaux. Then he reached a country, England to wit, "which hates peace rather than war," and "where all who come are made welcome."

It was in 1355, as one conjectures,¹ that Froissart, now a

¹ It must be understood how conjectural are dates and facts in Froissart's history. This first journey to England is itself matter of inference. A good deal depends on the extent to which we accept his poem as being really historical.

young fellow of eighteen, undertook this journey. Edward III. then sat upon the English throne—he had reigned not ingloriously for some twenty-eight years—and his wife was Queen Philippa,—Philippa of Hainault, as Froissart doubtless remembered very well when he determined to make his way to the English Court. Whatever introductions he may have brought with him, she received her brilliant young compatriot graciously. Her heart went back to the distant days when she had been a girl in Valenciennes, and Edward had come thither with his mother—fugitives from England, driven out of France—and her maiden love had gone out to the exiled prince. This is no mere fancy picture. Froissart, chronicling the gracious reception, in 1326, of Queen Isabella and Edward by Count William of Hainault and his wife, adds: “At that time Count William had four daughters, Margaret, Philippa, Joan and Isabella, of whom Philippa was the one towards whom the young Edward most inclined in regard and love; and also the young girl had more knowledge of him, and affected his company more than any of her sisters. Thus have I heard it told by the good lady herself who was erewhile queen of England, and with whom I lived, and whom I served. . . . Such kindness did she show me that I am in duty bound to pray for her always.”

Of her gracious reception of Froissart, as being a native of Hainault, we have further evidence. When he comes, in his chronicle, to speak of the queen’s death, he says: “There fell in England a heavy case and a common, howbeit it was right piteous for the king, his children, and all his realm. For the good queen of England, that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succoured, and ladies and damsels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goods to her people, and *naturally*

loved always the nation of Hainault, the country where she was born: she fell sick in the Castle of Windsor, the which sickness continued on her so long, that there was no remedy but death.”¹

So the queen entertained the lad graciously. He was

¹ This, let me warn the reader, is not “Wardour Street English” of my own manufacture, but the genuine article, and taken from the translation of Froissart executed by Lord Berners for Henry VIII. The whole passage, in its quaint old English form, modernised only as to the spelling, is so pretty and touching, that I cannot forbear completing the quotation: “And the good lady, when she knew and perceived that there was with her no remedy but death, she desired to speak with the king her husband. And when he was before her, she put out of her bed her right hand, and took the king by his right hand, who was right sorrowful at his heart. Then she said, ‘Sir, we have in peace, joy, and great prosperity, used all our time together. Sir, now I pray you, at our departing, that ye will grant me three desires.’ The king, right sorrowfully weeping, said, ‘Madam, desire what ye will, I grant it.’ ‘Sir,’ said she, ‘I require you, first of all, that all manner of people, such as have dealt withal in their merchandise, on this side the sea, or beyond, that it may please you to pay everything that I owe to them or to any other. And secondly, sir, all such ordinances and promises as I have made to the churches as well of this country as beyond the sea, whereas I have had my devotion, that it may please you to accomplish and fulfil the same. Thirdly, sir, I require you that it may please you to take none other sepulture, whensoever it shall please God to take you out of this transitory life, but beside me in Westminster.’ The king, all weeping, said, ‘Madam, I grant all your desire.’ Then the good lady and queen made on her the sign of the cross, and commended the king her husband to God, and her youngest son, Thomas, who was there beside her. And anon, after, she yielded up the spirit, the which I believe surely the holy angels received with great joy up to heaven, for in all her life she did neither in thought nor deed anything whereby to lose her soul, as far as any creature could know. Thus the good Queen of England died in the year of our Lord 1369, in the vigil of our Lady, in the middle of August.”

not yet the chronicler, only the poet and lover, and he fluttered about the English Court, taking, as he says, great delight in the company of “lords and ladies, damsels and women,” but thinking alway, “by day and night,” of his own lady across the sea. At last the longing to return to Valenciennes grew unbearable. He showed to the queen a “virelay,” in which he had exhaled his sorrows. She “examined him straitly,” and guessing how enamoured he was, said: “You shall go hence, and soon will have fair tidings of your lady: but I will, and I ordain, that you come back to us once more.” And he, being on his knees, answered: “Madam, wheresoever I may be I shall always do your behests.” So she sent him away, largely laden with gifts, “horses and jewels and possessions,” which “thereafter,” as he says, “did him very much profit,” and enabled him to return to “his own country in good estate and circumstance.”

These visible marks of success seem to have impressed *Belle et Bonne*. She was pleased to assure him that she and her friends had often talked about him during his absence, and held out vague hopes that his suit might, in time, have a successful issue. So he dangled about her once more,—looking in, on one occasion, through the window as she danced, “resplendent in a fair bodice,” with her friends and companions, while he stood without, afraid to go in;—anon repeating to her his verses;—then, their intimacy growing closer, she came with a friend to his dwelling, which he had bestrewn with daisies and violets for the occasion;—and finally, at a kind of picnic, as they sat under a thorn “about as high as a lance, and all white with blossom,” he is emboldened by good cheer—“pasties, hams, wines, meats, and venison”—to ask her, “in the name of Love,” to “retain him as her loyal servant, sacred to her thenceforward.” “Do you

indeed wish it to be so?" she asks. "Ay," answers the swain. "Then I wish it too."

His happiness was of short duration. *Male-bouche*, or, as one may say, Evil-tongue, came between them, and poisoned the lady's heart against her lover. She tells him, "with soft speech," that their intimacy must cease, that he must appear before her no more. He obeys for a whole season, pretends not to see her when they meet; till one evening, about the time of vespers, as he stood near her house, she, by chance came out, and as she passed by him, he said: "Come here near me, sweet friend." "No sweet friend of yours," answers the lady angrily, and—alas! for her perfect manners, at least according to modern standards—as she went back into the house, she caught hold of his head, and plucked out three of his hairs,—or, maybe a few more.

Even thus Froissart utters no word of blame, and finds excuses for *Belle et Bonne*. Nay, looking back and comparing the good and the evil that Love and his lady have done him, he concludes that the good far outweighs the evil,—that "he would have been nothing worth if he had not had this guerdon of love, for it is of great advantage to a young man, and an initiation to life good, beautiful, and very profitable, making him courageous and capable, and inclining him to turn from vice to virtue." And addressing "his sovereign lady," he tells her that though his love has brought sorrow, yet he could have loved none worthier, and that, whatever betide, as she was the first in his heart, so she shall be the last, and that he will love none other woman.

To what extent is this "Treatise of the little Thorn of Love" a "true story," as the children say? *That* we shall, in all probability, never know. There is, I think, no fiction, and scarcely idealisation, in the passages relating to Froissart's

childhood and youth. The dirt-pies, the mimic mills in the rivulets, the fisticuffs, the torn clothes and maternal anger, the half-learned lessons and consequent canings, the interest in horses and hawks and dogs, the love of minstrels and mummers, the boy-and-girl flirtations—these, we may be pretty sure, had had a real place in the experience of the poet's own life. But the story of his love for *Belle et Bonne* seems at first sight, perhaps, open to suspicion. Were the young men of the fourteenth century, one is tempted to doubt, so faint of heart in their attitude towards woman-kind? Did the gift of "fear" seem to them the supreme gift which the Goddess of Love had it in her power to bestow? Certainly, at other periods of the world's history, the relation of the lover to the loved has not always been regarded in this particular way. Take an eighteenth century illustration, one of a thousand. When Chérubin, in Beaumarchais' play of the "Marriage of Figaro," leaps out of the Countess's window, Susannah, the pretty alert chamber-maid, exclaims, "There is one who will never want for women to love him." Chérubin evidently was not expected to cultivate the gift of "fear." He was to lord it over woman's heart by quite other graces than those of awe and reverence. And, if I were inclined to be cynical, I might here remark that these graces served Froissart rather ill in his suit with *Belle et Bonne*.

That, however, is not the point immediately before us. The question is, whether there really was a *Belle et Bonne*, and whether Froissart loved her, and whether she requited his love in such fashion as he describes. For myself, though, as already stated, absolute proof is not forthcoming, I have little doubt that this question should be answered in the affirmative. Froissart, it must be remembered, was steeped in the highest chivalrous feeling of the fourteenth

century. To sit lowly and discrowned before his love, like King Cophetua in Sir E. Burne-Jones' picture, would be the position he would naturally adopt. The story of *Belle et Bonne* I take to be true in its main features. And now, as mine host of the Tabard said, "we will talk no more of this matter."

Froissart seems to have remained at Valenciennes for some little time after his return from England, and then to have travelled southward—one knows not on what errand—to Avignon, where the Pope then held his seat, and to Narbonne, and thence, northward again, to Paris. But this is all conjecture. In 1361 he was back in London, and again most graciously received by the queen. Young as he was, his real vocation had already for some time declared itself. "I have always," he says in his chronicle, "inquired to the utmost of my power into the true history of wars, and of the adventures resulting therefrom; and especially since the great battle of Poitiers (1356), in which the noble King John of France was taken prisoner, for before that time I was still very young in reason and in years. And notwithstanding that, I undertook, rather rashly, I but just released from school, to rhyme and endite the wars above mentioned, and to take the book, all completed, to England—which also I did. And I presented the book to the very great and noble lady, Madam Philippa of Hainault, queen of England, who received it from me graciously and gently, and gave me thereof great profit."

What was the book which Froissart thus presented to the queen? The learned M. Kervyn de Littenhove holds that it bore no relation to any part of the Chronicles as we now possess them, but was a rhymed history, which has been lost. The very learned M. Siméon Luce, following M.

Paulin Paris, maintains, on the other hand, that this is a mistake—that Froissart's words, as given in most MSS., do not imply rhyme, and that the work was in prose, and most probably an early draft of part of the *Chronicles*. Who shall decide? Prose or verse, the queen, as already stated, received the book gladly. She appointed Froissart to be her clerk, or secretary, and treated him, as did also the king, with marked favour. Writing long afterwards he says: “Such grace did God give me that I have been well entreated of all, and in the households of kings, and especially in the household of the king of England and of the queen, his wife, Madam Philippa of Hainault, queen of England, Lady of Ireland, and Aquitaine, to whom, in my youth, I acted as clerk, serving her with fair ditties and amorous treatises;—and for the love of the noble and brave lady whom I served, all other great lords, kings, dukes, counts, barons and knights, to whatever nation they might belong, had affection for me, and saw me gladly, and gave me great profit. Thus on behalf of the good lady, and at her charges, and at the charges of great lords, I went over the greater part of Christendom. . . .”

A happy man was Jean Froissart. God had bestowed on him a noble gift, and placed him in such circumstances that that gift had its freest, fullest, most joyous exercise. He was a born chronicler, taking delight in the world's pageant as it passed before his eyes, and having at command a ready and most graphic pen. And here he was set from the beginning among the makers of history. The men who had fought at Crecy and Poitiers were about him. He could interrogate here, interrogate there, satisfy to the full his almost insatiable curiosity. He speaks familiarly of having been an inmate of the Black Prince's palace at Berkhamstead. He was evidently liked and trusted wherever

he went. To the queen probably is due the credit of having discovered the value of such a historiographer. She it was, no doubt, who sent him northward on the expedition when he "rode all through the kingdom of Scotland, and was full a fortnight in the palace of the Earl William Douglas, father of Earl James . . . at a castle five leagues from Edinburgh, and called in that country Dalkeith." She would arrange that he should see all that was to be seen, hear all that was to be heard. He appears to have been in London in 1364 when King John of France came back into captivity. He was certainly at Bordeaux on a certain Wednesday, two years later, when the ill-starred Richard II. was born, and "Richard of Pont-Chardon, Marshal of Aquitaine for the nonce," came to him and said, "Froissart, write and keep in memory that the lady Princess has been brought to bed of a fair son, who came into the world on Twelfth Night." He would also have accompanied the Black Prince into Spain in 1367, but that the latter sent him back to England to the queen.

Five years, according to his own statement, did Froissart serve Edward III. and Philippa; and then his biography becomes more scrappy than ever. After the queen's death he found his way back to Valenciennes, and seems to have settled down there for a space, somewhat prosaically, and in circumstances far from affluent. But his was not a light to be hid under a bushel. Patrons took him up, admitted him freely to their courts, supplied him with the means of pursuing his loved inquiries. Ecclesiastical benefices afforded daily bread,—and a cup or so of wine to boot. All this might, no doubt, be profitably set forth in such detail as is now possible; but the story of Froissart's life throughout is one in which inference and conjecture hold a greater place than exact dates and hard facts, and I must

hurry forward to his visit to the Count de Foix in 1388. "At that time," he says, "I, Master Jean Froissart, who have been at pains to endite and write this history at the request and direction of the high and renowned prince Guy of Chastillon, Count of Blois, lord of Avesnes, of Beaumont, of Schoonhove and of Gode, my good and sovereign master and lord, considered with myself that there was no hope that any feats of arms would be performed in Picardy or Flanders, seeing that peace reigned in those parts; and I did not wish to be idle, for well I knew that in the times yet to come, and when I had passed away, this high and noble history of mine would have free course, and that all noble and valiant men would find great pleasure therein, and an example to do well. And inasmuch as I possessed, for which God be thanked, good knowledge and memory of things past, a mind clear and acute to understand all the facts pertaining to any subject that might be presented to me, and was of an age, and with body and members, to bear fatigue, I decided that I would not in any wise stop from pursuing my work. And so that I might know the truth of what had happened in distant parts without sending some one else instead of myself, I took a reasonable determination to go to the high prince and redoubted lord, Gaston, Count of Foix and Béarn. And well I knew that if I could come to be of his household, and be there at my leisure, I could not choose any better place in the world where to gather information and all news, for thither do resort all foreign knights and squires on account of the nobleness of that high prince."

So Froissart set out, then, as ever, a kind of knight-errant in search of knowledge. He took with him letters of recommendation from Guy of Chastillon to the Count of

Foix, and, the better to ingratiate himself with that worthy, a present of four greyhounds, named respectively, Tristan, Hector, Brown, and Roland. As he rode on his way he fell in with a certain knight of Gaston's household—a “brave and wise man, and fine knight, Espaing de Lyon by name, who might then be fifty years old.” Six days they journeyed together, each rejoicing in the other's company, and talking incessantly after Sir Espaing had piously completed his orisons every morning. “Much did the stories of Espaing de Lyon tend to my pleasure and recreation,” says Froissart, “and through them the way seemed to me all too short.” And again he says: “With the words of Sir Espaing de Lyon was I greatly rejoiced, and much pleasure did they give me, and I bore them well in mind; and so soon as I had dismounted at any resting place on our way, were it night or morning, I wrote them down, so as to have better memory of them in the time to come, for there is no such good means of retaining knowledge as writing.”

The Count de Foix was the “lord in the whole world who most willingly received strangers, so that he might hear news,” and he received and entertained Froissart nobly. The latter had brought with him a book, mainly of his own composition, entitled *Méliador*,¹ and out of this book he read to the Count every night after supper—when no one was allowed to speak a word, for, says Froissart, the Count “wished that I should be heard perfectly, and he himself took great pleasure in hearing me well.” What author but would have been flattered by such treatment? “Before I came to his court,” says Froissart, “I had visited many courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts, and high ladies, but never had I been to any that pleased

¹ This interminable rhymed romance has lately been discovered, and is, it appears, to be shortly published.

me better, nor that was more joyous in all matters pertaining to arms, than that of the Count of Foix. One saw, in the hall and chambers of the court, knights and squires of honour going and coming, and heard them talk of arms and of love. All honour was there to be found. News was there to be heard of all kingdoms and countries whatsoever, for, because of the lord's worth and valour, all news came thither like rain. There was I informed of the greater part of the feats of arms performed in Spain, in Portugal, in Arragon, in Navarre, in England, in Scotland, and on the frontiers of Languedoc; for there I met, coming to the Count, during the time that I remained, knights and squires of all nations. So I got from them what information I could, either directly, or through the Count, who willingly spoke to me of that they had told him."

Even so, however, Froissart was not satisfied. Important as were the testimonies collected while at the Count's court, he felt that they stood in need of check and confirmation. "Never," he says later on in his history, "have I pursued a course of enquiry in any country without afterwards taking means to ascertain whether the results were true and noteworthy. Thus because while I was with the gentle Count Gaston of Foix, I was informed of many things that had happened in Castille and Arragon, so after I had returned to my own country, in the County of Hainault and town of Valenciennes, and had rested for a while, and it became my pleasure to continue the history I had begun—I then felt that I could not do so with justice after hearing only the statements of those who held for the King of Castille, and that it behoved me, if I wished to be impartial, to listen to the Portuguese, as I had listened to the Gascons and Spaniards at the palace of Foix and on my way thither and thence. So I gave no thought to the trouble, or weariness

of my body, but came to Bruges in Flanders, to find the Portuguese and people of Lisbon, for there are always many at that place." Nor did his journey end here, for hearing that there was a knight of Portugal, specially valiant and wise, and a member of the King of Portugal's council, who had just left for Zealand on the way to Prussia—where, it will be remembered, the heathen or quasi-heathen were still to be fought—Froissart followed; and as he found the said knight to be "gracious, wise and honourable, courteous and friendly," he remained with him six days, obtaining much valuable information as to what had "happened in Portugal and Castille up to the year of grace, 1390."

In some respects Froissart's journey to the court of the Count of Foix is less interesting, to the English reader at least, than his journey a little later (in 1394) to the court of Richard II. But I have dwelt upon the former expedition, because all that Froissart says about it illustrates so well what was his conception of his duties as a historian, and in what manner his *Chronicles* were composed;—and these are points which it may be profitable to consider for a moment.

Froissart then was no Dryasdust. The patient investigation of old archives, the laborious piecing together of facts and dates, the weighing of written evidence,—all this was not his trade. He wrote neither from books nor records, but from the oral testimony of men. Men were his archives, and supplied the materials for his history. When he wished to know what had occurred at any particular time or place, he did not betake himself, as a modern historian would mainly have to do, even if dealing with contemporary events, to a library.¹ He went out into the world, tried to

¹ Perhaps Kinglake, in his composition of the history of the Crimean War, is the modern historian who has most often followed Froissart's methods

obtain access to the actors in life's great drama—travelled hither and thither for the purpose—spared neither time nor the money of his patrons in his investigations—questioned freely all he met;—and, being everywhere honourably received in palace and castle, in abbey refectory and guardroom, *interviewed* in a manner as successful as it was courtly. Yes, *interviewed*, though the word may seem so modern as to raise a smile when applied to a writer who lived five hundred years ago. Froissart was a prototype, the prototype of the “special correspondent” and “war correspondent” of to-day. As our own newspapers send out skilled journalists to gather and record the world’s news, so did Froissart’s patrons, all duly enumerated in his *Joli Buisson de Jonece*, or “Pretty Boscage of Youth,” employ him to chronicle deeds worthy of memory. Substantially, though the one wrote a long book, and the other writes newspaper articles, the chronicler executed much the same office, and by much the same methods, as the modern newspaper correspondent,—the main difference being that Froissart, the pioneer, was a man of genius, and that genius is a very rare plant.

And Froissart’s history has the defects inherent in his modes of investigation. Human memory is at once very fallible and very biassed. We forget much, and what we do remember is often mis-remembered, and coloured by our prepossessions and prejudices;—while in the retrospect of each of us, dates and the sequence of events are sometimes strangely jumbled. There is no reason at all to suppose that Froissart’s informants had any desire to deceive him. They were nearly always, no doubt, witnesses of truth, so far as intention went. But sometimes they thought they knew what they did not know; and sometimes they unconsciously exaggerated the prowess of their friends, and

the pusillanimity of their enemies, and sometimes their dates stood in need of correction. Froissart was far from being a credulous person. He is not at all to be regarded as a quidnunc, a *gobemouche*, an open-mouthed swallower of random flies. But he naturally believed and recorded what he was told and seemed credible—what often he had no means of checking—what often, though right enough generally, was not right in particulars. And so his own character for exactitude has suffered. Thus, for instance, Mr. Green, in the *Short History of the English People*, while doing justice to his “vivacity and picturesqueness,” says that these “blind us to the inaccuracy of his details,” adding, “as an historical authority he is of little value.”

This is, I venture to think, at once true, and yet, in a sense, false. Froissart, and for the reasons which I have just endeavoured to explain, is not an historical authority of any high value as regards dates, or specific facts, or even the motives of action. His statements have no greater authority than that of the evidence on which they were based, and stand in need of control, like all evidence of the same kind. But even thus it is surely an exaggeration to say that he has little value as an historical authority. As regards by far the greater part of the events which he narrates, he was a contemporary, and based his narrative on the testimony of contemporaries who had often been actors and spectators. This, in itself, is an inestimable advantage, especially as he possessed an excellent gift of what may, for want of a better word, be called *realisation*. We seem, as we read through his pages, to be listening to the men who had fought at Crecy and Poitiers, to hear those popular leaders, the Artevelds, swaying, by gift of speech, the turbulent populace of the great burgher towns of Flanders;—we see, we feel, the hopeless misery, the

terrible social disorganisation that had fallen on France as the result of the English war—the country harried by bands of freebooters, commerce paralysed, the fields untilled—everywhere rapine and starvation. All the history of the time—in England, Scotland, France, the Netherlands, Spain, Portugal, Italy, to say nothing of expeditions eastward and to Africa—all seems to pass before our eyes, and, for the most part, neither confused nor jumbled, but ordered with a most admirable skill. It's a panorama, if you like, but a panorama executed by a great artist, and an artist who, I repeat, saw through contemporary eyes.

Froissart says of himself, modestly, after stating a point in dispute between the French and English, “as for me, I have no such knowledge of great matters (of state), as I have of the use and exercise of arms.” And this is, no doubt, true. He was in some sense, so far as great political affairs were concerned, an outsider. He had not, like his predecessors in the chronicler's art, Villehardouin and Joinville, himself taken part in the actions which he narrated. Nor had he, like his successor Commines, been initiated to the inner secrets of politics. He was the curious, interested, intelligent spectator of the life of his time, seeing perhaps mainly its outward pageantry, but seeing that with an excellent clearness. Granting, to use M. Zola's phrase, that Chaucer's immortal prologue is our best “human document” with regard to the fourteenth century, yet Froissart's Chronicle does not come far behind; and, if this be true, assuredly it cannot be said that the Chronicle has little historical value.

No doubt in accepting Froissart's picture of his times, due allowance must be made for his own point of view and character. But then as much might be said of the work of almost every artist in words or paint. Chaucer and Lang-

land looked out upon the same age, but they saw it very differently. Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, denies that Scott could write advantageously about the Middle Ages, on the curious ground that Scott, being, as he was, a very good man, and an honourable gentleman, could have no insight into times so lustful, violent, and bloody. If virtue be thus a disqualification, Froissart also stands condemned. He too was a man of worth and uprightness; and, because he was himself pure and straightforward, he refused, except on the most irrefragable testimony, to impute evil and baseness to others. No better evidence can be given of his temper, in this respect, than his treatment of the story of the love of Edward III. for the Countess of Salisbury. That episode in the *Chronicles* is borrowed, with all due general acknowledgment, from the earlier Chronicle of Jehan le Bel, canon of Liége, who was not only a sumptuous ecclesiastic, but an admirable writer, and, in effect, the author of some of the most notable passages in the first part of Froissart's history. But Jehan le Bel had not his successor's reticence. In his narrative, the story of Edward III. and the Countess has a hideous conclusion, that exhibits the monarch in an odious light. *He* had apparently accepted, without question, the scandal of the time. Froissart, as unhesitatingly rejects it. All this part of the story is simply ignored, dropped, in the later versions of the Chronicle. But an intermediate version, known as the MS. of Amiens, enables us to understand on what grounds he had come to the conclusion—a just one as now appears—that the king had not been guilty of the vile conduct attributed to him. "You have heard tell," he says, "how the King of England was enamoured of the Countess of Salisbury; nevertheless the *Chronicles* of My lord Jehan le Bel speak of this love

farther, and less conveniently, than I must do, for, please God, I have no thought to attach any ugly reproach to the King of England, nor to the Countess of Salisbury. And to continue the story, and disclose the whole truth of the matter, so that all good people may have their minds at rest with respect thereto, and may know why I now speak of that love, be it known that Messire Jehan le Bel maintains in his *Chronicles* that the English king entreated the said lady evilly, and had his will of her by force;—but as to this I may say, so God help me, that I have been much in England, and conversed with many people, and principally in the dwelling of the king and of the great lords of that country, but never did I hear word of this evil case. And I enquired about it of many people who must have known had there been anything to know. Also I cannot believe, nor is it in anywise believable, that so high and valiant a man as the King of England is and has been, should abase himself to soil with dishonour a noble lady of his, and a knight who all his life had served him so loyally. Therefore now and from henceforward I shall speak of this love no more.”

Froissart's temper, as exhibited in such passages as this, has been called courtly. To my thinking, it should rather be called human. He refused lightly to think evil of his fellow-men, and saw them, sometimes, it may be, —though not in this particular case—somewhat better than they were. This has, no doubt, to be kept in view when reading his *Chronicle*.

Was he, as some have held, indifferent to the sufferings of the commonalty, and only in sympathy with the men and women of high degree? Scott seems to think so;—or, to speak more accurately, fathers that opinion on Claverhouse, who, in the colloquy from which I have already quoted, is

made to say to Morton : “The noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love ! Ah benedicite ! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favour, or on the other. But truly for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse.” So speaks the Claverhouse of Scott’s creation ; and I gather from the passage on chivalry in Mr. Green’s history, that he, though looking at the matter, as may be supposed, from a very different point of view, shares the same opinion—for after mentioning the name of Froissart, he speaks of “caste-spirit and a brutal indifference to human suffering.”

Both Claverhouse’s praise and Mr. Green’s implied dispraise, are, I venture to think, in a great measure undeserved. Froissart did not write in this somewhat sentimental, somewhat hysterical last decade of the nineteenth century, and it were absurd to expect that he would freely drop the modern tear of sensibility over the sufferings entailed by war. But relatively—relatively that is to other military historians from Cæsar to M. Thiers, let us say,—I do not think that it can be justly urged against him that the spectacle of human misery leaves him indifferent. There are moments, and quite sufficiently numerous, when “the pity of it” strikes him—moments when he laments, not only as Claverhouse says he does, over some chief of renown, Chandos, or Duguesclin, or the Black Prince, but over the ravaged fields,

the towns pillaged and burnt,—the ruined peasantry and the slaughtered citizens. Here, for instance, is his account of the taking of Limoges by the Black Prince : “ Those who were on foot were thus enabled to enter at their ease, and they did so ; and they ran to the gate, and threw it down, and the barriers also, for there was no defence. And all this was done so suddenly that those in the town knew not what had befallen. Then came the Prince, the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Cambridge, the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Guiscard d’Angle, and all the others, with their followers, who entered in, with pillagers on foot who were fully prepared to do evil, and overrun the town, and kill men, women, and children ; and thus they had been ordered to do. Then was there a scene of great pity, for men and women and children threw themselves on their knees before the prince, and cried, ‘ Mercy, gentle lord ! ’ But he was so incensed that he would not hear ; nor was man nor woman listened to, but all were put to the sword, wheresoever found, and though they were in nowise guilty. Nor do I know how they had no pity for the poor folk, who were not in any case to have committed treason ; but these suffered more than the greater people who had been guilty. There is no heart, however hard, that having memory of God, and being in Limoges that day, would not have been filled with tender pity over the great sorrow that there befell, for more than three thousand persons, men, women, and children were delivered up and beheaded. May God have their souls, for they were in truth martyrs.” This is certainly not the language of courtly indifference.

It is no easier to construct a consecutive narration of the end of Froissart’s career than of the beginning. It was in 1388 that he visited the Count de Foix; and we have incidental notes in his *Chronicles* of other later journeyings.

In 1394, at which time he held the office of Treasurer and Canon of Chimay,¹ in Hainault, he came to England,—still pursuing his historical inquiries—and was introduced to Richard II. Richard, “who spoke and read French very well,” received him graciously, and was pleased to accept a sumptuous volume, richly illustrated, and “covered with red velvet, studded with ten nails of silver gilt with gold, and golden roses in the midst,” which Froissart had prepared for presentation. Froissart lived in the king’s household for some three months at Eltham, at Leeds (in Kent), at Sheen, at Chertsey, and at Windsor—observing that no English king had ever spent money so freely; and, on taking leave, received “a goblet of silver, gilt with gold, and weighing fully two marks, with a hundred nobles therein.” Thenceforward all is again pretty well darkness in the chronicler’s career. It is matter of tradition that he ended his long life at Chimay, in 1410, and that he was buried in the chapel of St. Anne, in the church of that town. But no certain trace remains of the exact spot where he sleeps his last long sleep.

Facile, fluent, copious—copious to prolixity and weariness—such is Froissart as a poet. Nor, perhaps, as a prose-writer can he properly be called succinct. He wrote at a time, and for a restricted public, which had abundant leisure and very few books, and his patrons, with interminable winter evenings to beguile, would scarcely have thanked him for condensing any portion of his narratives. But if his Chronicle be long—if it delights in detail and

¹ The date on which he became a priest is uncertain; nor does his clerical character obtrude itself in his book. He was, I take it, a religious man, but not in any way a bigot, or an enthusiast, or superstitious.

circumstance and episode,—it is never for a moment dull. It lives, lives now as it lived five hundred years ago. The very life-blood of its age, if one may so speak, still pulsates through its pages. Against such vitality Time is powerless. Froissart's book, which has had so many yesterdays, is a book of to-day, and will be a book of to-morrow.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

There are, so far as I know, two translations into English of Froissart's *Chronicles*. The first was executed, at the suggestion of Henry VIII., by John Bourchier, Baron Berners, Deputy of Calais, and published in 1523-25. The second, published in 1803-5, was executed by Thomas Johnes of Hafod, a wealthy, benevolent, and erudite M.P. and landowner who flourished a century ago.

Of these two translations the first has a very delightful antique flavour and raciness,—it seems, not only in actual time, but in language and spirit, to be nearer to Froissart's own work. Nevertheless, in the following extracts—extracts which are always given whole and not abridged—I have adopted Johnes' version, and that simply because his version is in quite modern English, and the present volume is intended for the reader of to-day.

Into any questions connected with the text of Froissart, this is scarcely the place to enter. Suffice it to say that these questions offer peculiar difficulty, inasmuch as there is no version of his book, no MS., that can be regarded as definite and final. Writing, of course, before the invention of printing, working at different times and for different

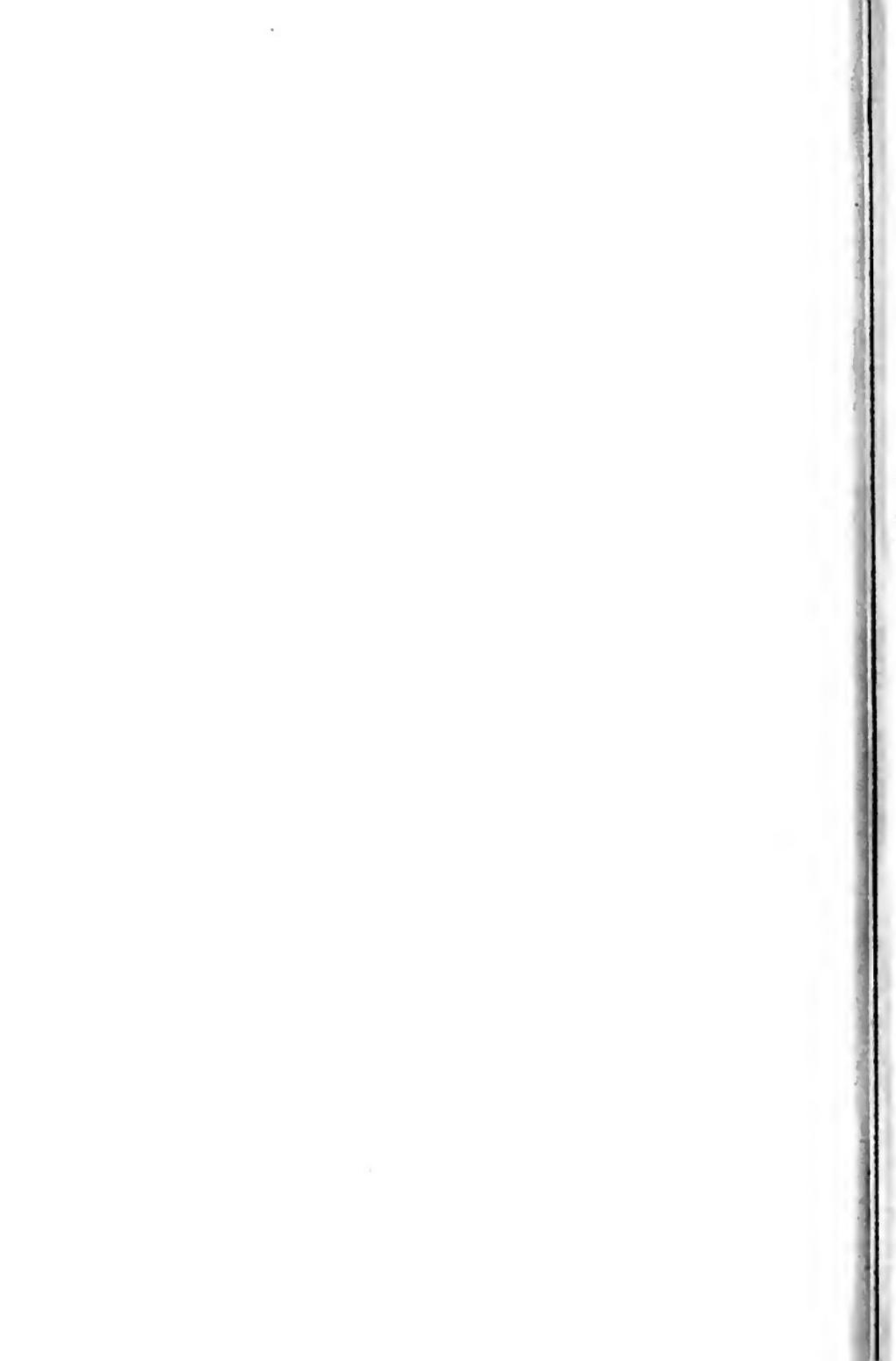
patrons, Froissart would deliver a MS. much as a present publisher would issue an edition, and the MSS. delivered at various epochs would differ as editions differ. He did not write his book once and for all, but subjected it to revision and amendment as new information came to his hand. The MSS., however, have been classified into three main divisions. Those belonging to the first division are by far the most numerous, and supply the text ordinarily in use, and were clearly produced under English influences. The second division is represented by two MSS., preserved at Amiens and Valenciennes, and belongs to a later period of Froissart's life. The third division, still later in date, is represented by only one MS., preserved at Rome, and containing but a portion of the first book of the *Chronicles*. In the MSS. belonging to the second and third divisions, the influences are other than English. All this will be found explained and illustrated in the Introduction to the edition of the *Chronicles* published for the *Société de l'Histoire de France*, by the late able and erudite M. Siméon Luce—an edition which, when completed, will probably be final and not deposed.

The *Chronicles* of Jehan le Bel, which formed the groundwork of the earlier portion of Froissart's *Chronicles*, were discovered in 1861 and published at Brussels, by M. Polain, in 1863.

It may be added that since the above pages were written, a very interesting little book on Froissart, by Mrs. Mary Darmesteter, has been published in the French Series *Les Grands Écrivains de la France*.



PASSAGES FROM FROISSART.



FROISSART'S PREFACE.

THAT the honourable enterprises, noble adventures, and deeds of arms, performed in the wars between England and France, may be properly related, and held in perpetual remembrance—to the end that brave men taking example from them may be encouraged in their well-doing, I sit down to record a history deserving great praise; but, before I begin, I request of the Saviour of the world, who from nothing created all things, that he will have the goodness to inspire me with sense and sound understanding to persevere in such manner, that all those who shall read may derive pleasure and instruction from my work, and that I may fall into their good graces.

It is said, and with truth, that all towns are built of many different stones, and that all large rivers are formed from many springs; so are sciences compiled by many learned persons, and what one is ignorant of is known to another: not but that everything is known sooner or later. Now, to come to the matter in hand, I will first beg the grace of God and the benign Virgin Mary, from whom all comfort and success proceed; and then I will lay my foundation on the true Chronicles formerly written by that reverend, wise, and discreet man, John le Bel, canon of St. Lambert's, at Liège; who bestowed great care and diligence on them, and

continued them, as faithfully as he could, to his death, though not without much pains and expense; but these he minded not, being rich and powerful. He was also a man of courteous manners, generous, and a privy counsellor, well beloved by sir John de Hainault; who is spoken of in these books, and not without reason, for he was the chief of many noble enterprises, and nearly related to several kings; and by his means the above-mentioned John le Bel could see as through a perspective the many gallant actions recorded in the following sheets.

The true reason of my undertaking this book was for my amusement, to which I have ever been inclined, and for which I have frequented the company of many noblemen and gentlemen, as well in France as in England and Scotland, and in other countries, from whose acquaintance I have always requested accounts of battles and adventures, especially since the mighty battle of Poictiers, where the noble king John of France was taken prisoner; for before that time I was young in years and understanding: however, on quitting school, I boldly undertook to write and relate the wars above mentioned—which compilation, such as it was, I carried to England, and presented to my lady Philippa of Hainault, queen of England, who most graciously received it from me, to my great profit. And perhaps as this book is neither so exactly nor so well written as such feats of arms require—for such deeds demand that each actor who therein performs his part nobly should have due praise—in order to acquit myself to all, as in justice is due, I have undertaken this present work on the ground before mentioned, at the prayer and request of my dear lord and master, sir Robert de Namur, knight, lord of Beaufort, to whom I owe all love and obedience, and God give me grace to do always according to his pleasure.

FROISSART.

THE BRAVEST KNIGHTS OF THIS CHRONICLE.

TO encourage all valorous hearts, and to show them honourable examples, I, John Froissart, will begin to relate, after the documents and papers of master John le Bel, formerly canon of St. Lambert's, at Liége, as followeth: That whereas various noble personages have frequently spoken of the wars between France and England, without knowing anything of the matter, or being able to assign the proper reasons for them; I, having perceived the right foundation of the matter, shall neither add nor omit, forget, corrupt, nor abridge my history; but the rather will enlarge it, that I may be able to point out and speak of each adventure from the nativity of the noble king Edward of England, who so potently reigned, and who was engaged in so many battles and perilous adventures, and other feats of arms and great prowess, from the year of grace 1326, when he was crowned in England.

Although he, and also those who were with him in his battles and fortunate encounters, or with his army when he was not there in person, which you shall hear as we go on, ought to be accounted right valiant; yet as of these there is a multitude some should be esteemed supereminent. Such as the gallant king himself before named; the prince of Wales, his son; the duke of Lancaster; sir Reginald lord Cobham; sir Walter Manny of Hainault, knight; sir John Chandos; sir Fulke

Harley; and many others who are recorded in this book for their worth and prowess: for in all the battles by sea or land in which they were engaged, their valour was so distinguished that they should be esteemed heroes of highest renown—but without disparagement to those with whom they served. In France also was found good chivalry, strong of limb and stout of heart, and in great abundance; for the kingdom of France was never brought so low as to want men ever ready for the combat. Such was king Philip of Valois, a bold and hardy knight, and his son, king John; also John, king of Bohemia, and Charles, count of Alençon, his son; the count of Foix; the chevaliers de Santré, d'Arnaud d'Angle, de Beauveau, father and son, and many others that I cannot at present name; but they shall all be mentioned in due time and place; for, to say the truth, we must allow sufficient bravery and ability to all who were engaged in such cruel and desperate battles, and discharged their duty, by standing their ground till the discomfiture.

DEATH OF ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND.

King Robert of Scotland, who had been a very valiant knight, waxed old, and was attacked with so severe an illness, that he saw his end was approaching; he therefore summoned together all the chiefs and barons, in whom he most confided, and, after having told them that he should never get the better of this sickness, he commanded them, upon their honour and loyalty, to keep and preserve faithfully and entire the kingdom for his son David, and obey him and crown him king when he was of a proper age, and to marry him with a lady suitable to his station.

He after that called to him the gallant lord James Douglas, and said to him, in presence of the others, "My dear friend lord James Douglas, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles, during the time I have lived, to support the rights of my crown: at the time that I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives

me much uneasiness—I vowed that, if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith. To this point my heart has always leaned; but our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my lifetime, and this last expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that, since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart in the stead of my body to fulfil my vow. And, as I do not know any one knight so gallant or enterprising, or better formed to complete my intentions than yourself, I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to our Lord and Saviour; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that, if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success—and I shall die more contented; but it must be executed as follows:—

“I will, that as soon as I shall be dead, you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed; you will also take as much money from my treasury as will appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to take with you in your train; you will then deposit your charge at the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, where he was buried, since my body cannot go there. You will not be sparing of expense—and provide yourself with such company and such things as may be suitable to your rank—and wherever you pass, you will let it be known that you bear the heart of king Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas by his command, since his body cannot go thither.”

All those present began bewailing bitterly; and when the lord James could speak, he said, “Gallant and noble king, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you entrust me; and I will most willingly do all that you command me with the utmost loyalty in my power; never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction.”

The king replied, “Gallant knight, I thank you—you promise it me then?”

“Certainly, sir, most willingly,” answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon his knighthood.

The king said, “Thanks be to God! for I shall now die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight of my kingdom will perform that for me which I am unable to do for myself.”

Soon afterwards the valiant Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, departed this life, on the 7th of November 1337. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery of Dunfermline. Shortly after died also the noble earl of Moray, who was one of the most gallant and powerful princes in Scotland: he bore for arms, argent, three pillows gules.

Early in the spring, the lord James Douglas, having made provision of everything that was proper for his expedition, embarked at the port of Montrose, and sailed directly for Sluys in Flanders, in order to learn if any one were going beyond the sea to Jerusalem, that he might join companies. He remained there twelve days, and would not set his foot on shore, but stayed the whole time on board, where he kept a magnificent table, with music of trumpets and drums, as if he had been the king of Scotland. His company consisted of one knight banneret, and seven others of the most valiant knights of Scotland, without counting the rest of his household. His plate was of gold and silver, consisting of pots, basins, porringers, cups, bottles, barrels, and other such things. He had likewise twenty-six young and gallant esquires of the best families in Scotland to wait on him; and all those who came to visit him were handsomely served with two sorts of wine and two sorts of spices—I mean those of a certain rank. At last, after staying at Sluys twelve days, he heard that Alphonso, king of Spain, was waging war against the Saracen king of Granada. He considered, that if he should go thither he should employ his time and journey according to the late king’s wishes; and when he should have finished there he would proceed further to complete that with which he was charged. He made sail therefore towards Spain,

and landed first at Valencia; thence he went straight to the king of Spain, who was with his army on the frontiers, very near the Saracen king of Granada.

It happened, soon after the arrival of the lord James Douglas, that the king of Spain issued forth into the fields, to make his approaches nearer the enemy; the king of Granada did the same; and each king could easily distinguish the other's banners, and they both began to set their armies in array. The lord James placed himself and his company on one side, to make better work and a more powerful effort. When he perceived that the battalions on each side were fully arranged, and that of the king of Spain in motion, he imagined they were about to begin the onset; and as he always wished to be among the first rather than last on such occasions, he and all his company stuck their spurs into their horses, until they were in the midst of the king of Granada's battalion, and made a furious attack on the Saracens. He thought that he should be supported by the Spaniards; but in this he was mistaken, for not one that day followed his example. The gallant knight and all his companions were surrounded by the enemy: they performed prodigies of valour; but they were of no avail, as they were all killed. It was a great misfortune that they were not assisted by the Spaniards.

THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE KING OF
ENGLAND AND THE FRENCH BEFORE SLUYS.

We will now leave the duke of Normandy and the earl of Hainault, and speak of the king of England, who had embarked for Flanders, in order to go to Hainault to assist his brother-in-law in his war against France. He and his whole navy sailed from the Thames the day before the eve of St. John the Baptist, 1340, and made straight for Sluys. Sir Hugh Quiriel, sir Peter Bahucet, and Barbenoire were at that time lying between Blanckenburgh and Sluys with upwards of one hundred and

twenty large vessels, without counting others: these were manned with about forty thousand men, Genoese and Picards, including mariners. By the orders of the king of France, they were there at anchor, waiting the return of the king of England, to dispute his passage.

When the king's fleet was almost got to Sluys, they saw so many masts standing before it that they looked like a wood. The king asked the commander of his ship what they could be, who answered that he imagined they must be that armament of Normans which the king of France kept at sea, and which had so frequently done him much damage, had burnt his good town of Southampton, and taken his large ship the *Christopher*. The king replied, "I have for a long time wished to meet with them, and now, please God and St. George, we will fight with them; for, in truth, they have done me so much mischief, that I will be revenged on them, if it be possible." The king then drew up all his vessels, placing the strongest in the front, and on the wings his archers. Between every two vessels with archers, there was one of men-at-arms. He stationed some detached vessels as a reserve, full of archers, to assist and help such as might be damaged. There were in this fleet a great many ladies from England, countesses, baronesses, and knights' and gentlemen's wives, who were going to attend on the queen at Ghent: these the king had guarded most carefully by three hundred men-at-arms and five hundred archers. When the king of England and his marshals had properly divided the fleet, they hoisted their sails to have the wind on their quarter, as the sun shone full in their faces, which they considered might be of disadvantage to them, and stretched out a little, so that at last they got the wind as they wished. The Normans, who saw them tack, could not help wondering why they did so, and said they took good care to turn about, for they were afraid of meddling with them: they perceived, however, by his banner, that the king was on board, which gave them great joy, as they were eager to fight with him; so they put their vessels in proper order, for they were expert and gallant men on the seas. They filled the *Christopher*, the large ship which they had taken the

year before from the English, with trumpets and other warlike instruments, and ordered her to fall upon the English. The battle then began very fiercely; archers and cross-bowmen shot with all their might at each other, and the men-at-arms engaged hand to hand: in order to be more successful, they had large grapnels, and iron hooks with chains, which they flung from ship to ship, to moor them to each other. There were many valiant deeds performed, many prisoners made, and many rescues. The *Christopher*, which led the van, was recaptured by the English, and all in her taken or killed. There were then great shouts and cries, and the English manned her again with archers, and sent her to fight against the Genoese.

This battle was very murderous and horrible. Combats at sea are more destructive and obstinate than upon land, for it is not possible to retreat or flee—every one must abide his fortune, and exert his prowess and valour. Sir Hugh Quiriel and his companions were bold and determined men, had done much mischief to the English at sea, and destroyed many of their ships; this combat, therefore, lasted from early in the morning until noon, and the English were hard pressed, for their enemies were four to one, and the greater part men who had been used to the sea. The king, who was in the flower of his youth, showed himself on that day a gallant knight, as did the earls of Derby, Pembroke, Hereford, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Gloucester; the lord Reginald Cobham, lord Felton, lord Bradestan, sir Richard Stafford, the lord Percy, sir Walter Manny, sir Henry de Flanders, sir John Beauchamp, sir John Chandos, the lord Delaware, Lucie lord Malton, and the lord Robert d'Artois, now called earl of Richmond. I cannot remember all the names of those who behaved so valiantly in the combat; but they did so well that, with some assistance from Bruges, and those parts of the country, the French were completely defeated, and all the Normans and the others were killed or drowned, so that not one of them escaped. This was soon known all over Flanders; and when it came to the two armies before Thin-l'Evêque, the Hainaulters were as much rejoiced as their enemies were dismayed.

After the king had gained this victory, which was on the eve of St. John's day, he remained all that night on board of his ship before Sluys, and there were great noises with trumpets and all kinds of other instruments. The Flemings came to wait on him, having heard of his arrival, and what deeds he had performed. The king inquired of the citizens of Bruges after Jacob von Artaveld, and they told him he was gone to the aid of the earl of Hainault with upwards of sixty thousand men, against the duke of Normandy. On the morrow, which was Midsummer-day, the king and his fleet entered the port. As soon as they were landed, the king, attended by crowds of knights, set out on foot on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Ardembourg, where he heard mass and dined. He then mounted his horse, and went that day to Ghent, where the queen was, who received him with great joy and kindness. The army and baggage, with the attendants of the king, followed him by degrees to the same place.

The king had sent notice of his arrival to the lords that were before Thin-l'Evêque opposing the French, who as soon as they heard of it, and of his victory over the Normans, broke up their camp. The earl of Hainault disbanded all his troops, except the principal lords, whom he carried with him to Valenciennes, and treated most nobly, especially the duke of Brabant and Jacob von Artaveld. Jacob von Artaveld, in the full market-place, explained the right king Edward had to the crown of France to all those lords that chose to hear him, and of what importance it was to the three countries, that is to say, Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault, when closely united. He spoke so clearly, and with so much eloquence, that he was praised by all, who agreed that he was worthy to exercise the dignity of earl of Flanders. These lords then took their leave, and agreed to meet in eight days' time at Ghent, to see the king. He received them all most courteously, as did the queen, who was but lately recovered from her lying-in of a son, called John, afterwards duke of Lancaster, in the right of his wife, the lady Blanche, daughter of Henry, duke of Lancaster. A day of conference was then appointed to be held at Vilvorde.

EDWARD III. AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

That same day that the Scots had decamped from before the castle of Wark, king Edward and his whole army arrived there about mid-day, and took up their position on the ground which the Scots had occupied. When he found that they were returned home, he was much enraged; for he had come there with so much speed, that both his men and horses were sadly fatigued. He ordered his men to take up their quarters where they were, as he wished to go to the castle to see the noble dame within, whom he had never seen since her marriage. Every one made up his lodgings as he pleased; and the king, as soon as he was disarmed, taking ten or twelve knights with him, went to the castle to salute the countess of Salisbury, and to examine what damage the attacks of the Scots had done, and the manner in which those within had defended themselves. The moment the countess heard of the king's approach, she ordered all the gates to be thrown open,¹ and went to meet him, most richly dressed;

¹ This is Lord Berners' version of this celebrated passage:—"As sone as the lady knewe of the kynge's comyng, she set opyn the gates and came out so richly besene, that euery man marueyled of her beauty, and coude nat cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty and the gracyous wordes and countenaunce that she made. When she came to the kyng she knelyd downe to the yerth, thankyng hym of his socours, and so ledde hym into the castell to make hym chere and honour as she that coude ryght well do it. Euery man regarded her maruelussly; the kyng hymselfe coude nat withholde his regardyng of her, for he thought that he neuer sawe before so noble nor so fayre a lady; he was stryken therwith to the hert with a spercle of fyne loue that endured long after; he thought no lady in the worlde so worthy to be beloude as she. Thus they entred into the castell hande in hande; the lady ledde hym first into the hall, and after into the chambre nobly aparelled. The king regarded so the lady that she was abasshed; at last he went to a wyndo to rest hym, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make chere to the lordes and knyghtes that were ther, and comaunded to dresse the hall for dyner. Whan she had al deuysed and comaunded tham she came to the kynge with a

insomuch, that no one could look at her but with wonder, and admiration at her noble deportment, great beauty, and affability of behaviour. When she came near the king, she made her reverence to the ground, and gave him her thanks for coming to her assistance, and then conducted him into the castle, to entertain and honour him, as she was very capable of doing. Every one was delighted with her: the king could not take his eyes off her, as he thought he had never before seen so beautiful or sprightly a lady; so that a spark of fine love struck upon his heart, which lasted a long time, for he did not believe that the whole world produced any other lady so worthy of being beloved. Thus they entered the castle, hand in hand: the

mery chere (who was in a great study), and she sayd, Dere sir, why do you study so, for, your grace nat dyspleased, it aparteyneth nat to you so to do; rather ye shulde make good chere and be joyfull seyng ye haue chased away your enmies who durst nat abyde you; let other men study for the remynant. Than the kyng sayd, A dere lady, knowe for trouthe that syth I entred into the castell ther is a study come to my mynde so that I can nat chuse but to muse, nor I can nat tell what shall fall therof; put it out of my herte I can nat. A sir, quoth the lady, ye ought alwayes to make good chere to comfort therwith your peple. God hath ayded you so in your besynes and hath gyuen you so great graces, that ye be the moste douted and honoured prince in all christendome, and if the kynge of Scottes haue done you any dyspyte or damage ye may well amende it whan it shall please you, as ye haue done dyuerse tymes or this. Sir, leaue your musing and come into the hall if it please you; your dyner is all redy. A fayre lady, quoth the kyng, other thynges lyeth at my hert that ye knowe nat of, but surely your swete behauyng, the perfect wysedom, the good grace, noblenes and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my hert that I can nat but loue you, and without your loue I am but deed. Than the lady sayde, A ryght noble prince for Goddes sake mocke nor tempt me nat; I can nat beleue that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be wolde thynke to dyshonour me and my lorde my husbande, who is so valyant a knyght and hath done your grace so gode seruyce and as yet lyethe in prison for your quarell. Certely sir ye shulde in this case haue but a small prayse and nothing the better therby. I had neuer as yet such a thought in my hert, nor I trust in

lady led him first into the hall, then to his chamber, which was richly furnished, as belonging to so fine a lady. The king kept his eyes so continually upon her that the gentle dame was quite abashed. After he had sufficiently examined his apartment, he retired to a window, and leaning on it, fell into a profound reverie. The countess went to entertain the other knights and squires, ordered dinner to be made ready, the tables to be set, and the hall ornamented and dressed out. When she had given all the orders to her servants she thought necessary, she returned, with a cheerful countenance, to the king, who continued musing, and said to him, "Dear sir, what are you musing on? So much meditating is not proper for you, saving your

God, neuer shall haue for no man lyueng; if I had any suche intencyon
your grace ought nat all onely to blame me, but also to punysshe my
body, ye and by true justice to be dismembred. Therwith the lady
departed fro the kyng and went into the hall to hast the dyner; than
she returned agayne to the kyng and broght some of his knyghtes with
her, and sayd, Sir, yf it please you to come into the hall your knyghtes
abideth for you to wasshe; ye haue ben to long fastyng. Than the
kyng went into the hall and wassht and sat down among his lordes and
the lady also. The kyng ete but lytell, he sat styll musing, and as he
durst he cast his eyen upon the lady. Of his sadnessse his knyghtes had
maruell for he was nat accustomed so to be; some thought it was because
the Scotts were scaped fro hym. All that day the kyng taryed ther and
wyst nat what to do. Sometime he ymagined that honour and trouth
defended hym to set his hert in such a case to dyshonour such a lady
and so true a knight as her husband was who had alwayes well and
truely serued hym. On thother part loue so constrainyd hym that the
power thereof surmounted honour and trouth. Thus the kyng debated
in hymself all that day and all that night. In the mornynge he arose
and dyssloged all his hoost and drewe after the Scottes to chase them
out of his realme. Than he toke leauue of the lady sayeng, My dere
lady to God I comende you tyll I returne agayne, requiryng you to
aduyse you otherwyse than ye haue sayd to me. Noble prince, quoth
the lady, God the father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of
all vylayne thoughts. Sir, I am and euer shal be redy to do your grace
seruyce to your honour and to myne. Therwith the kyng departed all
abasshed."

grace: you ought rather to be in high spirits, for having driven your enemies before you, without their having had the courage to wait for you, and should leave the trouble of thinking to others." The king replied, "Oh, dear lady, you must know that since I have entered this castle, an idea has struck my mind that I was not aware of; so that it behoves me to reflect upon it. I am uncertain what may be the event, for I cannot withdraw my whole attention from it." "Dear sir," replied the lady, "you ought to be of good cheer, and feast with your friends, to give them more pleasure, and leave off thinking and meditating; for God has been very bountiful to you in all your undertakings, and showed you so much favour, that you are the most feared and renowned prince in Christendom. If the king of Scotland have vexed you by doing harm to your kingdom, you can, at your pleasure, make yourself amends at his expense, as you have done before: therefore come, if you please, into the hall to your knights, for dinner will soon be ready."

"Oh, dear lady," said the king, "other things touch my heart, and lie there, than what you think of; for, in truth, the elegant carriage, the perfections and beauties which I have seen you possess, have very much surprised me, and have so deeply impressed my heart, that my happiness depends on meeting a return from you to my flame, which no denial can ever extinguish."

"Sweet sir," replied the countess, "do not amuse yourself in laughing at or tempting me; for I cannot believe you mean what you have just said, or that so noble and gallant a prince as you are would ever think to dishonour me or my husband, who is so valiant a knight, who has served you faithfully, and who, on your account, now lies in prison. Certainly, sir, this would not add to your glory; nor would you be the better for it. Such a thought has never once entered my mind, and I trust in God it never will, for any man living; and, if I were so culpable, it is you who ought to blame me, and have my body punished, through strict justice."

The virtuous lady then quitted the king, who was quite

astonished, and went to the hall to hasten the dinner. She afterwards returned to the king, attended by the knights, and said to him, "Sir, come to the hall; your knights are waiting for you, to wash their hands, for they, as well as yourself, have too long fasted." The king left his room and came to the hall; where, after he had washed his hands, he seated himself, with his knights, at the dinner, as did the lady also; but the king ate very little, and was the whole time pensive, casting his eyes, whenever he had an opportunity, towards the countess. Such behaviour surprised his friends; for they were not accustomed to it, and had never seen the like before. They imagined, therefore, that it was by reason of the Scots having escaped from him. The king remained at the castle the whole day, without knowing what to do with himself. Sometimes he remonstrated with himself, that honour and loyalty forbade him to admit such treason and falsehood into his heart, as to wish to dishonour so virtuous a lady, and so gallant a knight as her husband was, and who had ever so faithfully served him. At other times his passion was so strong, that his honour and loyalty were not thought of. Thus did he pass that day, and a sleepless night, in debating this matter in his own mind. At daybreak he arose, drew out his whole army, decamped, and followed the Scots, to chase them out of his kingdom. Upon taking leave of the countess, he said, "My dear lady, God preserve you until I return; and I entreat that you will think well of what I have said, and have the goodness to give me a different answer." "Dear sir," replied the countess, "God, of his infinite goodness, preserve you, and drive from your heart such villainous thoughts; for I am, and always shall be, ready to serve you, consistently with my own honour, and with yours." The king left her quite surprised, and went with his army after the Scots, following them almost as far as Berwick, and took up his quarters four leagues distant from the forest of Jedworth, where, and in the neighbouring woods, king David and all his people were. He remained there for three days, to see if the Scots would venture out to fight with him. During that time there were many skirmishes; many killed and taken prisoners on

both sides. Sir William Douglas, who bore for arms argent on a chef azure, was always among the foremost in these attacks. He performed many gallant exploits, and was a great annoyance to the English.¹

MURDER OF JACOB VON ARTAVELD AT GHENT.

Jacob von Artaveld, the citizen of Ghent that was so much attached to the king of England, still maintained the same despotic power over all Flanders. He had promised the king

¹ As already stated in the Introduction, there neither is, nor can be, any sole and final text or version of Froissart's Chronicles. The passages quoted above, relating to the Countess of Salisbury, were translated from what the late M. Siméon Luce calls the "ordinary" version. In a later version, represented by the MS. of Amiens, Froissart adds further details to the story. The passage is written in his best style—with his best ink, as the French would say. I "English" it, inadequately, as follows:—After dinner the tables were cleared. Then the king sent my Lord Reginald Cobham and my Lord Richard Stamford to the army, and to the companions who were lodged without the castle, to know how they did, and in what condition they were, for he was minded to ride forward and pursue the Scots, and wished all the chariots and materials of war to be sent on, saying that at night he would rejoin the host. And he ordered the Earl of Pembroke to form the rear-guard with five hundred lances, and wait for him in the open country, and the rest to ride forward. The two barons did all that he had commanded them.

He himself still remained with the lady in the Castle of Salisbury (*i.e.*, belonging to the Earl of Salisbury), having good hope that before his departure she would give him a more agreeable answer than he had yet had from her. He asked that chessmen might be brought, and the lady ordered them to be brought accordingly. Then the king begged the lady to play with him, and the lady willingly consented, for she made him the best cheer that she could, as indeed she was bound to do, seeing that the king had done her an excellent service in raising the siege of her castle and driving away the Scots, of whom she stood in great peril,—and seeing also that the king was her right and natural

of England that he would give him the inheritance of Flanders, invest his son the prince of Wales with it, and make it a duchy instead of an earldom. Upon which account the king was, at this period, about St. John the Baptist's day, 1345, come to Sluys, with a numerous attendance of barons and knights. He had brought the prince of Wales with him, in order that Jacob von Artaveld's promises might be realised. The king remained on board his fleet in the harbour of Sluys, where he kept his court. His friends in Flanders came thither to see and visit him; and there were many conferences between the king and Jacob von Artaveld on one side, and the councils from the differ-

sovereign in faith and homage. At the opening of the game of chess, the king, who wished to leave some gift of his with the lady, said to her laughingly: "Lady, what will it please you to stake upon the game?" And the lady rejoined: "And you, sire?" Then the king placed on the board a very beautiful ruby ring which he wore on his finger. But the lady said: "Sire, sire, I have no ring as rich as yours." "Lady," said the king, "stake such as you have. I shall not look at it so closely."

Then the countess, to gratify the king's wish, took from her finger a little ring of gold, which had no great value. So they played at chess together, the lady playing her best, in order that the king might not take her to be silly and ignorant; and the king dissimulating somewhat, for he did not play as well as he could. And scarcely was there any pause between the moves but the king looked at the lady so fixedly, that she was quite confused, and thus made mistakes in her play. And when the king saw that she had endangered a rook, or knight, or what not, he also made some mistake so as to restore the lady's chances in the game.

They played till the king lost, and was at last checkmated. Whereupon the lady rose and called for wine and spices, for the king made as if he wished to leave. And the lady took her own ring, and placed it on her finger, and would fain have induced the king to take his up also, offering it to him, and saying: "Sire, it is not fitting that in my own house I should receive aught of yours: rather should you take away something of mine." "Lady," said the king, "not so; for such has been the fortune of the game; and be assured that if I had won your ring I should have worn it." The lady was unwilling to press the king

ent capital towns on the other, relative to the agreement before mentioned; as to which, those from the country did not unite in sentiment with the king nor with von Artaveld, who kept continually reminding him of their quarrel, and exhorting them to disinherit earl Lewis, their natural lord, and his youngest son Lewis, in favour of the son of the king of England; but they declared they never would consent to such a thing. At the last conference, which was held in the harbour of Sluys, on board the king's ship, the *Catherine* (which was of such an enormous size that wonders might be told of it), they made this unanimous reply: "Dear sir, the request you have made has given us much uneasiness, and may in times to come be pre-

further, but she went to one of her damsels, and gave her the ring, saying, "When you see that the king has gone hence, and taken leave of me, and is about to mount his horse, then go forward, and give him back his ring, and tell him I will in no wise keep it, for it does not belong to me." The damsel answered that she would do so willingly. As this was being said, the spices and wines were brought. The king declared he would not partake of them before the lady—nor she before him;—and there was a pleasant strife between them. Finally, so as to cut the matter short, it was agreed that they should drink at the same time. After this, when the king's knights had all drunk, the king took his leave of the lady, and said out loud, so as not to seem particular in his words, "Lady, you are staying at home, and I am going to follow my enemies." The lady, at these words, bowed very low before the king. And the king took her lightly by her right hand, and pressed it a little, somewhat overmuch in sooth, as a sign of love. And the king looked, and saw that the knights and damsels were busy taking leave of one another, so he went forward again to speak as it were but two or three words more. "My dear lady, may God have you in His keeping till I come again, and I pray you to consider and to be better advised in what you have said to me." "Dear lord," rejoined the lady, "may the Father Almighty lead you, and keep you from all foul and dis honourable thoughts; for I am, and always shall be, minded and advised to serve you in what may be for your honour and mine."

Then the king left the apartments, as did the lady also,—who accompanied him to the court where his palfrey stood. The king said he would not mount his horse as long as the lady remained there. So, to

judicial to Flanders and our successors. True it is, that there is not in the world any prince whom we love so much, or for whose profit and advantage we would exert ourselves so greatly as for you; but we alone cannot agree to this proposition, unless all the commonalties of Flanders give their consent. Therefore each of us will return to our different towns, and will explain in a general way this business to the inhabitants; when, if the greater part of them shall consent, we also will agree to it: we will return to you again within a month, and bring such answers as we hope will be satisfactory." Neither the king of England nor Jacob von Artaveld could at that time obtain more, or any other answer. They wished to have had a shorter day appointed, but in vain; so the king answered, he was satisfied

cut the matter short, the countess took, for that time, final leave of the king and of his knights, and retired into her apartments with her damsels. And as the king was preparing to mount, the damsel who had been so instructed by her lady, came to the king, and knelt before him;—and when the king saw it, he raised her very quickly, thinking she wished to speak to him to other purpose than she actually did. "My lord," she said, "here is your ring, which my lady sends back to you, humbly praying that you will not take it ill if she cannot consent to keep it by her. You have done so much for her in other manners, that she is bound, she says, to be always your servant." The king, hearing the damsel, and seeing his ring in her hand, and understanding how determined was the countess to be excused, stood all astonished. Nevertheless, so that he might have his wish, and so that the ring might remain there, as he had determined with himself, he answered briefly, for it was no occasion for long speech, "Damsel, since it does not please your lady to keep the small stake she won of me, let it remain with you." So speaking he mounted his palfrey, and issued from the castle, and rode into the open country with his knights, and found the Earl of Pembroke waiting for him with about five hundred lances. . . . The damsel above mentioned going back to her lady, repeated the king's answer, and wished to return the golden ring which the king had lost at chess. But the lady would in nowise consent, and said that she had no claim to it, and that as the king had given it to the damsel, so she might make her profit of it. Thus the king's ring remained with the damsel.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

that it should be as they determined. The conference broke up, and each returned to the town from whence he had been deputed.

Jacob von Artaveld remained some little time longer with the king of England, in order to be made acquainted with all his affairs: he, in return, promised and assured him that he would bring his countrymen over to his opinion; but he deceived himself, and did wrong in staying behind, and not being at Ghent at the time when the citizens who had been deputed by the corporations of the town arrived there; for as soon as they were returned, taking advantage of the absence of von Artaveld, they collected a large meeting of high and low in the market-place, and there explained to them the subject of the late conferences at Sluys, and what the king of England had required of them, through the advice and information of Jacob von Artaveld. The whole assembly began to murmur against him; and this request was received unfavourably by all. They said, "that if it pleased God, they never would be pointed out, or found so disloyal, as to disinherit their natural lord, in favour of a stranger." They then left the market-place much discontented, and angry with Artaveld. Now, see how unfortunately it fell out; for if he had gone to Ghent, instead of Bruges and Ypres, and had remonstrated with them upon the quarrel of the king of England, they would all have consented to his wishes, as those of the two above-mentioned towns had done; but he trusted so much to his prosperity and greatness, that he thought he could recover everything back in a little time.

When on his return he came to Ghent about mid-day, the townsmen, who were informed of the hour he was expected, had assembled in the street that he was to pass through; as soon as they saw him, they began to murmur, and put their heads close together, saying, "Here comes one who is too much the master, and wants to order in Flanders according to his will and pleasure, which must not be longer borne." With this they had also spread a rumour through the town, that Jacob von Artaveld had collected all the revenues of Flanders, for nine years and more; that he had usurped the government without

rendering an account, for he did not allow any of the rents to pass to the earl of Flanders, but kept them securely to maintain his own state, and had, during the time above mentioned, received all fines and forfeitures: of this great treasure he had sent part into England. This information inflamed those of Ghent with rage; and, as he was riding up the streets, he perceived that there was something in agitation against him; for those who were wont to salute him very respectfully, now turned their backs, and went into their houses. He began therefore to suspect all was not as usual; and as soon as he dismounted, and entered his hotel, he ordered the doors and windows to be shut and fastened.

Scarcely had his servants done this, when the street which he inhabited was filled from one end to the other with all sorts of people, but especially by the lowest of the mechanics. His mansion was surrounded on every side, attacked and broken into by force. Those within did all they could to defend it, and killed and wounded many; but at last they could not hold out against such vigorous attacks, for three parts of the town were there. When Jacob von Artaveld saw what efforts were making, and how hardly he was pushed, he came to a window, and, with his head uncovered, began to use humble and fine language, saying, “My good people, what aileth you? Why are you so enraged against me? by what means can I have incurred your displeasure? Tell me, and I will conform myself entirely to your wills.” Those who had heard him made answer, as with one voice, “We want to have an account of the great treasures you have made away with, without any title of reason.” Artaveld replied in a soft tone, “Gentlemen, be assured that I have never taken anything from the treasures of Flanders; and if you will return quietly to your homes, and come here to-morrow morning, I will be provided to give so good an account of them, that you must reasonably be satisfied.” But they cried out, “No, no, we must have it directly, you shall not thus escape from us; for we know that you have emptied the treasury, and sent it into England, without our knowledge: you therefore shall suffer death.” When he heard this, he clasped his hands together,

began to weep bitterly, and said, “ Gentlemen, such as I am, you yourselves have made me: you formerly swore you would protect me against all the world; and now, without any reason, you want to murder me. You are certainly masters to do it, if you please; for I am but one man against you all. Think better of it, for the love of God: recollect former times, and consider how many favours and kindnesses I have conferred upon you. You wish to give me a sorry recompense for all the generous deeds you have experienced at my hands. You are not ignorant that, when commerce was dead in this country, it was I who restored it. I afterwards governed you in so peaceable a manner, that under my administration you had all things according to your wishes; corn, oats, riches, and all sorts of merchandise which have made you so wealthy.” They began to bawl out, “ Come down, and do not preach to us from such a height; for we will have an account and statement of the great treasures of Flanders, which you have governed too long without rendering any account; and it is not proper for an officer to receive the rents of a lord, or of a country, without accounting for them.” When Jacob von Artaveld saw that he could not appease or calm them, he shut the window, and intended getting out of his house the back way, to take shelter in a church adjoining; but his hotel was already broke into on that side, and upwards of four hundred were there calling out for him. At last he was seized by them, and slain without mercy: his death-stroke was given him by a saddler, called Thomas Denys. In this manner did Jacob von Artaveld end his days, who in his time had been complete master of Flanders. Poor men first raised him, and wicked men slew him. News of this event was soon spread abroad: some pitied him, whilst others rejoiced at it. The earl Lewis had remained all this time in Dendremonde, and with much pleasure heard of Jacob von Artaveld’s death, as he had very much opposed him in all his undertakings; nevertheless, he durst not yet place confidence in those of Flanders, nor return to Ghent.

When the king of England, who was waiting at Sluys for the return of the deputies, was informed in what manner the inhabit-

ants of Ghent had slain his faithful friend and companion Artaveld, he was in a mighty passion, and sore displeased. He immediately departed, put to sea, and vowed vengeance against the Flemings and all Flanders, declaring that his death should be dearly paid for by them. The councils of the principal towns guessed that the king of England would not be much enraged against them; they therefore considered that their best method to soften his anger, would be to go and excuse themselves from the murder of Jacob von Artaveld, especially those of Bruges, Ypres, Courtray, Oudenarde, and the franc of Bruges. They sent to the king and his council for a safe conduct, that they might come over to make their excuses; and the king, whose anger was somewhat cooled, granted it to them.

The principal persons of all the chief towns in Flanders, except those of Ghent, came into England about Michaelmas. The king was at that time in Westminster, near London. They made very fair excuses, and swore most solemnly that "they were guiltless of the murder of von Artaveld, which, had they suspected, they would have guarded and defended him: that they were exceedingly vexed at his loss, and regretted it most sincerely; for they knew how kind he had been to them, how useful he was in all their affairs, and that he had reigned and governed Flanders most wisely: that since those of Ghent had slain him, they should make ample amends for it." They also explained to the king and his council, "that though Jacob von Artaveld was dead, he was not the less beloved, or less in the good graces of the Flemings, save and except in the investiture of Flanders, which he wished to be taken from the earl, their natural lord, however he may be attached to the French interest, and from his son, their lawful heir, to give it to the prince of Wales; for the Flemings would not, on any account, listen to it. But, dear sir, you have a fine family of sons and daughters; the prince of Wales, your eldest son, cannot fail being a great prince, with an ample inheritance, without desiring that of Flanders: and you have also a young daughter; we have too a young lord, whom we are bringing up and taking care of, that will be lord of Flanders: it perhaps may be, that a marriage

could be brought about between them, so that the county of Flanders will in the end be possessed by one of your children." These speeches softened very much the anger and ill-will of the king of England; and, in the end, both he and the Flemings were equally satisfied with each other. Thus, by degrees, was the death of Jacob von Artaveld forgotten.

THE BATTLE OF CRECY.

When the king had finished his business in Caen, and had sent his fleet to England, loaded with cloths, jewels, gold and silver plate, and a quantity of other riches, and upwards of sixty knights, with three hundred able citizens, prisoners; he then left his quarters and continued his march as before, his two marshals on his right and left, burning and destroying all the flat country. He took the road to Evreux, but found he could not gain anything there, as it was well fortified. He went on towards another town called Louviers, which was in Normandy, and where there were many manufactories of cloth: it was rich and commercial. The English won it easily, as it was not enclosed; and having entered the town, it was plundered without opposition. They collected much wealth there; and, after they had done what they pleased, they marched on into the county of Evreux, where they burnt everything except the fortified towns and castles, which the king left unattacked, as he was desirous of sparing his men and artillery. He therefore made for the banks of the Seine, in his approach to Rouen, where there were plenty of men-at-arms from Normandy, under the command of the earl of Harcourt, brother to sir Godfrey, and the earl of Dreux.

The English did not march direct towards Rouen, but went to Gisors, which has a strong castle, and burnt the town. After this they destroyed Vernon, and all the country between Rouen and Pont-de-l'Arche: they then came to Mantes and Meulan, which they treated in the same manner, and ravaged all the country round about. They passed by the strong castle of

Rouleboise, and everywhere found the bridges on the Seine broken down. They pushed forward until they came to Poissy, where the bridge was also destroyed; but the beams and other parts of it were lying in the river. The king remained here five days, whilst they were repairing the bridge, so that his army might pass over without danger. His marshals advanced very near to Paris, and burnt St. Germain-en-Laye, la Montjoie, St. Cloud, Boulogne near Paris, and Bourg la Reine. The Parisians were much alarmed, for Paris at that time was not enclosed. King Philip upon this began to stir, and having ordered all the pent-houses in Paris to be pulled down, went to St. Denis, where he found the king of Bohemia, the lord John of Hainault, the duke of Lorraine, the earl of Flanders, the earl of Blois, and great multitudes of barons and knights, ready to receive him. When the Parisians learnt that the king was on the point of quitting Paris, they came to him, and falling on their knees, said, "Ah, sire, and noble king, what are you about to do? to leave your fine city of Paris?" The king replied: "My good people, do not be afraid: the English will not approach you nearer than they have done." He thus spoke in answer to what they had said, that "our enemies are only two leagues off: as soon as they shall know you have quitted us, they will come hither directly; and we are not able to resist them ourselves, nor shall we find any to defend us. Have the kindness, therefore, sire, to remain in your good city of Paris, to take care of us." The king replied, "I am going to St. Denis, to my army, for I am impatient to pursue the English, and am resolved to fight with them at all events."

The king of England remained at the nunnery of Poissy to the middle of August, and celebrated there the feast of the Virgin Mary. He sat at table in his scarlet robes without sleeves, trimmed with furs and ermines. He afterwards took the field, and his army marched as before: sir Godfrey de Harcourt, one of his marshals, had the command of the vanguard, with five hundred men-at-arms, and about thirteen hundred archers. By accident, he fell in with a large party of the citizens of Amiens on horseback, who were going to king Philip at Paris, in obedi-

ence to his summons. He immediately attacked them with those under his command; but they made a good defence, as they were very numerous and well armed, and had four knights from Amiens with them. The engagement lasted a long time, and many were slain at the onset; but at last those from Amiens were overthrown, killed, or taken prisoners. The English seized all their baggage and arms, and found many valuables; for they were going to the king excellently well equipped, and had but just quitted their city. Twelve hundred were left dead on the spot. The king of England entered the country of Beauvais, destroying all the flat country, and took up his quarters in a rich abbey called St. Messien, near to Beauvais, where he lodged one night. The Morrow, as he was on his march, he by chance turned his head round and saw the abbey all in flames; upon which he instantly ordered twenty of those who had set fire to it to be hung, as he had most strictly forbidden that any church should be violated, or monastery set on fire. He passed near Beauvais without attacking it, for he was anxious to be as careful of his men and artillery as possible, and took up his quarters at a small town called Milly. The two marshals passed so near to Beauvais, that they advanced to attack it and skirmish with the townsmen at the barriers, and divided their forces into three battalions; this attack lasted until the afternoon; for the town was well fortified and provided with everything, and the bishop was also there, whose exertions were of more service than those of all the rest. When the English found they could not gain anything, they set fire to the suburbs, which they burnt quite close to the gates of the town, and then came, towards evening, to where the king was.

The next day, the king and his whole army marched forward, burning and wasting all the country as they went, and lay that night at a village called Grandvillier. On the Morrow, he passed near to Argis; his scouts not finding any one to guard the castle, he attacked and burnt it, and passing on, destroyed the country, and came to Poix, which was a handsome town with two castles. The lords of both were absent, and no one was there but two handsome daughters of the lord of Poix, who

would have been soon violated, if two English knights, sir John Chandos and lord Basset, had not defended them. In order more effectually to guard them, they brought them to the king, who, as in honour bound, entertained them most graciously; he inquired whither they would wish to go? they answered, To Corbie, to which place they were conducted in safety. The king of England lay that night in the town of Poix. The inhabitants of Poix, as well as those of the castles, had a conference with the marshals of the army, in order to save the town from being plundered and burnt. They offered to pay, as a ransom, a certain number of florins the ensuing day, as soon as the army should have marched off. On the morrow morning, the king and army departed, except some few, who remained behind, by orders of the marshals, to receive the ransom from the townsmen. When the inhabitants were assembled together, and considered the small number of the English who were left with them, they resolved to pay nothing, told them so, and directly fell upon them. The English defended themselves gallantly, and sent after the army for succour. When lord Reginald Cobham and sir Thomas Holland, who commanded the rear-guard, were told of this, they cried out, "Treason! treason!" and returned back to Poix, where they found their countrymen still engaged with the townsmen. Almost all the inhabitants were slain, the town was burnt, and the two castles razed to the ground. The English then followed the king's army, which was arrived at Airaines, where he had ordered the troops to halt, and to quarter themselves for that night, strictly commanding, under pain of death, that no harm should be done to the town or inhabitants, by theft or otherwise; for he wished to remain there a day or two, in order to gain information where he could best cross the river Somme, which he was under the necessity of doing, as you will shortly hear.

I wish now to return to king Philip, whom we left at St. Denis with his army, which was increasing every day. He marched off with it, and pushed forward until he came to Coppigny les Guises, which is three leagues distant from Amiens, where he halted. The king of England, who was still at Airaines, was

much embarrassed how to cross the Somme, which was wide and deep, as all the bridges had been broken down, and their situations were well guarded by men-at-arms. The two marshals, at the request of the king, followed the course of the river, in order if possible to find a passage for the army: they had with them a thousand men-at-arms and two thousand archers. They passed by Lompré, and came to Pont de Remy, which they found defended by numbers of knights, squires, and people of the country. The English dismounted, and attacked the French from the very dawn of the morning until near ten o'clock; but the bridge was so well fortified and guarded, that they could not gain anything; so they departed, and went to a large town called Fontaines-sur-Somme, which they completely plundered and burnt, as it was quite open. They next came to another town, called Long, in Ponthieu; but they could not gain the bridge, so well was it guarded. They then rode on to Pecquigny, but found the town, castle, and bridge so well garrisoned that it was impossible to pass. In this manner had the king of France ordered all the bridges and fords of the river Somme to be guarded, to prevent the king of England from crossing it with his army; for he was resolved to force them to fight when he should see the most favourable opportunity, or else to starve them.

The two marshals, having thus in vain followed the course of the Somme, returned to the king of England, and related to him that they were unable to find a passage anywhere. That same evening, the king of France took up his quarters at Amiens, with upwards of one hundred thousand men. The king of England was very pensive; he ordered mass before sunrise, and his trumpets to sound for decamping. All sorts of people followed the marshals' banners, according to the orders the king had issued the preceding day; and they marched through the country of Vimeu, drawing near to the good town of Abbeville. In their march, they came to a town where a great number of the country people had assembled, trusting to some small fortifications which were thrown up there; but the English conquered the town, as soon as they

came to it, and all that were within. Many of the townsmen and those from the adjoining country were slain or taken prisoners. The king lodged, that night, in the great hospital.

The king of France set out from Amiens, and came to Airaines about noon: the English king had quitted it about ten o'clock. The French found there provisions of all sorts; meat on the spits, bread and pastry in the ovens, wine in barrels, and even some tables ready spread, for the English had left it in very great haste. The king of France fixed his quarters there, to wait for his nobles and their retinue. The king of England was in the town of Oisemont. When his two marshals returned in the evening, after having overrun the country as far as the gates of Abbeville, and to St. Valery, where they had had a smart skirmish, the king of England summoned a council, and ordered many prisoners, whom his people had made in the districts of Ponthieu and Vimeu, to be brought before him.

The king, most courteously, asked, "if any of them knew a ford below Abbeville, where he and his army could pass without danger;" and added, "Whoever will show us such a ford shall have his liberty, and that of any twenty of his fellow-soldiers whom he may wish to select." There was among them a common fellow whose name was Gobin Agace, who answered the king, and said, "Sir, I promise you, under peril of my life, that I will conduct you to such a place, where you and your whole army may pass the river Somme without any risk. There are certain fordable places where you may pass twelve men abreast twice in the day, and not have water above your knees; but when the tide is in, the river is full and deep, and no one can cross it; when the tide is out, the river is so low that it may be passed, on horseback or on foot, without danger. The bottom of this ford is very hard, of gravel and white stones, over which all your carriages may safely pass, and from thence is called Blanchetaque. You must therefore set out early, so as to be at the ford before sunrise." "Friend," replied the king, "if I find what thou has just said to be true, I will give thee and all thy companions their liberty; and I will besides make thee a present of a hundred nobles." The king gave orders for every

one to be ready to march at the first sound of his trumpet, and to proceed forward.

The king of England did not sleep much that night, but, rising at midnight, ordered his trumpet to sound. Very soon everything was ready; and, the baggage being loaded, they set out from the town of Oisemont about daybreak, and rode on, under the guidance of Gobin Agace, until they came to the ford of Blanchetaque, about sunrise; but the tide was at that time so full they could not cross. The king, however, determined to wait there for those of his army who were not yet come up; and he remained until after ten o'clock, when the tide was gone out. The king of France, who had his scouts all over the country, was informed of the situation of the king of England: he imagined he should be able to shut him up between Abbeville and the Somme, and thus take him prisoner, or force him to fight at a disadvantage. From the time of his arrival at Amiens, he had ordered a great baron of Normandy, called sir Godémar du Fay, to guard this ford of Blanchetaque, which the English must cross, and nowhere else. Sir Godémar had set out, in obedience to this order, and had with him, in the whole, one thousand men-at-arms and six thousand foot, with the Genoese. He had passed St. Ricquier in Ponthieu, and from thence came to Crotoy, where this ford was: he had collected, in his march, great numbers of the country people. The townsmen of Abbeville had also accompanied him, excellently well appointed: they had arrived at the passage before the English. They were, in all, fully twelve thousand men: among them were two thousand who had jackets, resembling waggoner's frocks, called *torviquiaux*.

On the arrival of the English army, sir Godémar du Fay drew up his men on the banks of the river, to defend and guard the ford. The king of England, however, did not for this give up his intention of crossing; but, as soon as the tide was sufficiently gone out, he ordered his marshals to dash into the water, in the names of God and St. George. The most doughty and the best mounted leaped in first; and, in the river, the engagement began: many on both sides were unhorsed into the water:

there were some knights and squires, from Artois and Picardy, in the pay of sir Godémar, who in hopes of preferment, and to acquire honour, had posted themselves at this ford, and they appeared to be equally fond of tilting in the water as upon dry land.

The French were drawn up in battle array, near the narrow pass leading to the ford; and the English were much annoyed by them as they came out of the water to gain the land; for there were among them Genoese cross-bowmen who did them much mischief. On the other hand, the English archers shot so well together that they forced the men-at-arms to give way. At this ford of Blanchetaque many gallant feats of arms were performed on each side; but, in the end, the English crossed over, and, as they came on shore, hastened to the fields. After the king, the prince, and the other lords had crossed, the French did not long keep in the order they were in, but ran off for the fastest. When sir Godémar du Fay found his army was discomfited, he saved himself as quickly as he could, and many with him; some making for Abbeville, others for St. Ricquier. The infantry, however, could not escape; and there were numbers of those from Abbeville, Arras, Montreuil, and St. Ricquier, slain or taken prisoners: the pursuit lasted more than a league. The English had scarcely gained the opposite bank, when some of the light horse of the French army, particularly those belonging to the king of Bohemia and sir John of Hainault, advanced upon the rear, took from them some horses and accoutrements, and slew several on the bank who were late in crossing. The king of France had set out from Airaines that morning, thinking to find the English on the banks of the Somme; when news was brought to him of the defeat of sir Godémar and his army, he immediately halted, and demanded from his marshals what was to be done: they answered, "You can only cross the river by the bridge of Abbeville, for the tide is now in at Blanchetaque." The king of France therefore turned back, and took up his quarters at Abbeville. The king of England, when he had crossed the Somme, gave thanks to God for it, and began his march in the same order as he had

done before. He called to him Gobin Agace, gave him his freedom without ransom, as well as that of his companions, and ordered the hundred nobles of gold to be given him, and also a good horse. The king continued his march, thinking to take up his quarters at a good and large town called Noyelle, situated hard by; but when he was informed that it belonged to the countess d'Aumarle, sister to the late Robert d'Artois, he sent to assure the inhabitants, as well as all the farmers belonging to her, that they should not be hurt. He marched further on; but his two marshals rode to Crotoy, near the sea; they took the town, and burnt it. In the harbour they found many ships, and other vessels, laden with wines, from Poitou, Saintonge, and la Rochelle: they ordered the best to be carried to the English army: then one of the marshals pushed forward, even as far as the gates of Abbeville, and returned by St. Ricquier, following the sea-shore to the town of St. Esprit de Rue.

These two battalions of the marshals came, on a Friday in the afternoon, to where the king was; and they fixed their quarters, all three together, near Crecy in Ponthieu. The king of England, who had been informed that the king of France was following him, in order to give him battle, said to his people: "Let us post ourselves here; for we will not go farther before we have seen our enemies. I have good reason to wait for them on this spot; as I am now upon the lawful inheritance of my lady-mother, which was given her as her marriage-portion; and I am resolved to defend it against my adversary, Philippe de Valois." On account of his not having more than an eighth part of the forces which the king of France had, his marshals fixed upon the most advantageous situation; and the army went and took possession of it. He then sent his scouts towards Abbeville, to learn if the king of France meant to take the field this Friday; but they returned, and said they saw no appearance of it; upon which, he dismissed his men to their quarters, with orders to be in readiness by times in the morning, and to assemble in the same place. The king of France remained all Friday in Abbeville, waiting for more troops. He sent his marshals, the lord of St. Venant, and lord Charles of Mont-

morency, out of Abbeville, to examine the country, and get some certain intelligence of the English. They returned, about vespers, with information that the English were encamped on the plain. That night the king of France entertained at supper, in Abbeville, all the princes and chief lords. There was much conversation relative to war; and the king entreated them, after supper, that they would always remain in friendship with each other; that they would be friends without jealousy, and courteous without pride. The king was still expecting the earl of Savoy, who ought to have been there with a thousand lances, as he had been well paid for them at Troyes in Champagne, three months in advance.

The king of England, as I have mentioned before, encamped this Friday in the plain; for he found the country abounding in provisions; but, if they should have failed, he had plenty in the carriages which attended on him. The army set about furbishing and repairing their armour; and the king gave a supper that evening to the earls and barons of his army, where they made good cheer. On their taking leave the king remained alone, with the lords of his bed-chamber: he retired into his oratory, and, falling on his knees before the altar, prayed to God, that if he should combat his enemies on the morrow, he might come off with honour. About midnight he went to his bed; and, rising early the next day, he and the prince of Wales heard mass and communicated. The greater part of his army did the same, confessed, and made proper preparations. After mass the king ordered his men to arm themselves, and assemble on the ground he had before fixed on. He had enclosed a large park near a wood, on the rear of his army, in which he placed all his baggage-waggons and horses; and this park had but one entrance: his men-at-arms and archers remained on foot.

The king afterwards ordered, through his constable and his two marshals, that the army should be divided into three battalions. In the first he placed the young prince of Wales, and with him the earls of Warwick and Oxford, sir Godfrey de Harcourt, the lord Reginald Cobham, lord Thomas Holland, lord Stafford, lord Mauley, the lord Delaware, sir John Chandos,

lord Bartholomew Burgherst, lord Robert Neville, lord Thomas Clifford, the lord Bourchier, the lord Latimer, and many other knights and squires whom I cannot name. There might be, in this first division, about eight hundred men-at-arms, two thousand archers, and a thousand Welshmen. They advanced in regular order to their ground, each lord under his banner and pennon, and in the centre of his men. In the second battalion were the earl of Northampton, the earl of Arundel, the lords Roos, Willoughby, Basset, Saint Albans, sir Lewis Tufton, lord Multon, the lord Lascels, and many others; amounting, in the whole, to about eight hundred men-at-arms, and twelve hundred archers. The third battalion was commanded by the king, and was composed of about seven hundred men-at-arms, and two thousand archers.

The king then mounted a small palfrey, having a white wand in his hand, and attended by his two marshals on each side of him; he rode a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging and entreating the army that they would guard his honour and defend his right. He spoke this so sweetly, and with such a cheerful countenance, that all who had been dispirited were directly comforted by seeing and hearing him. When he had thus visited all the battalions, it was near ten o'clock; he retired to his own division, and ordered them all to eat heartily, and drink a glass after. They ate and drank at their ease; and, having packed up pots, barrels, etc., in the carts, they returned to their battalions, according to the marshal's orders, and seated themselves on the ground, placing their helmets and bows before them, that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

That same Saturday the king of France rose betimes, and heard mass in the monastery of St. Peter's in Abbeville, where he was lodged; having ordered his army to do the same, he left that town after sunrise. When he had marched about two leagues from Abbeville, and was approaching the enemy, he was advised to form his army in order of battle, and to let those on foot march forward, that they might not be trampled on by the horses. The king upon this sent off four knights, the lord

Moyne of Bastleberg, the lord of Noyers, the lord of Beaujeu, and the lord of Aubigny, who rode so near to the English that they could clearly distinguish their position. The English plainly perceived they were come to reconnoitre them; however, they took no notice of it, but suffered them to return unmolested. When the king of France saw them coming back, he halted his army; and the knights, pushing through the crowds, came near the king, who said to them, "My lords, what news?" They looked at each other without opening their mouths; for neither chose to speak first. At last the king addressed himself to the lord Moyne, who was attached to the king of Bohemia, and had performed very many gallant deeds, so that he was esteemed one of the most valiant knights in Christendom. The lord Moyne said, "Sir, I will speak, since it pleases you to order me, but under the correction of my companions. We have advanced far enough to reconnoitre your enemies. Know, then, that they are drawn up in three battalions, and are waiting for you. I would advise, for my part (submitting, however, to better counsel), that you halt your army here, and quarter them for the night; for before the rear shall come up, and the army be properly drawn out, it will be very late, your men will be tired and in disorder, whilst they will find your enemies fresh and properly arrayed. On the morrow, you may draw up your army more at your ease, and may reconnoitre at leisure on what part it will be most advantageous to begin the attack; for be assured they will wait for you." The king commanded that it should so be done; and the two marshals rode, one towards the front, and the other to the rear, crying out, "Halt banners, in the name of God and St. Denis." Those that were in the front halted; but those behind said they would not halt until they were as forward as the front. When the front perceived the rear pressing on, they pushed forward; and neither the king nor the marshals could stop them, but they marched on without any order until they came in sight of their enemies. As soon as the foremost rank saw them, they fell back at once, in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been fighting.

There was then space and room enough for them to have passed forward, had they been willing so to do; some did so, but others remained shy. All the roads between Abbeville and Crecy were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies, drew their swords, bawling out, "Kill, kill"; and with them were many great lords that were eager to make show of their courage. There is no man, unless he had been present, that can imagine, or describe truly, the confusion of that day; especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number. What I know, and shall relate in this book, I have learnt chiefly from the English, who had well observed the confusion they were in, and from those attached to sir John of Hainault, who was always near the person of the king of France.

The English, who were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance rose undauntedly up, and fell into their ranks. That of the prince was the first to do so, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis, or harrow, and the men-at-arms in the rear. The earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, had posted themselves in good order on his wing, to assist and succour the prince if necessary.

You must know that these kings, earls, barons, and lords of France did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the king of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, "Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were about fifteen thousand Genoese crossbowmen; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their cross-bows. They told the constable they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, "This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them." During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and before this rain a

great flight of crows hovered in the air over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English in their backs. When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their cross-bows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armour, some of them cut the strings of their cross-bows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated, quite discomfited. The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese. The king of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, "Kill me those scoundrels; for they stop up our road, without any reason." You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these, advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and, falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew many, at which the king of England was afterwards much exasperated. The valiant king of Bohemia was slain there. He was called Charles of Luxembourg; for he was the son of the gallant king and emperor, Henry of Luxembourg: having heard the order of the battle, he inquired where his son, the lord

Charles, was; his attendants answered that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. The king said to them, "Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends, and brethren-at-arms this day: therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword." The knights replied they would directly lead him forward; and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, they fastened all the reins of their horses together, and put the king at their head, that he might gratify his wish, and advanced towards the enemy. The lord Charles of Bohemia, who already signed his name as king of Germany, and bore the arms, had come in good order to the engagement; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the French he departed, and I do not well know what road he took. The king, his father, had rode in among the enemy, and made good use of his sword; for he and his companions had fought most gallantly. They had advanced so far that they were all slain; and on the morrow they were found on the ground, with their horses all tied together.

The earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, to fight with them; as did the earl of Flanders, in another part. These two lords, with their detachments, coasting as it were the archers, came to the prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The king of France was eager to march to the place where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him. He had that day made a present of a handsome black horse to sir John of Hainault, who had mounted on it a knight of his called sir John de Fuselles, that bore his banner; which horse ran off with him, and forced his way through the English army, and, when about to return, stumbled and fell into a ditch and severely wounded him; he would have been dead if his page had not followed him round the battalions, and found him unable to rise; he had not, however, any other hindrance than from his horse, for the English did not quit the ranks that day to make prisoners. The page alighted, and raised him up; but he did not return the way he came, as he would have found it

difficult from the crowd. This battle, which was fought on the Saturday between la Broyes and Crecy, was very murderous and cruel; and many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known. Towards evening, many knights and squires of the French had lost their masters; they wandered up and down the plain, attacking the English in small parties; they were soon destroyed, for the English had determined that day to give no quarter or hear of ransom from any one.

Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms; upon which the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight in great haste to the king of England, who was posted upon an eminence, near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, "Sir, the earl of Warwick, the lord Stafford, the lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son, are vigorously attacked by the French; and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if their numbers should increase, they fear he will have too much to do." The king replied, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," rejoined the knight; "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king answered, "Now, sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me, not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honour of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him." The knight returned to his lords, and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

It is a certain fact, that sir Godfrey de Harcourt, who was in the prince's battalion, having been told by some of the English that they had seen the banner of his brother engaged in the

battle against him, was exceedingly anxious to save him; but he was too late, for he was left dead on the field, and so was the earl of Aumarle, his nephew. On the other hand, the earls of Alençon and Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners, and with their own people; but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires that were attending on or accompanying them. The earl of Blois, nephew to the king of France, and the duke of Lorraine, his brother-in-law, with their troops, made a gallant defence; but they were surrounded by a troop of English and Welsh, and slain in spite of their prowess. The earl of St. Pol and the earl of Auxerre were also killed, as well as many others. Late after vespers, the king of France had not more about him than sixty men, every one included. Sir John of Hainault, who was of the number, had once remounted the king; for his horse had been killed under him by an arrow: he said to the king, "Sir, retreat whilst you have an opportunity, and do not expose yourself so simply: if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the conqueror." After he had said this, he took the bridle of the king's horse, and led him off by force; for he had before entreated of him to retire. The king rode on until he came to the castle of la Broyes, where he found the gates shut, for it was very dark. The king ordered the governor of it to be summoned: he came upon the battlements, and asked who it was that called at such an hour? The king answered, "Open, open, governor; it is the fortune of France." The governor, hearing the king's voice, immediately descended, opened the gate, and let down the bridge. The king and his company entered the castle; but he had only with him five barons, sir John of Hainault, the lord Charles of Montmorency, the lord of Beaujeu, the lord of Aubigny, and the lord of Montfort. The king would not bury himself in such a place as that, but, having taken some refreshments, set out again with his attendants about midnight, and rode on, under the direction of guides who were well acquainted with the country, until, about daybreak, he came to Amiens, where he halted. This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of any one, but remained on the

field, guarding their position, and defending themselves against all who attacked them. The battle was ended at the hour of vespers.

When, on this Saturday night, the English heard no more hooting or shouting, nor any more crying out to particular lords or their banners, they looked upon the field as their own, and their enemies as beaten. They made great fires, and lighted torches because of the obscurity of the night. King Edward then came down from his post, who all that day had not put on his helmet, and, with his whole battalion, advanced to the prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his arms and kissed, and said, "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance: you are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day: you are worthy to be a sovereign." The prince bowed down very low, and humbled himself, giving all honour to the king his father. The English, during the night, made frequent thanksgivings to the Lord, for the happy issue of the day, and without rioting; for the king had forbidden all riot or noise. On the Sunday morning, there was so great a fog that one could scarcely see the distance of half an acre. The king ordered a detachment from the army, under the command of the two marshals, consisting of about five hundred lances and two thousand archers, to make an excursion, and see if there were any bodies of French collected together. The quota of troops, from Rouen and Beauvais, had, this Sunday morning, left Abbeville and St. Ricquier in Ponthieu, to join the French army, and were ignorant of the defeat of the preceding evening: they met this detachment, and, thinking they must be French, hastened to join them.

As soon as the English found who they were, they fell upon them; and there was a sharp engagement; but the French soon turned their backs, and fled in great disorder. There were slain in this flight in the open fields, under hedges and bushes, upwards of seven thousand; and had it been clear weather, not one soul would have escaped.

A little time afterwards, this same party fell in with the archbishop of Rouen and the great prior of France, who were also

ignorant of the discomfiture of the French; for they had been informed that the king was not to fight before Sunday. Here began a fresh battle: for those two lords were well attended by good men-at-arms: however, they could not withstand the English, but were almost all slain, with the two chiefs who commanded them; very few escaping. In the course of the morning, the English found many Frenchmen who had lost their road on the Saturday, and had lain in the open fields, not knowing what was become of the king, or their own leaders. The English put to the sword all they met: and it has been assured to me for fact, that of foot soldiers, sent from the cities, towns, and municipalities, there were slain, this Sunday morning, four times as many as in the battle of the Saturday.

This detachment, which had been sent to look after the French, returned as the king was coming from mass, and related to him all that they had seen and met with. After he had been assured by them that there was not any appearance of the French collecting another army, he sent to have the numbers and condition of the dead examined.

He ordered on this business, lord Reginald Cobham, lord Stafford, and three heralds to examine their arms, and two secretaries to write down all the names. They took much pains to examine all the dead, and were the whole day in the field of battle, not returning but just as the king was sitting down to supper. They made to him a very circumstantial report of all they had observed, and said they had found eighty banners, the bodies of eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand common men.

The English halted there that day, and on the Monday morning prepared to march off. The king ordered the bodies of the principal knights to be taken from the ground, and carried to the monastery of Montenay, which was hard by, there to be interred in consecrated ground. He had it proclaimed in the neighbourhood that he should grant a truce for three days, in order that the dead might be buried. He then marched on, passing by Montreuil-sur-mer.

THE TOWN OF CALAIS SURRENDERS TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.

After the departure of the king of France, with his army, from the hill of Sangate, the Calesians saw clearly that all hopes of succour were at an end; which occasioned them so much sorrow and distress, that the hardiest could scarcely support it. They entreated, therefore, most earnestly, the lord John de Vienne, their governor, to mount upon the battlements, and make a sign that he wished to hold a parley. The king of England, upon hearing this, sent to him sir Walter Manny and lord Basset. When they were come near, the lord de Vienne said to them, "Dear gentlemen, you who are very valiant knights, know that the king of France, whose subjects we are, has sent us hither to defend this town and castle from all harm and damage: this we have done to the best of our abilities. All hopes of help have now left us, so that we are most exceedingly straitened; and if the gallant king, your lord, have not pity upon us, we must perish with hunger. I therefore entreat that you would beg of him to have compassion on us, and to have the goodness to allow us to depart in the state we are in, and that he will be satisfied with having possession of the town and castle, with all that is within them, as he will find therein riches enough to content him." To this sir Walter Manny replied: "John, we are not ignorant of what the king our lord's intentions are; for he has told them to us: know then, that it is not his pleasure you should get off so; for he is resolved that you surrender yourselves solely to his will, to allow those whom he pleases their ransom, or to put them to death; for the Calesians have done him so much mischief, and have, by their obstinate defence, cost him so many lives and so much money, that he is mightily enraged." The lord de Vienne answered: "These conditions are too hard for us. We are but a small number of knights and squires, who have loyally served our lord and master, as you would have done, and have suffered much ill and disquiet; but we will endure more than any men ever did in a similar situation, before we consent that the smallest boy in the town should

fare worse than the best. I therefore once more entreat you, out of compassion, to return to the king of England, and beg of him to have pity on us: he will, I trust, grant you this favour: for I have such an opinion of his gallantry as to hope that, through God's mercy, he will alter his mind." The two lords returned to the king, and related what had passed. The king said he had no intentions of complying with the request, but should insist that they surrendered themselves unconditionally to his will. Sir Walter replied: "My lord, you may be to blame in this, as you will set us a very bad example; for if you order us to go to any of your castles, we shall not obey you so cheerfully, if you put these people to death; for they will retaliate upon us, in a similar case." Many barons who were then present supported this opinion. Upon which the king replied: "Gentlemen, I am not so obstinate as to hold my opinion alone against you all: sir Walter, you will inform the governor of Calais, that the only grace he must expect from me is, that six of the principal citizens of Calais march out of the town, with bare heads and feet, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. These six persons shall be at my absolute disposal, and the remainder of the inhabitants pardoned."

Sir Walter returned to the lord de Vienne, who was waiting for him on the battlements, and told him all that he had been able to gain from the king. "I beg of you," replied the governor, "that you would be so good as to remain here a little, while I go and relate all that has passed to the townsmen; for, as they have desired me to undertake this, it is but proper they should know the result of it." He went to the market-place, and caused the bell to be rung; upon which all the inhabitants, men and women, assembled in the town hall. He then related to them what he had said, and the answers he had received; and that he could not obtain any conditions more favourable, to which they must give a short and immediate answer. This information caused the greatest lamentations and despair; so that the hardest heart would have had compassion on them; even the lord de Vienne wept bitterly.

After a short time, the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace de St. Pierre, rose up and said: "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine, if any means could be found to prevent it; and it would be highly meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour, if such misery could be averted. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my towns-men, that I name myself as first of the six." When Eustace had done speaking, they all rose up and almost worshipped him: many cast themselves at his feet with tears and groans. Another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, he would be the second to his companion, Eustace; his name was John Daire. After him, James Wisant, who was very rich in merchandise and lands, offered himself, as companion to his two cousins; as did Peter Wisant, his brother. Two others then named themselves, which completed the number demanded by the king of England. The lord John de Vienne then mounted a small hackney, for it was with difficulty that he could walk, and conducted them to the gate. There was the greatest sorrow and lamentation all over the town; and in such manner were they attended to the gate, which the governor ordered to be opened, and then shut upon him and the six citizens, whom he led to the barriers, and said to sir Walter Manny, who was there waiting for him, "I deliver up to you, as governor of Calais, with the consent of the inhabitants, these six citizens; and I swear to you that they were, and are at this day, the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king that they may not be put to death." "I cannot answer for what the king will do with them," replied sir Walter, "but you may depend that I will do all in my power to save them." The barriers were opened, when these six citizens advanced towards the pavilion of the king, and the lord de Vienne re-entered the town.

When sir Walter Manny had presented these six citizens to the king, they fell upon their knees, and, with uplifted hands, said, "Most gallant king, see before you six citizens of Calais,

who have been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and of the town. We surrender ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have mercy and compassion upon us." All the barons, knights, and squires, that were assembled there in great numbers, wept at this sight. The king eyed them with angry looks (for he hated much the people of Calais, for the great losses he had formerly suffered from them at sea), and ordered their heads to be stricken off. All present entreated the king that he would be more merciful to them, but he would not listen to them. Then sir Walter Manny said, "Ah, gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger: you have the reputation of great nobleness of soul, do not therefore tarnish it by such an act as this, nor allow any one to speak in a disgraceful manner of you. In this instance, all the world will say you have acted cruelly, if you put to death six such respectable persons, who, of their own free will, have surrendered themselves to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens." Upon this, the king gave a wink, saying, "Be it so," and ordered the headsman to be sent for; for that the Calesians had done him so much damage, it was proper they should suffer for it. The queen of England, who at that time was very big with child, fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour: now, I most humbly ask as a gift, for the sake of the Son of the blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said: "Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else than here: you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them." The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartments, and had the halters taken from round their necks, after which she new clothed them, and served them with a plentiful dinner: she then presented each with six nobles, and had them escorted out of the camp in safety.

THE BATTLE OF POITIERS.

After the taking of the castle of Romorantin, and the above-mentioned knights, the prince and his army marched forward as before, burning and destroying the country, in his approach to Anjou and Touraine. The king of France, who had resided at Chartres, set out from that place and came to Blois, where he remained two days. He then came to Amboise, and then to Loches, where he heard that the English were in Touraine, taking the road for their return through Poitou; for the English army was constantly observed by some able and expert knights of France and Burgundy, who sent the king particular information of its movements. The king of France then advanced to La Haye, in Touraine. His army had crossed the Loire, by the bridges of Orleans, Mehun, Saumur, Blois, and Tours, and wherever else they could. There were such numbers of good and able men, that there were at least twenty thousand men-at-arms, without reckoning the others: there were twenty-five dukes and earls, and upwards of six score banners. The four young sons of the king were also with him; Charles duke of Normandy, the lord Lewis, who was afterwards duke of Anjou, the lord John, since duke of Berry, and the lord Philip, the younger, who was afterwards duke of Burgundy.

About this time, pope Innocent VI. had sent into France two cardinals, sir Bertrand, cardinal of Perigord, and sir Nicholas, cardinal d'Aigel, to endeavour to make a peace between the king of France and his enemies, and especially between him and the king of Navarre, who was still detained in prison. The two cardinals had held frequent conferences with the king on this subject, during the siege of Breteuil, but were not able to bring it to a conclusion. The cardinal of Perigord had retired to the city of Tours, where he was informed that the king of France was marching in all haste after the English. He therefore left Tours, and hastened to Poitiers, as he had learnt that the two armies were approaching near to each other in that quarter.

When the king of France heard that the prince of Wales was

making as much haste as possible to return, he did not think he could any way escape from him. He marched from La Haye, with his whole army, and made for Chauvigny, where he took up his quarters on Thursday, as well in the town as without the walls, in meads along the banks of the river Vienne. On the morrow, after breakfast, the king crossed the river at the bridge of Chauvigny, and imagined that the English were just before him, but he was mistaken. However, in the pursuit, upwards of forty thousand horse crossed this bridge on the Friday; many others did so at Châtelleraut; and all, as they passed, took the road to Poitiers. On the other hand, the prince of Wales and his army were ignorant of the exact motions of the French; but they supposed they were not far distant, for their foragers found great difficulty in procuring forage, of which the whole army was in extreme want. They repented of the great waste they had made in Berry, Anjou, and Touraine, and that they had not more amply provisioned themselves.

It happened on this Friday, from the king of France in person passing the bridge of Chauvigny, and the great crowds which attended him, that three great barons of France, the lord of Auxerre, the lord Raoul de Joigny, and the earl of Joigny, were obliged to remain all that day in the town of Chauvigny, and a part of their people with them: the others passed over without baggage or armour except what they had on their backs. On the Saturday morning, they dislodged, crossed the bridge, and followed the army of the king, which was about three leagues off. They made for the open fields and the heaths, which were surrounded by woods, in order to arrive at Poitiers. This same Saturday, the prince decamped from a village hard by, and sent forward a detachment to seek adventures, and to bring some intelligence of the French. They consisted of about sixty men, well armed and mounted for the occasion. Among the knights were sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt and sir John de Guistelles. By accident, they got on the heaths surrounded by the woods above mentioned. The French soon saw they were enemies; they fixed on their helmets, and unfurled their banners

as quickly as they were able; when, fixing their lances in their rests, they stuck spurs to their horses.

The English no sooner perceived these Frenchmen, who were about two hundred lances, than they resolved to allow themselves to be pursued, as the prince and his army were not far distant: they therefore wheeled about, and made for the rutty road through the wood. The French chased them with shouts and a great noise, and as they galloped on, fell in with the army of the prince, which had halted among the heaths to wait for their companions. The lord Raoul de Joigny, and those under his banner, were advanced so far that they came right upon the banner of the prince: the engagement was very sharp, and sir Raoul fought well: however, he was made prisoner, as were the earl of Joigny, the Viscount de Breuse, and the lord of Chauvigny: the greater part were either slain or captured. By these the prince learnt that the king of France had marched forward, and that he could not return without fighting him. Upon which, he collected all the stragglers, and ordered that no one, under pain of death, should advance or skirmish before the battalion of the marshals. They marched on this Saturday, from about nine o'clock until vespers, when they came within small leagues of Poitiers. The capit^{al} de Buch, sir Haymenon de Pomiers, sir Bartholomew Burgherst, and sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt were ordered to advance, and observe where the French were encamped. These knights, with two hundred men well armed and mounted on their best steeds, set out, and soon perceived the French king's army. All the plain was covered with men-at-arms; and these English could not refrain from attacking the rear of the French; they unhorsed many, and took some prisoners, insomuch that the main army began to be in motion. News was brought of this to the king of France, as he was on the point of entering the city of Poitiers: upon which he turned back, and ordered his whole army to do the same, and make for the open fields, so that it was very late before they were quartered. The English detachment returned to the prince, and related to him the appearance of the French, that they were in immense numbers.

The prince, on hearing this, said, "God help us; we must now consider which will be the best manner to fight them the most advantageously." This night, the English were quartered in a very strong position, among vineyards and hedges, and both armies were well guarded.

On the Sunday morning, the king of France, who was very impatient to combat the English, ordered a solemn mass to be sung in his pavilion; and he and his four sons received the communion. Mass being over, there came to him the duke of Orleans, the duke of Bourbon, the earl of Ponthieu, the lord James de Bourbon, the duke of Athens, constable of France, the earl of Tancarville, the earl of Saltzburg, the earl of Dam-martin, the earl of Vantadour, and many barons of France, as well as other great lords who held fiefs in the neighbourhood, such as my lord of Clermont, sir Arnold d'Andreghen, marshal of France, the lord de St. Venant, the lord John de Landas, the lord Eustace de Ribeumont, the lord de Fiennes, the lord Geoffrey de Charny, the lord of Châtillon, the lord of Sully, the lord of Nesle, sir Robert de Duras, and many more, according to a summons they had received for a council. They were a considerable time debating: at last it was ordered that the whole army should advance into the plain, and that each lord should display his banner, and push forward in the name of God and St. Denis. Upon this, the trumpets of the army sounded, and every one got himself ready, mounted his horse, and made for that part of the plain where the king's banner was planted and fluttering in the wind. There might be seen all the nobility of France, richly dressed out in brilliant armour, with banners and pennons gallantly displayed; for all the flower of the French nobility were there: no knight nor squire, for fear of dishonour, dared to remain at home. By the advice of the constable and the marshals, the army was divided into three battalions, each consisting of sixteen thousand men-at-arms, who had before shown themselves men of tried courage. The duke of Orleans commanded the first battalion, where there were thirty-six banners and twice as many pennons. The second was under the command of the duke of Normandy, and

his two brothers, the lord Lewis and lord John. The king of France commanded the third.

Whilst these three battalions were forming, the king called to him the lord Eustace de Ribeumont, the lord John de Landas, and the lord Guiscard de Beaujeu, and said to them, "Ride forward, as near the English army as you can, and observe their countenance, taking notice of their numbers, and examine which will be the most advantageous manner for us to combat them, whether on horseback or on foot." The three knights left the king to obey his commands. The king was mounted upon a white palfrey, and, riding to the head of his army, said aloud: "You, men of Paris, Chartres, Rouen and Orleans, have been used to threaten what you would do to the English, if you could find them, and wished much to meet them in arms: now, that wish shall be gratified: I will lead you to them; and let us see how you will revenge yourselves for all the mischief and damage they have done you; be assured we will not part without fighting." Those who heard him replied: "Sir, through God's assistance, we will most cheerfully meet them." At this instant the three knights returned, and pushing through the crowd, came to the king, who asked what news they had brought: sir Eustace de Ribeumont, whom his companions had requested to be their spokesman, answered: "Sir, we have observed accurately the English; they may amount, according to our estimate, to about two thousand men-at-arms, four thousand archers, and fifteen hundred footmen. They are in a very strong position; but we do not imagine they can make more than one battalion; nevertheless, they have posted themselves with great judgment, have fortified all the road along the hedge-side, and lined the hedges with part of their archers; for, as that is the only road for an attack, one must pass through the midst of them. This lane has no other entry; and it is so narrow, that scarcely can four men ride through it abreast. At the end of this lane, amidst vines and thorns, where it is impossible to ride or march in any regular order, are posted the men-at-arms on foot; and they have drawn up before them their archers, in the manner of a harrow, so that it will be no easy

matter to defeat them." The king asked in what manner they would advise him to attack them : "Sir," replied sir Eustace, "on foot: except three hundred of the most expert and boldest of your army, who must be well armed and excellently mounted, in order to break, if possible, this body of archers; and then your battalions must advance quickly on foot, attack the men-at-arms hand to hand, and combat them valiantly. This is the best advice that I can give you; and if any one know a better, let him say it." The king replied, "Thus shall it be then;" and, in company with his two marshals, he rode from battalion to battalion, and selected, in conformity to their opinions, three hundred knights and squires of the greatest repute in his army, each well armed and mounted on the best of horses. Soon after, the battalion of the Germans was formed, who were to remain on horseback to assist the marshals: they were commanded by the earls of Saltzburg, Neydo, and Nassau.

King John was armed in royal armour, and nineteen others like him. He had given his eldest son in charge to the lord of St. Venant, the lord of Landas, and the lord Theobald de Bodenay. The lord Geoffry de Chargny carried the banner of France, as being the most valiant and prudent knight of the army. The lord Reginald de Quenolle, surnamed the Archpriest, wore the full armour of the young earl of Alençon.

When the battalions of the king of France were drawn up, and each lord posted under his proper banner, and informed how they were to act, it was ordered that all those who were armed with lances should shorten them to the length of five feet, that they might be the more manageable, and that every one should take off his spurs. As the French were on the point of marching to their enemies, the cardinal de Perigord, who had left Poitiers that morning early, came full gallop up to the king, making a low reverence, and entreated him, with uplifted hands, for the love of God, to halt a moment, that he might speak to him: he thus began: "Most dear sire, you have here with you all the flower of knighthood of your kingdom against a handful of people, such as the English are, when compared to your army; you may have them upon other terms than by a battle; and it

will be more honourable and profitable to you to gain them by this means than to risk such a fine army, and such noble persons as you have now with you. I therefore beseech you, in all humility, and by the love of God, that you will permit me to go to the prince, and remonstrate with him on the dangerous situation he is in." The king answered, "It is very agreeable to us; but make haste back again."

The cardinal upon this set off, and went in all speed to the prince, whom he found on foot in the midst of his army, in the thickest part of a vineyard. When the cardinal came there, he dismounted, and advanced to the prince, who most affably received him, and, after he had made his reverence, said: "Fair son, if you have well considered the great army of the king of France, you will permit me to make up matters between you both, if I possibly can." The prince, who was but in his youth, replied: "Sir, my own honour, and that of my army saved, I am ready to listen to any reasonable terms." The cardinal answered: "Fair son, you say well: and I will bring about a treaty, if I can; for it would be a great pity that so many worthy persons, who are here, should meet in battle." The cardinal returned to the king of France, and said: "Sir, you have no occasion to be so impatient to fight with them, for they cannot escape from you; I therefore entreat you would grant them a truce from this time until to-morrow's sunrise." The king at first would not agree to it, for a part of his council refused their consent: however, the cardinal spoke so eloquently, that the king at last assented. He ordered a very handsome and rich pavilion of red silk to be pitched on the spot where he stood, and dismissed his army to their quarters, except the battalion of the constable and marshals.

All this Sunday, the cardinal rode from one army to the other, and was very anxious to reconcile the two parties. But the king would not listen to any other terms than that four principal persons of the English should be given up to his will, and that the prince and his army should unconditionally surrender themselves. Many proposals were made: the prince offered to surrender to the king of France all the towns and castles which

he had conquered in this expedition; to give up, without ransom, all his prisoners, and to swear he would not for seven years take up arms against the king of France. The king and his council refused to accept of this, and the affair remained some time in suspense: at last, they declared that if the prince of Wales and one hundred of his knights did not surrender themselves prisoners to the king of France, he would not allow them to pass on without an engagement. The prince and his army disdained accepting of such conditions.

Whilst the cardinal was riding from one army to the other, endeavouring to make peace, some knights of either party rode forth, skirting their enemy's army, to examine its disposition. It chanced, on that day, that sir John Chandos had rode out near one of the wings of the French army, and lord John de Clermont, one of the king's marshals, had done the same, to view the English. As each knight was returning to his quarters, they met; they both had the same device upon the surcoats which they wore over their other clothes; it was a Virgin Mary, embroidered on a field azure, or, encompassed with the rays of the sun argent. On seeing this, lord Clermont said: "Chandos, how long is it since you have taken upon you to wear my arms?" "It is you who have mine," replied Chandos; "for it is as much mine as yours." "I deny that," said the lord of Clermont, "and were it not for the truce between us, I would soon show you that you have no right to wear it." "Ha," answered sir John Chandos, "you will find me to-morrow in the field, ready prepared to defend, and to prove by force of arms, that it is as much mine as yours." The lord of Clermont replied: "These are the boastings of you English, who can invent nothing new, but take for your own whatever you see handsome belonging to others." With that they parted, without more words, and each returned to his own army. The cardinal de Perigord, not being able by any means to reconcile the king and prince, returned to Poitiers late in the evening. That same day the French kept in their quarters, where they lived at their ease, having plenty of provisions; whilst the English, on the other hand, were but badly off, nor did they know whither to go for forage, as they

were so straitly kept by the French, they could not move without danger. This Sunday they made many mounds and ditches round where the archers were posted, the better to secure them.

On Monday morning, the prince and his army were soon in readiness, and as well arrayed as on the former day. The French were also drawn out by sunrisc. The cardinal, returning again that morning, imagined that, by his exhortations, he could pacify both parties; but the French told him to return where he pleased, and not attempt bringing them any more treaties or pacifications, else worse might betide him. When the cardinal saw that he laboured in vain, he took leave of the king of France, and set out toward the prince of Wales, to whom he said: "Fair son, exert yourself as much as possible, for there must be a battle; I cannot by any means pacify the king of France." The prince replied, "that such were the intentions of him and his army; and God defend the right." The cardinal then took leave of him, and returned to Poitiers. In his company there were some knights and men-at-arms more inclined to the French than to the English, who, when they saw that a battle was unavoidable, stole away from their master, and, joining the French forces, chose for their leader the castellan of Amposta, who at that time was attached to the cardinal. The cardinal knew nothing of this until he was arrived at Poitiers.

The arrangement of the prince's army, in respect to the battalions, was exactly the same as what the three knights before named had related to the king of France, except that at this time he had ordered some valiant and intelligent knights to remain on horseback, similar to the battalion of the French marshals, and had also commanded three hundred men-at-arms, and as many archers on horseback, to post themselves on the right on a small hill, that was not too steep nor too high, and, by passing over its summit, to get round the wing of the duke of Normandy's battalion, who was in person at the foot of it. These were all the alterations the prince had made in his order of battle: he himself was with the main body, in the midst of the vineyards: the whole completely armed, with

their horses near, if there should be occasion for them. They had fortified and enclosed the weaker parts, with their waggons and baggage.

I wish to name some of the most renowned knights who were with the prince of Wales. There were Thomas Beauchamp earl of Warwick, John Vere earl of Oxford, William Montacute earl of Salisbury, Robert Hufford earl of Suffolk, Ralph lord Stafford, the earl of Stafford, the lord Richard Stafford, brother to the earl, sir John Chandos, the lord Reginald Cobham, the lord Edward Spencer, the lord James Audley and his brother the lord Peter, the lord Thomas Berkley (son of the lord Maurice Berkley, who died at Calais nine years before), Ralph lord Basset of Drayton, John lord Warren (eldest son to John Plantagenet late earl of Warren, Strathern, and Surrey, by his first lady Maude de Hereford), Peter lord Mauley, the sixth of the name, the lord John Willoughby de Eresby, the lord Bartholomew de Burgherst, the lord William Felton and the lord Thomas Felton his brother, the lord Thomas Bradestan, sir Walter Pavely, sir Stephen Cossington, sir Matthew Gournay, sir William de la More, and other English. From Gascony there were the lord of Pumiers, the lord d'Albret, the captal de Buch, the lord John de Chaumont, the lord de l'Esparre, the lord of Rosen, the lord of Cousen, the lord de Montferrand, the lord de Landulas, the lord Souldich de la Traine, and many more whom I cannot remember. Of Hainaulters there were sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt, the lord John de Guystelle, and two other strangers, the lord Daniel Phaselle and lord Denis de Morbeque. The whole army of the prince, including every one, did not amount to eight thousand: when the French, counting all sorts of persons, were upwards of sixty thousand combatants; among whom were more than three thousand knights.

When the prince of Wales saw, from the departure of the cardinal without being able to obtain any honourable terms, that a battle was inevitable, and that the king of France held both him and his army in great contempt, he thus addressed himself to them: "Now, my gallant fellows, what though we

be a small body when compared to the army of our enemies; do not let us be cast down on that account, for victory does not always follow numbers, but where the Almighty God pleases to bestow it. If, through good fortune, the day shall be ours, we will gain the greatest honour and glory in this world: if the contrary should happen, and we be slain, I have a father and beloved brethren alive, and you all have some relations, or good friends, who will be sure to revenge our deaths. I therefore entreat of you to exert yourselves, and combat manfully; for, if it please God and St. George, you shall see me this day act like a true knight." By such words and arguments as these, the prince harangued his men; as did the marshals, by his orders; so that they were all in high spirits. Sir John Chandos placed himself near the prince, to guard and advise him; and never, during that day, would he, on any account, quit his post.

The lord James Audley remained also a considerable time, near him; but, when he saw that they must certainly engage, he said to the prince: "Sir, I have ever served most loyally my lord your father, and yourself, and shall continue so to do as long as I have life. Dear sir, I must now acquaint you that formerly I made a vow, if ever I should be engaged in any battle where the king your father or any of his sons were, that I would be the foremost in the attack, and the best combatant on his side, or die in the attempt. I beg therefore most earnestly, as a reward for any services I may have done, that you would grant me permission honourably to quit you, that I may post myself in such wise to accomplish my vow." The prince granted this request, and, holding out his hand to him, said, "Sir James, God grant that this day you may shine in valour above all other knights." The knight then set off, and posted himself at the front of the battalion, with only four squires whom he had detained with him to guard his person. This lord James was a prudent and valiant knight; and by his advice the army had thus been drawn up in order of battle. Lord James began to advance, in order to fight with the battalion of the marshals. In like manner, sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt took great pains to be the first to engage,

and was so, or near it: and, at the time that lord James Audley was pushing forward to seek his enemies, it thus befell sir Eustace. I mentioned before that the Germans attached to the French interest were drawn up in one battalion on horseback, and remained so, to assist the marshals. Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt, being mounted, placed his lance in its rest, and, fixing his shield, stuck spurs into his horse, and galloped up to this battalion. A German knight, called lord Lewis von Coucibras (who bore for arms five roses, gules, on a shield argent, while those of sir Eustace were ermine, three humets, in pale gules), perceiving sir Eustace quit his army, left his battalion that was under the command of earl John of Nassau, and made up to him: the shock of their meeting was so violent that they both fell to the ground. The German was wounded in the shoulder, so that he could not rise again so nimbly as sir Eustace, who, when upon his legs, after he had taken breath, was hastening to the knight that lay on the ground; but five German men-at-arms came upon him, struck him down, and made him prisoner. They led him to those that were attached to the earl of Nassau, who did not pay much attention to him, nor do I know if they made him swear himself their prisoner; but they tied him to a car with some of their harness.

The engagement now began on both sides: and the battalion of the marshals was advancing before those who were intended to break the battalion of the archers, and had entered the lane where the hedges on both sides were lined by the archers; who, as soon as they saw them fairly entered, began shooting with their bows in such an excellent manner, from each side of the hedge, that the horses, smarting under the pain of the wounds made by their bearded arrows, would not advance, but turned about, and, by their unruliness, threw their masters, who could not manage them, nor could those that had fallen get up again for the confusion: so that this battalion of the marshals could never approach that of the prince: however, there were some knights and squires so well mounted, that, by the strength of their horses, they passed through, and broke the hedge, but, in

spite of their efforts, could not get up to the battalion of the prince. The lord James Audley, attended by his four squires, had placed himself, sword in hand, in front of this battalion, much before the rest, and was performing wonders. He had advanced, through his eagerness, so far, that he engaged the lord Arnold d'Andreghen, marshal of France, under his banner, when they fought a considerable time, and the lord Arnold was roughly enough treated. The battalion of the marshals was soon after put to the rout by the arrows of the archers, and the assistance of the men-at-arms, who rushed among them as they were struck down, and seized and slew them at their pleasure. The lord Arnold d'Andreghen was there made prisoner, but by others than the lord James Audley or his four squires; for that knight never stopped to make any one his prisoner that day, but was the whole time employed in fighting and following his enemies. In another part, the lord John Clermont fought under his banner as long as he was able; but, being struck down, he could neither get up again nor procure his ransom; he was killed on the spot. Some say this treatment was owing to his altercation on the preceding day with sir John Chandos.

In a short time, this battalion of the marshals was totally discomfited; for they fell back so much on each other, that the army could not advance, and those who were in the rear, not being able to get forward, fell back upon the battalion commanded by the duke of Normandy, which was broad and thick in the front, but it was soon thin enough in the rear; for, when they learnt that the marshals had been defeated, they mounted their horses and set off. At this time, a body of English came down from the hill, and, passing along the battalions on horseback, accompanied by a large body of archers, fell upon one of the wings of the duke of Normandy's division. To say the truth, the English archers were of infinite service to their army; for they shot so thickly and so well, that the French did not know which way to turn themselves, to avoid their arrows; by this means they kept advancing by little and little, and gained ground. When the men-at-arms perceived that the first

battalion was beaten, and that the one under the duke of Normandy was in disorder, and beginning to open, they hastened to mount their horses, which they had, ready prepared, close at hand. As soon as they were all mounted, they gave a shout of "St. George, for Guienne!" and sir John Chandos said to the prince: "Sir, sir, now push forward, for the day is ours: God will this day put it in your hand. Let us make for our adversary the king of France; for where he is will lie the main stress of the business; I well know that his valour will not let him fly; and he will remain with us, if it please God and St. George: but he must be well fought with; and you have before said that you would show yourself this day a good knight." The prince replied: "John, get forward; you shall not see me turn my back this day, but I will always be among the foremost." He then said to sir Walter Woodland, his banner-bearer, "Banner, advance, in the name of God and St. George." The knight obeyed the commands of the prince. In that part, the battle was very hot, and greatly crowded: many a one was unhorsed: and you must know that whenever any one fell, he could not get up again, unless he were quickly and well assisted. As the prince was thus advancing upon his enemies, followed by his division, and upon the point of charging them, he perceived the lord Robert de Duras lying dead near a small bush on his right hand, with his banner beside him, and ten or twelve of his people: upon which he ordered two of his squires and three archers to place the body upon a shield, carry it to Poitiers, and present it from him to the cardinal of Perigord, and say, that "I salute him by that token." This was done; for he had been informed how the suite of the cardinal had remained in the field of battle in arms against him, which was not very becoming, nor a fit deed for churchmen to do; as they, under pretext of doing good and establishing peace, pass from one army to the other, they ought not therefore to take up arms on either side. These, however, had done so, at which the prince was much enraged, and for this had sent the cardinal his nephew sir Robert de Duras, and was desirous of striking off the head of the castellan of Amposta,

who had been made prisoner, notwithstanding he belonged to the cardinal; but sir John Chandos said, "My lord, do not think of such things at this moment, when you must look to others of the greatest importance; perhaps the cardinal may excuse himself so well, that you will be convinced he was not to blame."

The prince, upon this, charged the division of the duke of Athens, and very sharp the encounter was, so that many were beaten down. The French, who fought in large bodies, cried out, "Montjoye St. Denis!" and the English answered them with, "St. George for Guienne!" The prince next met the battalion of Germans, under the command of the earl of Saltzburg, the earl of Nassau, and the earl of Neydo; but they were soon overthrown, and put to flight. The English archers shot so well, that none dared to come within reach of their arrows, and they put to death many who could not ransom themselves. The three above-named earls were slain there, as well as many other knights and squires attached to them. In the confusion, sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt was rescued by his own men, who remounted him: he afterwards performed many gallant deeds of arms, and made good captures that day.

When the battalion of the duke of Normandy saw the prince advancing so quick upon them, they bethought themselves how to escape. The sons of the king, the duke of Normandy, the earl of Poitiers, and the earl of Touraine, who were very young, too easily believed what those under whose management they were placed said to them: however, the lord Guiscard d'Angle and sir John de Saintré, who were near the earl of Poitiers, would not fly, but rushed into the thickest of the combat. The three sons of the king, according to the advice given them, galloped away, with upwards of eight hundred lances who had never been near the enemy, and took the road to Chauvigny. When the lord John de Landas, who, with the lord Theobald de Bodenay and the lord of St. Venant, were the guardians of the duke of Normandy, had fled with him a good league, they took leave of him, and besought the lord of St. Venant not to quit him until they were all arrived at a place of safety; for, by

doing thus, he would acquire more honour than if he were to remain on the field of battle. On their return, they met the division of the duke of Orleans, quite whole and unhurt, who had fled from behind the rear of the king's battalion. True it is, there were many good knights and squires among them, who, notwithstanding the flight of their leaders, had much rather have suffered death than the smallest reproach. The king's battalion advanced in good order, to meet the English: many hard blows were given with swords, battle-axes, and other warlike weapons. The king of France, with the lord Philip his youngest son, attacked the division of the marshals, the earls of Warwick and Suffolk: there were also with the marshals some Gascons, such as the captal de Buch, the lord of Pumiers, the lord Amery de Charree, the lord of Languran, the lord de l'Estrade. The lord John de Landas, with the lord Theobald de Bodenay, returning in good time, dismounted, and joined the battalion of the king. On one side, the duke of Athens, constable of France, was engaged with his division; and, a little higher up, the duke of Bourbon, surrounded with good knights, from the Bourboneis and Picardy. Near to these were the men of Poitou, the lord de Pons, the lord de Partenay, the lord de Dampmaire, the lord de Montabouton, the lord de Surgeres, the lord John de Saintré, the lord Guiscard d'Angle, the lord d'Argenton, the lord de Linieres, the lord de Montrande, the viscount de Rochechouart, the earl of Aulnoy. Many others were also engaged, such as the lord James de Beaujeu, the lord of Chateau-Villain, and other knights and squires from Burgundy. In another part were the earls of Vantadour and Montpensier, the lord James de Bourbon, the lord John d'Artois, and the lord James his brother, the lord Arnold de Cervolle, surnamed the Arch-priest, armed as the young earl of Alençon. There were also from Auvergne, the lord de Marcueil, the lord de la Tour, the lord de Chalenton, the lord de Montague, the lord de Rochefort, the lord de la Chaire, the lord d'Achon; and from Limousin, the lord de Linal, the lord de Naruel, and the lord Pierre de Buffiere. From Picardy, there were the lord William de Merle, the lord

Arnold de Renneval, the lord Geoffry de St. Dizier, the lord de Chauny, the lord de Hely, the lord de Monsant, the lord de Hagnes, and many others. The lord Douglas, from Scotland, was also in the king's battalion, and for some time fought very valiantly; but, when he perceived that the discomfiture was complete on the side of the French, he saved himself as fast as he could; for he dreaded so much being taken by the English, that he had rather have been slain.

The lord James Audley, with the assistance of his four squires, was always engaged in the heat of the battle. He was severely wounded in the body, head, and face; and as long as his strength and breath permitted him, he maintained the fight, and advanced forward: he continued to do so until he was covered with blood: then, towards the close of the engagement, his four squires, who were as his bodyguard, took him, and led him out of the engagement, very weak and wounded, towards a hedge, that he might cool and take breath. They disarmed him as gently as they could, in order to examine his wounds, dress them, and sew up the most dangerous.

King John, on his part, proved himself a good knight; and, if the fourth of his people had behaved as well, the day would have been his own. Those, however, who had remained with him acquitted themselves to the best of their power, and were either slain or taken prisoners. Scarcely any who were with the king attempted to escape. Among the slain were the duke Peter de Bourbon, the duke of Athens, constable of France, the bishop of Chalons in Champagne, the lord Guiscard de Beaujeu, and the lord of Landas. The Arch-priest, sir Theobald de Bodenay and the lord of Pompadour were made prisoners, badly wounded. In another part of the field of battle, the earls of Vaudemont and Genville, and the earl of Vendôme, were prisoners. Not far from that spot were slain the lord William de Nesle and the lord Eustace de Ribeumont, the lord de la Tour and the lord William de Montagu. The lord Lewis de Melval, the lord Pierre de Buffiere, and the lord de Senerach were taken. In this engagement upwards of two hundred knights and squires were killed or captured. A band of Norman knights still kept

up the battle, in another part of the field; and of these, sir Guinenton de Chambly and sir Baudrin de la House were slain: many others were discomfited, who were fighting in small bodies.

Among the battles, skirmishes, flights and pursuits, which happened in the course of this day, an adventure befell sir Edward de Roucy, which I cannot omit relating in this place. He had left the field of battle, as he perceived the day was irrecoverably lost; and, not wishing to fall into the hands of the English, was got about a league off; when he was pursued by an English knight, his lance in the rest, who cried to him, "Sir knight, turn about: you ought to be ashamed thus to fly." Upon this, sir Edward halted, and the Englishman attacked him, thinking to fix his lance in his target; but he failed, for sir Edward turned the stroke aside, nevertheless he did not miss his own: with his spear he hit his enemy so violent a blow on the helmet, that he was stunned and fell to the ground, where he remained senseless. Sir Edward dismounted, and, placing his lance on his breast, told him that he would certainly kill him if he did not surrender himself his prisoner, rescued or not. The Englishman surrendered, and went with sir Edward, who afterwards ransomed him.

It happened that, in the midst of the general pursuit, a squire from Picardy, named John de Helennes, had quitted the king's division, and, meeting his page with a fresh horse, had mounted him, and made off as fast as he could. At that time there was near to him the lord of Berkeley, a young knight, who, for the first time, had that day displayed his banner: he immediately set out in pursuit of him. When the lord of Berkeley had followed him for some little time, John de Helennes turned about, put his sword under his arm in the manner of a lance, and thus advanced upon the lord Berkeley, who taking his sword by the handle, flourished it, and lifted up his arm in order to strike the squire as he passed. John de Helennes, seeing the intended stroke, avoided it, but did not miss his own; for as they passed each other, by a blow on the arm he made lord Berkeley's sword fall to the ground. When the knight found that he had lost his sword, and that the squire had his, he dis-

mounted, and made for the place where his sword lay: but he could not get there before the squire gave him a violent thrust which passed through both his thighs, so that, not being able to ~~help~~^a himself, he fell to the ground. John upon this dismounted, and, seizing the sword of the knight, advanced up to him and asked him if he were willing to surrender. The knight required his name: "I am called John de Helennes," said he, "what is your name?" "In truth, companion," replied the knight, "my name is Thomas, and I am lord of Berkeley, a very handsome castle situated on the river Severn, on the borders of Wales." "Lord of Berkeley," said the squire, "you shall be my prisoner: I will place you in safety, and take care you are healed, for you appear to me to be badly wounded." The knight answered, "I surrender myself willingly, for you have loyally conquered me." He gave him his word that he would be his prisoner, rescued or not. John then drew his sword out of the knight's thighs and the wounds remained open; but he bound them up tightly, and, placing him on his horse, led him a foot-pace to Châtelherault. He continued there, out of friendship to him, for fifteen days, and had medicines administered to him. When the knight was a little recovered, he had him placed in a litter, and conducted him safe to his house in Picardy; where he remained more than a year before he was quite cured, though he continued lame; and when he departed he paid for his ransom six thousand nobles, so that this squire became a knight by the great profit he got from the lord of Berkeley.

It often happens that fortune in war and love turns out more favourable and wonderful than could have been hoped for or expected. To say the truth, this battle which was fought near Poitiers, in the plains of Beauvoir and Maupertuis, was very bloody and perilous: many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known, and the combatants on each side suffered much. King John himself did wonders: he was armed with a battle-axe, with which he fought and defended himself. The earl of Tancarville, in endeavouring to break through the crowd, was made prisoner close to him: as were also sir James de Bourbon, earl of Ponthieu, and the lord John

d'Artois, earl of Eu. In another part, a little farther off, the lord Charles d'Artois and many other knights and squires were captured by the division under the banner of the capital ^{of} Buch. The pursuit continued even to the gates of Poitiers, where there was much slaughter and overthrow of men and horses; for the inhabitants of Poitiers had shut their gates, and would suffer none to enter: upon which account there was great butchery on the causeway, before the gate, where such numbers were killed or wounded, that several surrendered themselves the moment they spied an Englishman; and there were many English archers who had four, five, or six prisoners.

The lord of Pons, a powerful baron in Poitou, was slain there, as were several other knights and squires. The viscount de Rochechouart, the lords de Partenay and de Saintonge, and the lord of Montendre, were taken prisoners: as was the lord John de Saintré, but so beaten that he never afterwards recovered his health: he was looked upon as the most accomplished knight in France. The lord Guiscard d'Angle was left for slain among the dead: he had fought well that day. The lord de Charny, who was near the king, combated bravely during the whole engagement: he was always in the crowd, because he carried the king's sovereign banner: his own also was displayed in the field, with his arms, which were three escutcheons argent on a field gules. The English and Gascons poured so fast upon the king's division that they broke through the ranks by force; and the French were so intermixed with their enemies, that at times there were five men attacking one gentleman. The lord of Pompadour and the lord Bartholomew de Brunes were there captured. The lord de Charny was slain, with the banner of France in his hands, by the lord Reginald Cobham; and afterwards the earl of Dammartin shared the same fate.

There was much pressing at this time, through eagerness to take the king; and those who were nearest to him, and knew him, cried out, "Surrender yourself, surrender yourself, or you are a dead man." In that part of the field was a young knight from St. Omer, who was engaged by a salary in the service of the king of England; his name was Denys de Morbeque; who

for five years had attached himself to the English, on account of having been banished in his younger days from France for a murder committed in an affray at St. Omer. It fortunately happened for this knight that he was at the time near to the king of France, when he was so much pulled about; he, by dint of force, for he was very strong and robust, pushed through the crowd, and said to the king in good French, "Sire, sire, surrender yourself." The king, who found himself very disagreeably situated, turning to him, asked, "To whom shall I surrender myself: to whom? Where is my cousin, the prince of Wales? if I could see him, I would speak to him." "Sire," replied sir Denys, "he is not here; but surrender yourself to me, and I will lead you to him." "Who are you?" said the king. "Sire, I am Denys de Morbeque, a knight from Artois; but I serve the king of England, because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I possessed there." The king then gave him his right hand glove, and said, "I surrender myself to you." There was much crowding and pushing about, for every one was eager to cry out, "I have taken him." Neither the king nor his youngest son Philip were able to get forward and free themselves from the throng.

The prince of Wales, who was as courageous as a lion, took great delight that day to combat his enemies. Sir John Chandos, who was near his person, and had never quitted it during the whole of the day, nor stopped to make prisoners, said to him towards the end of the battle: "Sir, it will be proper for you to halt here, and plant your banner on the top of this bush, which will serve to rally your forces, that seem very much scattered; for I do not see any banners or pennons of the French, nor any considerable bodies able to rally against us; and you must refresh yourself a little, as I perceive you are very much heated." Upon this the banner of the prince was placed on a high bush; the minstrels began to play, and trumpets and clarions to do their duty. The prince took off his helmet, and the knights attendant on his person, and belonging to his chamber, were soon ready, and pitched a small pavilion of crimson colour, which the prince entered. Liquor was then

brought to him and the other knights who were with him; they increased every moment, for they were returning from the pursuit, and stopped there surrounded by their prisoners.

As soon as the two marshals were come back, the prince asked them if they knew anything of the king of France: they replied, "No, sir, not for a certainty; but we believe he must be either killed or made prisoner, since he has never quitted his battalion." The prince then, addressing the earl of Warwick and lord Cobham, said, "I beg of you to mount your horses and ride over the field, so that on your return you may bring me some certain intelligence of him." The two barons, immediately mounting their horses, left the prince, and made for a small hillock, that they might look about them: from their stand they perceived a crowd of men-at-arms on foot, who were advancing very slowly. The king of France was in the midst of them, and in great danger; for the English and Gascons had taken him from sir Denys de Morbeque, and were disputing who should have him, the stoutest bawling out, "It is I that have got him;" "No, no," replied the others, "we have him." The king, to escape from this peril, said, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, I pray you conduct me and my son in a courteous manner to my cousin the prince; and do not make such a riot about my capture, for I am so great a lord that I can make all sufficiently rich." These words, and others which fell from the king, appeased them a little; but the disputes were always beginning again, and they did not move a step without rioting. When the two barons saw this troop of people, they descended from the hillock, and sticking spurs into their horses, made up to them. On their arrival, they asked what was the matter; they were answered that it was the king of France, who had been made prisoner, and that upwards of ten knights and squires challenged him at the same time as belonging to each of them. The two barons then pushed through the crowd by main force, and ordered all to draw aside. They commanded, in the name of the prince, and under pain of instant death, that every one should keep his distance, and not approach unless ordered or desired so to do. They all retreated behind the king; and the

two barons, dismounting, advanced to the king with profound reverences, and conducted him in a peaceable manner to the prince of Wales.

Soon after the earl of Warwick and the lord Reginald Cobham had left the prince, as has been above related, he inquired from those knights who were about him of lord James Audley, and asked if any one knew what was become of him. "Yes, sir," replied some of the company, "he is very badly wounded, and is lying in a litter hard by." "By my troth," replied the prince, "I am sore vexed that he is so wounded. See, I beg of you, if he be able to bear being carried hither; otherwise I will come and visit him." Two knights directly left the prince, and, coming to lord James, told him how desirous the prince was of seeing him. "A thousand thanks to the prince," answered lord James, "for condescending to remember so poor a knight as myself." He then called eight of his servants, and had himself borne in his litter to where the prince was. When he was come into his presence, the prince bent down over him and embraced him, saying, "My lord James, I am bound to honour you very much; for, by your valour this day, you have acquired glory and renown above us all, and your prowess has proved you the bravest knight." Lord James replied, "My lord, you have a right to say whatever you please, but I wish it were as you have said. If I have this day been forward to serve you, it has been to accomplish a vow that I had made, and it ought not to be thought so much of." "Sir James," answered the prince, "I and all the rest of us deem you the bravest knight on our side in this battle; and to increase your renown, and furnish you withal to pursue your career of glory in war, I retain you henceforward, for ever, as my knight, with five hundred marks of yearly revenue, which I will secure to you from my estates in England." "Sir," said lord James, "God make me deserving of the good fortune you bestow upon me." At these words he took leave of the prince, as he was very weak, and his servants carried him back to his tent: he could not have been at a great distance when the earl of Warwick and lord Reginald Cobham entered the pavilion of the prince, and presented the king of

France to him. The prince made a very low obeisance to the king, and gave him as much comfort as he was able, which he knew well how to administer. He ordered wine and spices to be brought, which he presented to the king himself, as a mark of his great affection.

Thus was this battle won, as you have heard related, in the plains of Maupertuis, two leagues from the city of Poitiers, on the 19th day of September, 1356. It commenced about nine o'clock, and was ended by noon; but the English were not all returned from the pursuit, and it was to recall his people that the prince had placed his banner upon a high bush. They did not return till late after vespers from pursuing the enemy. It was reported that all the flower of French knighthood were slain; and that, with the king and his son the lord Philip, seventeen earls, without counting barons, knights, or squires, were made prisoners, and from five to six thousand of all sorts left dead in the field. When they were all collected, they found they had twice as many prisoners as themselves; they therefore consulted if, considering the risk they might run, it would not be more advisable to ransom them on the spot. This was done; and the prisoners found the English and Gascons very civil, for there were many set at liberty that day on their promise of coming to Bordeaux before Christmas to pay their ransom.

When all were returned to their banners, they retired to their camp, which was adjoining to the field of battle. Some disarmed themselves, and did the same to their prisoners, to whom they showed every kindness; for whoever made any prisoners, they were solely at his disposal, to ransom or not, as he pleased. It may be easily supposed that all those who accompanied the prince were very rich in glory and wealth, as well by the ransoms of his prisoners as by the quantities of gold and silver plate, rich jewels, and trunks stuffed full of belts, that were weighty from their gold and silver ornaments, and furred mantles. They set no value on armour, tents, or other things; for the French had come there as magnificently and richly dressed as if they had been sure of gaining the victory.

When the lord James Audley was brought back to his tent,

after having most respectfully thanked the prince for his gift, he did not remain long before he sent for his brother sir Peter Audley, the lord Bartholomew Burgherst, sir Stephen Coffington, lord Willoughby of Eresby, and lord William Ferrers of Groby: they were all his relations. He then sent for his four squires that had attended upon him that day, and, addressing himself to the knights, said: "Gentlemen, it has pleased my lord the prince to give me five hundred marks as a yearly inheritance; for which gift I have done him very trifling bodily service. You see here these four squires, who have always served me most loyally, and especially in this day's engagement. What glory I may have gained has been through their means, and by their valour; on which account I wish to reward them. I therefore give and resign into their hands the gift of five hundred marks which my lord the prince has been pleased to bestow on me, in the same form and manner that it has been presented to me. I disinherit myself of it, and give it to them simply, and without a possibility of revoking it." The knights present looked on each other, and said, "It is becoming the noble mind of lord James to make such a gift;" and then unanimously added, "May the Lord God remember you for it! We will bear witness of this gift to them wheresoever and whensoever they may call on us." They then took leave of him; when some went to the prince of Wales, who that night was to give a supper to the king of France from his own provisions; for the French had brought vast quantities with them, which were now fallen into the hands of the English, many of whom had not tasted bread for the last three days.

When evening was come, the prince of Wales gave a supper in his pavilion to the king of France, and to the greater part of the princes and barons who were prisoners. The prince seated the king of France and his son the lord Philip at an elevated and well-covered table; with them were sir James de Bourbon, the lord John d'Artois, the earls of Tancarville, of Estampes, of Dammartin, of Graville, and the lord of Partenay. The other knights and squires were placed at different tables. The prince himself served the king's table, as well as the others, with every

mark of humility, and would not sit down at it, in spite of all his entreaties for him so to do, saying that "he was not worthy of such an honour, nor did it appertain to him to seat himself at the table of so great a king, or of so valiant a man as he had shown himself by his actions that day." He added also with a noble air: "Dear sir, do not make a poor meal because the Almighty God has not gratified your wishes in the event of this day; for be assured that my lord and father will show you every honour and friendship in his power, and will arrange your ransom so reasonably that you will henceforward always remain friends. In my opinion, you have cause to be glad that the success of this battle did not turn out as you desired; for you have this day acquired such high renown for prowess, that you have surpassed all the best knights on your side. I do not, dear sir, say this to flatter you, for all those of our side who have seen and observed the actions of each party have unanimously allowed this to be your due, and decree you the prize and garland for it." At the end of this speech there were murmurs of praise heard from every one; and the French said the prince had spoken nobly and truly, and that he would be one of the most gallant princes in Christendom, if God should grant him life to pursue his career of glory.

When they had supped and sufficiently regaled themselves, each departed to his lodging with the knights and squires they had captured. Those that had taken them asked what they could pay for their ransoms, without much hurting their fortunes; and willingly believed whatever they told them; for they had declared publicly that they did not wish to deal harshly with any knight or squire that his ransom should be so burdensome as to prevent his following the profession of arms, or advancing his fortune. Towards morning, when these lords had heard mass, and had eaten and drank a little, whilst the servants were packing up or loading the baggage, they decamped and advanced towards Poitiers.

That same night, the lord of Roye had entered the city of Poitiers with a hundred lances that had not been engaged in the battle, for, having met the duke of Normandy near Chau-

vigny, he had commanded him to march for Poitiers, and to guard it until he should receive other orders. When the lord of Roye had entered Poitiers, he ordered the gates, towers, and walls to be watched that night, on account of the English being so near; and on the morning he armed all sorts of people, and posted them wherever he judged most convenient for the defence of the town. The English, however, passed by, without making any attempt upon it; for they were so laden with gold, silver, jewels, and great prisoners, that they did not attack any fortress in their march, but thought they should do great things if they were able to convey the king of France and his son, with all their booty, in safety to the city of Bordeaux. They returned, therefore, by easy marches, on account of their prisoners and heavy baggage, never advancing more than four or five leagues a-day: they encamped early, and marched in one compact body, without quitting the road, except the division of the marshals, who advanced in front, with about five hundred men-at-arms, to clear the country. They met with no resistance anywhere; for the whole country was in a state of consternation, and all the men-at-arms had retreated into the strong fortresses.

During this march the prince of Wales was informed how lord James Audley had made a present of his pension of five hundred marks to his four squires. He sent for him: lord James was carried in his litter to the presence of the prince, who received him very graciously, and said to him: "Sir James, I have been informed that after you had taken leave of me, and were returned to your tent, you made a present to your four squires of the gift I presented to you. I should like to know if this be true, why you did so, and if the gift were not agreeable to you." "Yes, my lord," answered lord James, "it was most agreeable to me, and I will tell you the reasons which induced me to bestow it on my squires. These four squires, who are here, have long and loyally served me, on many great and dangerous occasions; and until the day that I made them this present, I had not any way rewarded them for all their services; and never in this life were they of such help to me as on that

day. I hold myself much bound to them for what they did at the battle of Poitiers; for, dear sir, I am but a single man, and can do no more than my powers admit, but, through their aid and assistance, I have accomplished my vow, which for a long time I had made, and by their means was the first combatant, and should have paid for it with my life, if they had not been near to me. When, therefore, I consider their courage, and the love they bear to me, I should not have been courteous nor grateful, if I had not rewarded them. Thank God, my lord, I have a sufficiency for my life, to maintain my state; and wealth has never yet failed me, nor do I believe it ever will. If, therefore, I have in this acted contrary to your wishes, I beseech you, dear sir, to pardon me; for you will be ever as loyally served by me and my squires, to whom I gave your present, as heretofore." The prince answered: "Sir James, I do not in the least blame you for what you have done, but, on the contrary, acknowledge your bounty to your squires whom you praise so much. I readily confirm your gift to them; but I shall insist upon your accepting of six hundred marks, upon the same terms and conditions as the former gift."

The prince of Wales and his army kept advancing, without meeting any obstacle, and, having passed through Poitou and Saintonge, came to Blaye, where he crossed the Garonne, and arrived in the good city of Bordeaux. It is not possible to relate all the feasts and entertainments which the citizens and clergy of Bordeaux made for the prince, and with what joy they received him and the king of France. The prince conducted the king to the monastery of St. Andrew, where they were both lodged; the king on one side, and the prince on the other. The prince purchased from the barons, knights, and squires of Gascony the ransoms of the greater part of the French earls who were there, and paid ready money for them. There were many meetings and disputes among the knights and squires of Gascony, and others, relative to the capture of the king of France. On this account, Denys de Morbeque truly and by right of arms claimed him. He challenged another squire of Gascony, named Bernard de Trouttes, who had declared that he had an equal

right to him. There was much disputing between them before the prince and the barons present: and as they had engaged to fight each other, the prince put them under an arrest, until they should be arrived in England, and forbade anything more being said on the subject till they were in the presence of the king his father. However, as the king of France gave every assistance to Sir Denys in support of his claim, and leaned more to him than to any of the other claimants, the prince ordered two thousand nobles to be given privately to Sir Denys, in order to enable him the better to support his rank.

THE JACQUERIE.

Soon after the deliverance of the king of Navarre out of prison, a marvellous and great tribulation befell the kingdom of France, in Beauvoisis, Brie, upon the river Marne, in the Laonnois, and in the neighbourhood of Soissons. Some of the inhabitants of the country towns assembled together in Beauvoisis, without any leader: they were not at first more than one hundred men. They said that the nobles of the kingdom of France, knights, and squires, were a disgrace to it, and that it would be a very meritorious act to destroy them all: to which proposition every one assented, as a truth, and added, shame befall him that should be the means of preventing the gentlemen from being wholly destroyed. They then, without further council, collected themselves in a body, and with no other arms than the staves shod with iron, which some had, and others with knives, marched to the house of a knight who lived near, and breaking it open, murdered the knight, his lady, and all the children, both great and small; they then burnt the house.

After this, their second expedition was to the strong castle of another knight, which they took, and, having tied him to a stake, many of them violated his wife and daughter before his eyes: they then murdered the lady, her daughter, and the other

children, and last of all the knight himself, with much cruelty. They destroyed and burnt his castle. They did the like to many castles and handsome houses; and their numbers increased so much, that they were in a short time upwards of six thousand: wherever they went they received additions, for all their rank in life followed them, whilst every one else fled, carrying off with them their ladies, damsels, and children, ten or twenty leagues distant, where they thought they could place them in security, leaving their houses, with all their riches in them.

These wicked people, without leader and without arms, plundered and burnt all the houses they came to, murdered every gentleman, and violated every lady and damsel they could find. He who committed the most atrocious actions, and such as no human creature would have imagined, was the most applauded, and considered as the greatest man among them. I dare not write the horrible and inconceivable atrocities they committed on the persons of the ladies.

Among other infamous acts, they murdered a knight; and, having fastened him to a spit, roasted him before the eyes of his wife and his children, and, after ten or twelve had violated her, they forced her to eat some of her husband's flesh, and then knocked her brains out. They had chosen a king among them, who came from Clermont in Beauvoisis: he was elected as the worst of the bad, and they denominated him James Goodman. These wretches burnt and destroyed in the country of Beauvoisis, and at Corbie, Amiens, and Montdidier, upwards of sixty good houses and strong castles. By the acts of such traitors in the country of Brie and thereabout, it behoved every lady, knight, and squire, having the means of escape, to fly to Meaux, if they wished to preserve themselves from being insulted, and afterwards murdered. The duchess of Normandy, the duchess of Orleans, and many other ladies, had adopted this course to save themselves from violation. These cursed people thus supported themselves in the countries between Paris, Noyon, and Soissons, and in all the territory of Coucy in the county of Valois. In the bishoprics of Noyon, Laon, and Soissons, there were upwards

of one hundred castles and good houses of knights and squires destroyed.

When the gentlemen of Beauvoisis, Corbie, Vermandois, and of the lands where these wretches were associated, saw to what lengths their madness had extended, they sent for succour to their friends in Flanders, Hainault, and Bohemia: from which places numbers soon came, and united themselves with the gentlemen of the country. They began therefore to kill and destroy these wretches wherever they met them, and hung them up by troops on the nearest trees. The king of Navarre even destroyed in one day, near Clermont in Beauvoisis, upwards of three thousand: but they were by this time so much increased in number, that had they been altogether, they would have amounted to more than one hundred thousand. When they were asked for what reason they acted so wickedly, they replied they knew not, but they did so because they saw others do it; and they thought that by this means they should destroy all the nobles and gentlemen in the world.

At the time these wicked men were overrunning the country, the earl of Foix and his cousin the captal of Buch were returning from a croisade in Prussia. They were informed, on their entering France, of the distress the nobles were in; and they learnt at the city of Chalons that the duchess of Normandy, the duchess of Orleans, and three hundred other ladies, under the protection of the duke of Orleans, were fled to Meaux on account of these disturbances. The two knights resolved to go to the assistance of these ladies, and to reinforce them with all their might, notwithstanding the captal was attached to the English; but at that time there was a truce between the two kings. They might have in their company about sixty lances. They were most cheerfully received, on their arrival at Meaux, by the ladies and damsels; for these Jacks and peasants of Brie had heard what number of ladies, married and unmarried, and young children of quality, were in Meaux: they had united themselves with those of Valois, and were on their road thither. On the other hand, those of Paris had also been informed of the treasures Meaux contained, and had set out from that place in

crowds: having met the others, they amounted together to nine thousand men: their forces were augmenting every step they advanced.

They came to the gates of the town, which the inhabitants opened to them, and allowed them to enter: they did so in such numbers that all the streets were quite filled, as far as the market-place, which is tolerably strong, but it required to be guarded, though the river Marne nearly surrounds it. The noble dames who were lodged there, seeing such multitudes rushing towards them, were exceedingly frightened. On this, the two lords and their company advanced to the gate of the market-place, which they had opened, and marching under the banners of the earl of Foix and duke of Orleans, and the pennon of the captal of Buch, posted themselves in front of this peasantry, who were badly armed. When these banditti perceived such a troop of gentlemen, so well equipped, sally forth to guard the market-place, the foremost of them began to fall back. The gentlemen then followed them, using their lances and swords. When they felt the weight of their blows, they, through fear, turned about so fast, they fell one over the other. All manner of armed persons then rushed out of the barriers, drove them before them, striking them down like beasts, and clearing the town of them; for they kept neither regularity nor order, slaying so many that they were tired. They flung them in great heaps into the river. In short, they killed upwards of seven thousand. Not one would have escaped, if they had chosen to pursue them further.

On the return of the men-at-arms, they set fire to the town of Meaux, burnt it; and all the peasants they could find were shut up in it, because they had been of the party of the Jacks. Since this discomfiture which happened to them at Meaux, they never collected again in any great bodies; for the young Enguerrand de Coucy had plenty of gentlemen under his orders, who destroyed them, wherever they could be met with, without mercy.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

Sir John Chandos, being seneschal of Poitou, was seriously afflicted with the loss of St. Salvin: he was continually devising means to retake it, whether by assault or by escalade was perfectly indifferent to him, so that he could gain it. He made many nightly ambuscades, but none succeeded; for sir Louis, who commanded in it, was very watchful, as he knew the capture of it had highly angered sir John Chandos. It happened that, on the night preceding the eve of the new year (1370), sir John Chandos, who resided in the city of Poitiers, had sent out his summons to the barons and knights of Poitou to come to him as secretly as they could, for he was going on an expedition. The Poitevins would not refuse him anything, being much beloved by them: they obeyed his summons, and came to Poitiers. Sir Guiscard d'Angle, sir Louis de Harcourt, the lords de Pons, de Partenay, de Pinane, de Tannaybouton, sir Geoffry d'Argenton, sir Maubrun de Linieres, lord Thomas Percy, sir Baldwin de Franville, sir Richard de Pontchardon, came thither, with many others. When they were all assembled, they were full three hundred lances.

They left Poitiers in the night, and no one, except the principal lords, knew whither they were going. The English, however, had scaling-ladders and everything they might have occasion for with them. They marched to St. Salvin; and, when there arrived, were told what was intended; upon which they all dismounted, and, giving the horses to their valets, the English descended into the ditch. It was then about midnight. They were in this situation, and would very shortly have succeeded in their expedition, when they heard the guard of the fort wind his horn. The reason was this. That very night Carnet le Breton had come from la Roche-Posay, with forty lances, to St. Salvin, to request sir Louis de St. Julien to accompany him in an expedition to Poitou: he therefore awakened the guard and those within the fort.

The English, who were on the opposite side, ignorant of

the intentions of this body of Frenchmen wanting to enter the fort, thought they had been seen by the guard, or that spies had given information of their arrival to the garrison. They immediately left the ditch, and said, "Let us away; for this night we have been disappointed in our scheme." They mounted their horses, and advanced in a body to Chauvigny on the river Creuse, two short leagues distant. When all were arrived there, the Poitevins asked sir John Chandos if he wished them to remain with him: he answered, "No, you may return in God's name: I will to-day stay in this town." The Poitevins departed, and with them some English knights; in all, about two hundred lances.

Sir John Chandos entered an hotel, and ordered a fire to be lighted. Lord Thomas Percy, seneschal of la Rochelle, and his men, remained with him. Lord Thomas asked sir John Chandos if he intended staying there that day: "Yes," replied sir John; "why do you ask?" "Because, sir, if you be determined not to go further, I shall beg of you to give me leave to make an excursion, to see if I shall meet with any adventure." "In the name of God, go then," replied sir John. At these words, lord Thomas Percy set out, attended by about thirty lances. Sir John Chandos remained with his own people. Lord Thomas crossed the bridge of Chauvigny, taking the longest road to Poitiers, having left sir John Chandos quite low-spirited for having failed in his intended attack on St. Salvin. He continued in the kitchen of the hotel, warming himself at a straw fire which his herald was making for him, conversing at the same time with his people, who very readily passed their jokes in hopes of curing him of his melancholy. After he had remained some time, and was preparing to take a little rest, and while he was asking if it were yet day, a man entered the hotel, and came before him, saying, "My lord, I bring you news." "What is it?" asked sir John. "My lord, the French have taken the field." "How dost thou know this?" "My lord, I set out from St. Salvin with them." "And what road have they taken?" "My lord, that I cannot say for a certainty; but it seemed to me they followed the road to

Poitiers." "And who are these French?" "My lord, they are sir Louis de St. Julien and Carnet le Breton, with their companies." "Well, it is indifferent to me," replied sir John: "I have not any inclination to exert myself this day; they may be met with without my interference." He remained a considerable time very thoughtful; after having well considered, he added: "Notwithstanding what I have just said, I think I shall do right to mount my horse; for at all events I must return to Poitiers, and it will be soon day." "It is well judged," replied the knights who were with him. Sir John ordered everything to be got ready, and his knights having done the same, they mounted and set off, taking the road to Poitiers, following the course of the river. The French might be about a good league before them on this same road, intending to cross the river at the bridge of Lussac. The English suspected this from perceiving the tracks of the horses, and said among themselves, "Either the French or lord Thomas Percy are just before us." Shortly after this conversation, day appeared; for in the early part of January the mornings begin to be soon light. The French might be about a league from the bridge of Lussac, when they perceived lord Thomas Percy and his men on the other side of the river. Lord Thomas had before seen them, and had set off full gallop to gain the bridge. They said, "There are the French: they are more in number than we are; let us hasten to take advantage of the bridge." When sir Louis and Carnet saw the English on the opposite side of the river, they also made haste to gain the bridge: however, the English arrived first, and were masters of it. They all dismounted, and drew themselves up to defend and guard it. The French likewise dismounted on their arrival, and giving their horses for the servants to lead them to the rear, took their lances, and advanced in good order, to attack the English and win the bridge. The English stood firm, although they were so few in comparison with the enemy.

Whilst the French and Bretons were considering the most advantageous manner to begin the onset, sir John Chandos arrives with his company, his banner displayed and flying in

the wind. This was borne by a valiant man-at-arms, called James Allen, and was a pile gules on a field argent. They might be about forty lances, who eagerly hastened to meet the French. As the English arrived at a small hillock, about three furlongs from the bridge, the French servants, who were between this hillock and the bridge, saw them, and, being much frightened, said, “Come away: let us save ourselves and our horses.” They therefore ran off, leaving their masters to shift as well as they could. When sir John Chandos, with displayed banner, was come up to the French, whom he thought very lightly of, he began from horseback to rail at them, saying: “Do you hear, Frenchmen! you are mischievous men-at-arms; you make incursions night and day at your pleasure; you take towns and castles in Poitou, of which I am seneschal. You ransom poor people without my leave, as if the country were your own; but, by God, it is not. Sir Louis, sir Louis, you and Carnet are too much the masters. It is upwards of a year and a half that I have been endeavouring to meet you. Now, thanks to God, I do so, and will tell you my mind. We will now try which of us is the strongest in this country. It has been often told me, that you were very desirous of seeing me; you have now that pleasure. I am John Chandos: look at me well; and, if God please, we will now put to the proof your great deeds of arms which are so renowned.” With such words as these did sir John Chandos greet them: he would not have wished to have been anywhere else, so eager was he to fight with them.

Sir Louis and Carnet kept themselves in a close body, as if they were willing to engage. Lord Thomas Percy and the English on the other side of the bridge knew nothing of what had passed, for the bridge was very high in the middle, which prevented them from seeing over it. During this scoffing of sir John Chandos, a Breton drew his sword, and could not resist from beginning the battle: he struck an English squire, named Simkin Dodenhale, and beat him so much about the breast with his sword that he knocked him off his horse on the ground. Sir John Chandos, who heard the noise behind him, turned round, and saw his squire on the ground and persons

beating him. This enraged him more than before : he said to his men, “Sirs, what are you about? how suffer you this man to be slain? Dismount, dismount;” and at the instant he was on foot, as were all his company. Simkin was rescued, and the battle began.

Sir John Chandos, who was a strong and bold knight, and cool in all his undertakings, had his banner advanced before him, surrounded by his men, with the scutcheon above his arms. He himself was dressed in a large robe which fell to the ground, blazoned with his arms on white sacerne, argent, a pile gules; one on his breast, and the other on his back; so that he appeared resolved on some adventurous undertaking; and in this state, with sword in hand, he advanced on foot towards the enemy.

This morning there had been a hoar-frost, which had made the ground slippery; so that as he marched he entangled his legs with his robe, which was of the longest, and made a stumble; during which time a squire, called James de St. Martin (a strong expert man), made a thrust at him with his lance, which hit him in the face, below the eye, between the nose and forehead. Sir John Chandos did not see the aim of the stroke, for he had lost the eye on that side five years ago, on the heaths of Bordeaux, at the chase of a stag: what added to this misfortune, sir John had not put down his vizor, so that in stumbling he bore upon the lance, and helped it to enter into him. The lance, which had been struck from a strong arm, hit him so severely that it entered as far as the brain, and then the squire drew it back to him again.

The great pain was too much for sir John, so he fell to the ground, and turned twice over in great agony, like one who had received his death-wound. Indeed, since the blow, he never uttered a word. His people, on seeing this mishap, were like madmen. His uncle, sir Edward Clifford, hastily advanced, and striding over the body (for the French were endeavouring to get possession of it), defended it most valiantly, and gave such well-directed blows with his sword that none dared to approach him. Two other knights, namely, sir John Chambo and sir

Bertrand de Cassilie, were like men distracted at seeing their master lie thus on the ground.

The Bretons, who were more numerous than the English, were much rejoiced when they saw their chief thus prostrate, and greatly hoped he was mortally wounded. They therefore advanced, crying out, "By God, my lords of England, you will all stay with us, for you cannot now escape." The English performed wonderful feats of arms, as well to extricate themselves from the danger they were in as to revenge their commander, sir John Chandos, whom they saw in so piteous a state. A squire attached to sir John marked out this James de St. Martin, who had given the blow; he fell upon him in such a rage, and struck him with his lance as he was flying, that he ran him through both his thighs, and then withdrew his lance: however, in spite of this, James de St. Martin continued the fight. Now if lord Thomas Percy, who had first arrived at the bridge, had imagined anything of what was going forwards, sir John Chandos's men would have been considerably reinforced; but it was otherwise decreed: for not hearing anything of the Bretons since he had seen them advancing in a large body towards the bridge, he thought they might have retreated; so that lord Thomas and his men continued their march, keeping the road to Poitiers, ignorant of what was passing.

Though the English fought so bravely at the bridge of Lussac, in the end they could not withstand the force of the Bretons and French, but were defeated, and the greater part made prisoners. Sir Edward Clifford stood firm, and would not quit the body of his nephew. If the French had had their horses, they would have gone off with honour, and have carried with them good prisoners; but, as I have before said, their servants had gone away with them. Those of the English also had retreated, and quitted the scene of battle. They remained therefore in bad plight, which sorely vexed them, and said among themselves, "This is a bad piece of business: the field is our own, and yet we cannot return through the fault of our servants. It is not proper for us who are armed and fatigued to march through this country on foot, which is quite against us;

and we are upwards of six leagues from the nearest of any of our fortresses. We have, besides, our wounded and slain, whom we cannot leave behind." As they were in this situation, not knowing what to do, and had sent off two or three of the Bretons, disarmed, to hunt after and endeavour to find their servants, they perceived advancing towards them, sir Guiscard d'Angle, sir Louis de Harcourt, the lords de Partenay, de Tannaybouton, d'Argenton, de Pinane, sir James de Surgeres, and several others. They were full two hundred lances, and were seeking for the French; for they had received information that they were out on an excursion, and were then following the traces of their horses. They came forwards, therefore, with displayed banners fluttering in the wind, and marching in a disorderly manner.

The moment the Bretons and French saw them they knew them for their enemies, the barons and knights of Poitou. They therefore said to the English: "You see that body of men coming to your assistance: we know we cannot withstand them; therefore," calling each by his name, "you are our prisoners; but we give you your liberty, on condition that you take care to keep us company; and we surrender ourselves to you, for we have it more at heart to give ourselves up to you than to those who are coming." They answered, "God's will be done." The English thus obtained their liberty. The Poitevins soon arrived, with their lances in their rests, shouting their war-cries; but the Bretons and French, retreating on one side, said, "Holla! stop, my lords; we are prisoners already." The English testified to the truth of this by adding, "It is so; they belong to us." Carnet was prisoner to sir Bertram de Cassilie, and sir Louis de St. Julien to sir John Chambo: there was not one who had not his master.

These barons and knights of Poitou were struck with grief when they saw their seneschal, sir John Chandos, lying in so doleful a way, and not able to speak. They began grievously to lament his loss, saying, "Flower of knighthood! oh, sir John Chandos! cursed be the forging of that lance which wounded thee, and which has thus endangered thy life." Those who

were around the body most tenderly bewailed him, which he heard, and answered with groans, but could not articulate a word. They wrung their hands, and tore their hair, uttering cries and complaints, more especially those who belonged to his household.

Sir John Chandos was disarmed very gently by his own servants, laid upon shields and targets, and carried at a foot's pace to Mortemer, the nearest fort to the place where they were. The other barons and knights returned to Poitiers, carrying with them their prisoners. I heard that James Martin, he who had wounded sir John Chandos, suffered so much from his wounds that he died at Poitiers. That gallant knight only survived one day and night. God have mercy on his soul! for never since a hundred years did there exist among the English one more courteous, nor fuller of every virtue and good quality than him.

When the prince, princess, earls of Cambridge and Pembroke, and the other English knights in Guienne heard of this event, they were completely disconcerted, and said they had now lost everything on both sides of the sea. Sir John was sincerely regretted by his friends of each sex; and some lords of France bewailed his loss. Thus it happens through life. The English loved him for all the excellent qualities he was possessed of. The French hated him because they were afraid of him. Not but that I have heard him at the time regretted by renowned knights in France; for they said it was a great pity he was slain, and that, if he could have been taken prisoner, he was so wise and full of devices, he would have found some means of establishing a peace between France and England; and was so much beloved by the king of England and his court, that they would have believed what he should have said in preference to all others. Thus were the French and English great losers by his death, for never have I heard otherwise; but the English the most, for by his valour and prudence Guienne might have been totally recovered.

AFFAIRS IN AFRICA.

I will say something of the Saracens, for it is but just they should be equally spoken of as the Christians, that the truth may be more apparent. You must know that these infidels had, for a long time, been menaced by the Genoese, and were expecting the town of Africa to be besieged, in which they were not disappointed. They had made preparations for resistance, when they heard of the arrival of the Christian fleet, an event that had been long looked for by the neighbouring nations; for they are not prudent nor well advised who fear not their enemies, however small they may be. The Saracens, however, do not hold the Christians cheap: on the contrary, they consider them as men of courage and enterprise, and much fear them. The better to resist their enemies, they assembled the most experienced warriors from the kingdoms of Bugia, Morocco, and Tunis, in which last the town of Africa is situated, and encamped on the downs near the sea-shore. They took advantage of a large and thick wood in their rear, to avoid any danger from ambuscades or skirmishes on that side. The Saracens showed much ability in thus posting themselves. They amounted, according to the estimate of able men-at-arms, to thirty thousand archers and ten thousand horse. Others thought they were more; but their exact numbers were unknown, for the Christians supposed many were lodged in the wood. They were very numerous, for they were in their own country, and could come and go from their army at their pleasure without danger. They received continual supplies of fresh provision, which was brought on the backs of camels.

The second day after the Christians had landed, the Saracens, about dawn, came to attack the camp, sir Henry d'Antoing having the command of the guard of two hundred men-at-arms and one thousand Genoese cross-bows. The skirmish lasted more than two hours, and many gallant deeds were done in shooting and thrusting the lance, for there was not any engagement with the sword hand to hand. The Saracens did not foolhardily risk themselves, but fought with valour and more

prudence than the Christians. When they had skirmished some time, the Saracens retreated; for the army began to be in motion, and some of the French barons had come to witness the action, and observe the manner of their enemies' fighting, that they might be prepared to meet them another time. The Saracens retired to their camp, as did the Christians to theirs; but, during the whole time of this siege of Africa, the Christians were never left quiet, for their camp was every night or morning attacked by the enemy.

Among the Saracens was a young knight, called Agadinquor Oliferne, excellently mounted on a beautiful courser, which he managed as he willed, and which, when he galloped, seemed to fly with him. From his gallantry, he showed he was a good man-at-arms; and when he rode abroad, he had with him three javelins, well feathered and pointed, which he dexterously flung, according to the custom of his country. He was completely armed in black, and had a kind of white napkin wrapped round his head. His seat on horseback was graceful; and, from the vigour and gallantry of his actions, the Christians judged he was excited thereto by his affection to a young lady of the country. True it is, he most sincerely loved the daughter of the king of Tunis, who, according to the report of some Genoese merchants who had seen her, was very handsome, and the heiress of his kingdom. This knight, called Agadinquor, was the son of duke Oliferne; but I know not if he ever married this lady. I heard that, during the siege, he performed many handsome feats of arms, to testify his love, which the French knights saw with pleasure, and would willingly have surrounded him; but he rode so good a horse, and had him so well in hand, that all their efforts were vain. The Christian lords were very anxious to make some Saracens prisoners, to learn from them the real state of their army; but they were so cautious, that they could not succeed, and, having noticed their intent, the Saracen chiefs gave orders accordingly. The Saracens were much afraid of the Genoese cross-bows: they shielded themselves as well as they could against their bolts, but they are not armed so strongly as the Christians; for they know not the art to forge armour like

theirs, nor have they workmen who could make such. Iron and steel are not common among them; and they wear light targets hanging on their necks, covered with boiled leather from Cappadocia, that no spear can penetrate, if the leather has not been overboiled. Their manner of fighting, according to what I heard, was to advance on the Christians, and shoot a volley of arrows at the Genoese the moment they made their appearance, and then to fall down under shelter of their shields, by which they avoided the bolts from the cross-bows, that went over them; they then rose, and either shot more arrows, or lanced their javelins with much dexterity.

Thus for the space of nine weeks that the siege lasted were continual skirmishes made; and on both sides many were killed and wounded, more especially such as ventured too rashly. The Christians imitated the Saracens by avoiding a close combat; and the lords from France and other countries took delight in their manner of fighting, for, to say the truth, novelty is always pleasing. The young lords of these infidels were greatly struck with the glittering armour and emblazoned banners and pennons of their enemies, and, when returned to their camp, they conversed much about them. They were, however, astonished at one thing, which I will now relate. The Saracens within the town of Africa were anxious to know on what pretence the Christians had come with so large an army to make war on them; and, to learn the reasons, they resolved, as I was told, in council, to send a person that could speak Genoese, and gave him the following orders:—"Go and take the road to the camp of the Christians [and manage, before thou returnest, to speak with some lords in their army], and demand, in our name, why they have brought so powerful a force against us, and taken possession of the lands of the king of Africa, who has not done anything to offend them. True it is that, in former times, we were at war with the Genoese, but that should no way concern them; for they come from very distant countries, and the Genoese are our neighbours. Our custom has been, excepting in times of truce, to seize mutually all we can from each other."

Having received these instructions, the messenger departed and rode on to the camp. The first person he met was a Genoese, to whom he said that he was sent by the Saracens to speak with some baron from France. The Genoese, to whom he had addressed himself, was called Antonio Marchi, a centurion of cross-bows, who took him under his care, to his great joy, and conducted him instantly to the duke of Bourbon and the lord de Coucy. They both listened very attentively, and what they did not understand the centurion interpreted in very good French. When he had finished all he had been ordered to say, he asked for an answer. The French lords told him he should have one as soon as they had considered the purport of his message. Twelve of the greatest barons of the army assembled in the duke of Bourbon's tent, and the messenger and interpreter being called in, the last was ordered to tell them from the lords present, "that in consequence of their ancestors having crucified and put to death the son of God, called Jesus Christ, a true prophet, without any cause or just reason, they were come to retaliate on them for this infamous and unjust judgment. Secondly, they were unbaptised, and infidels in the faith to the holy Virgin, mother of Jesus Christ, and had no creed of their own. For these and other causes they held the Saracens and their whole sect as enemies, and were come to revenge the injuries they had done to their God and faith, and would to this effect daily exert themselves to the utmost of their power." When the messenger had received this answer, he departed from the army unmolested, and returned to report to his masters what you have just read. The Saracens laughed heartily at hearing it, and said they made assertions without proofs, for it was the Jews who had crucified Jesus Christ, and not they. Things remained on the former footing: the siege was continued, and each army on its guard.

Shortly after this message the Saracens determined in council to remain quiet for seven or eight days, and, during that time, neither to skirmish nor any way to annoy the Christians, but, when they should think themselves in perfect security, to fall on their camp like a deluge. This was adopted;

and the ninth evening, a little before midnight, they secretly armed their men with their accustomed arms, and marched silently in a compact body towards the Christian camp. They had proposed making a severe attack on the opposite quarter to the main-guard, and would have succeeded in their mischievous attempt, if God had not watched over and preserved them by miracles, as I will now relate. As the Saracens approached, they saw before them a company of ladies dressed in white; one of whom, their leader, was incomparably more beautiful than the rest, and bore in front a white flag, having a vermilion cross in the centre. The Saracens were so greatly terrified at this vision, that they lost all their strength and inclination to proceed, and stood still, these ladies keeping steadily before them. The Genoese cross-bows had brought with them a dog, as I heard, from beyond the sea, but whence no one could tell, nor did he belong to any particular person. This dog had been very useful to them; for the Saracens never came to skirmish, but by his noise he awakened the army, and as every one now knew that whenever the dog barked the Saracens were come, or on their road, they prepared themselves instantly: in consequence of this, the Genoese called him the dog of our Lady. This night the dog was not idle, but made a louder noise than usual, and ran first to the main-guard, which was under the command of the lord de Torcy, a Norman, and sir Henry d'Antoing. As during the night all sounds are more easily heard, the whole army was in motion, and properly prepared to receive the Saracens, who they knew were approaching.

This was the fact; but the Virgin Mary and her company, having the Christians under their care, watched over them; and this night they received no harm, for the Saracens were afraid to advance, and returned the way they had come. The Christians were more attentive to their future guards. The Saracen knights and squires, within the town, were much cast down at the sight they had seen, more especially those who were advanced near this company of ladies. While, on the other hand, the Christians were greatly exerting themselves

to win the place, which was courageously defended. At this period the weather was exceedingly hot; for it was the month of August, when the sun is in its greatest force, and that country was warmer than France, from being nearer the sun, and from the heat of the sands. The wines the besiegers were supplied with from La Puglia and Calabria were fiery, and hurtful to the constitutions of the French, many of whom suffered severely by fevers, from the heating quality of their liquors. I know not how the Christians were enabled to bear the fatigues in such a climate, where sweet water was difficult to be had. They, however, had much resource in the wells they dug; for there were upwards of two hundred sunk, through the sands, along the shore; but, at times, even this water was muddy and heated. They were frequently distressed for provision, for the supply was irregular, from Sicily and the other islands: at times they had abundance, at other times they were in want. The healthy comforted the sick, and those who had provision shared it with such as had none; for in this campaign they were all as brothers. The lord de Coucy, in particular, was beloved by every gentleman: he was kind to all, and behaved himself by far more graciously, in all respects, than the duke of Bourbon, who was proud and haughty, and never conversed with the knights and squires from foreign countries in the same agreeable manner the lord de Coucy did.

The duke was accustomed to sit cross-legged the greater part of the day before his pavilion; and those who had anything to say to him were obliged to make many reverences, and address him through the means of a third person. He was indifferent whether the poorer knights and squires were well or ill at their ease: this the lord de Coucy always inquired into, and by it gained great popularity. It was told me, by some foreign knights who had been there, that had the lord de Coucy been commander-in-chief, instead of the duke of Bourbon, the success would have been very different; for many attacks on the town of Africa were frustrated by the pride and fault of the duke of Bourbon: several thought it would have been taken, if it had not been for him.

This siege lasted, by an exact account, sixty-one days; during which many were the skirmishes before the town and at the barriers: they were well defended, for the flower of the infidel chivalry was in the town. The Christians said among themselves: "If we could gain this place by storm or otherwise, and strongly reinforce and victual it during the winter, a large body of our countrymen might then come hither in the spring and gain a footing in the kingdoms of Barbary and Tunis, which would encourage the Christians to cross the sea annually and extend their conquests." "Would to God it were so," others replied; "for the knights now here would then be comfortably lodged, and every day, if they pleased, they might have deeds of arms." The besieged were alarmed at the obstinacy of their attacks, and redoubled their guards. The great heat, however, did more for them than all the rest, added to the constant uncertainty of being attacked; for the policy of the Saracens was to keep them in continual alarms. They were almost burnt up when in armour; and it was wonderful that any escaped death; for during the month of August the air was suffocating. An extraordinary accident happened, which if it had lasted any time, must have destroyed them all. During one week, from the heat and corruption of the air, there were such wonderful swarms of flies, the army was covered with them. The men knew not how to rid themselves of these troublesome guests, which multiplied daily, to their great astonishment; but, through the grace of God and the Virgin Mary, to whom they were devoted, a remedy was found, in a thunder and hail storm, that fell with great violence, and destroyed all the flies. The air, by this storm, was much cooled, and the army got to be in better health than it had been for some time.

Knights who are on such expeditions must cheerfully put up with what weather may happen, for they cannot have it according to their wishes; and, when any one falls sick, he must be nursed to his recovery or to his death. Although the knights from France had undertaken this voyage with an eagerness and resolution that bore them up under the pains they suffered, they had not many luxuries to gratify them; for nothing was

sent them from France, nor had any in that kingdom more intelligence from them than if they were buried under ground. Once, indeed, there came a galley from Barcelona, laden more with oranges and small grains than with anything else. The oranges were of the greatest service, by the refreshment they afforded; but, whatever vessel came to them, none returned, for fear of meeting the Saracens at sea, and because they wished to wait the event of the siege, and see whether the Christians would conquer the town.

The young king Lewis of Sicily exerted himself, in order that his subjects should carry a constant supply of provision to them, for he was their nearest neighbour. It was fortunate the Saracens were not strong enough at sea to prevent the vessels coming from the ports of Sicily and Naples, or they would have conquered them without striking a blow. They therefore contented themselves with keeping the Christians under perpetual alarms on land. The Saracens have not a large navy like the Genoese and Venetians; and what they get at sea is by thievery; and they never dare wait the attack of the Christians unless they be in very superior numbers, for a well-armed galley with Christians will defeat four of such enemies. In truth, the Turks are better men-at-arms by sea and land than any other nation of unbelievers of our faith; but they were at too great a distance from Africa, and the town could not receive any aid from them. The Turks had heard that the town of Africa was besieged by the Christians, and had often, but in vain, wished to have been there.

The besiegers and their enemies studied day and night how they could most effectually annoy each other. Agadinquier Oliferne, Madifer de Tunis, Belins Maldages, and Brahadin de Bugia, and some other Saracens, consulted together, and said, "Here are our enemies the Christians encamped before us, and we cannot defeat them. They are so few in number when compared to us, that they must be well advised by their able captains; for, in all our skirmishes, we have never been able to make one knight prisoner. If we could capture one or two of their leaders, we should acquire fame, and learn from them the

state of their army and what are their intentions. Let us now consider how we may accomplish this." Agadinquor replied: "Though I am the youngest, I wish to speak first." "We agree to it," said the others. "By my faith," continued he, "I am very desirous of engaging them; and I think, if I were matched in equal combat with one of my size, I should conquer him. If you will therefore select ten valiant men, I will challenge the Christians to send the same number to fight with us. We have justice on our side in this war, for they have quarrelled with us without reason; and this right and the courage I feel, induce me to believe that we shall have the victory." Madifer de Tunis, who was a very valiant man, said: "Agadinquor, what you have proposed is much to your honour. To-morrow, if you please, you shall ride as our chief towards the camp of the Christians, taking an interpreter with you, and make a signal that you have something to say. If you be well received by them, propose your combat of ten against ten. We shall then hear what answer they give; and, though I believe the offer will be accepted, we must take good counsel how we proceed against these Christians, whom we consider as more valiant than ourselves."

This being determined on, they retired to rest. On the morrow, as usual, they advanced to skirmish; but Agadinquor rode on at some distance in front with his interpreter. The day was bright and clear, and a little after sunrise the Saracens were ready for battle. Sir Guy and sir William de la Tremouille had commanded the guard of the night, and were on the point of retiring when the Saracens appeared in sight, about three bow-shots distant. Agadinquor and his interpreter advanced towards one of the wings, and made signs to give notice that he wanted to parley with some one: by accident he came near the pennon of a good squire at arms called Affrenal, who, noticing his signs, rode forward a pace, and told his men to remain as they were, "for that he would go and see what the Saracen wanted: he has an interpreter with him, and is probably come to make some proposition." His men remained steady, and he rode towards the Saracen.

When they were near each other, the interpreter said: "Christian, are you a gentleman, of name in arms, and ready to answer what shall be asked of you?" "Yes," replied Affrenal, "I am: speak what you please, it shall be answered." "Well," said the interpreter, "here is a noble man of our country who demands to combat with you bodily; and, if you would like to increase the number to ten, he will bring as many of his friends to meet you. The cause for the challenge is this: They maintain that their faith is more perfect than yours; for it has continued since the beginning of the world, when it was written down; and that your faith has been introduced by a mortal, whom the Jews hung and crucified." "Ho," interrupted Affrenal, "be silent on these matters, for it does not become such as thee to dispute concerning them, but tell the Saracen, who has ordered thee to speak, to swear on his faith that such a combat shall take place, and he shall be gratified within four hours. Let him bring ten gentlemen, and of name in arms, on his side, and I will bring as many to meet him." The interpreter related to the Saracen the words that had passed, who seemed much rejoiced thereat, and pledged himself for the combat.

This being done, each returned to his friends; but the news had already been carried to sir Guy and to sir William de la Tremouille, who, meeting Affrenal, demanded how he had settled matters with the Saracen. Affrenal related what you have heard, and that he had accepted the challenge. The two knights were well pleased, and said: "Affrenal, go and speak to others, for we will be of your number ten." He replied: "God assist us! I fancy I shall find plenty ready to fight the Saracens." Shortly after, Affrenal met the lord de Thim, to whom he told what had passed, and asked if he would make one. The lord de Thim willingly accepted the offer; and of all those to whom Affrenal related it, he might, if he pleased, have had a hundred instead of ten. Sir Boucicaut, the younger, accepted it with great courage, as did sir Helion de Lignac, sir John Russel, an Englishman, sir John Harpedone, Alain Boudet, and Bouchet. When the number of ten was completed, they

retired to their lodgings, to prepare and arm themselves. When the news of this combat was spread through the army, and the names of the ten were told, the knights and squires said : "They are lucky fellows, thus to have such a gallant feat of arms fall to their lot." "Would to Heaven," added many, "that we were of the ten." All the knights and squires seemed to rejoice at this event, except the lord de Coucy. I believe the lord de Thim was a dependent on, or of the company of, the lord de Coucy ; for, when he repaired to his tent to arm, he found him there, and acknowledged him for his lord. He related to him the challenge of the Saracen, and that he had accepted being one of the ten. All present were loud in praise of it, except the lord de Coucy, who said : " Hold your tongues, you youngsters, who as yet know nothing of the world, and who never consider consequences, but always applaud folly in preference to good. I see no advantage in this combat, for many reasons: one is, that ten noble and distinguished gentlemen are about to fight with ten Saracens. How do we know if their opponents are gentlemen? They may, if they choose, bring to the combat ten varlets, or knaves, and, if they are defeated, what is the gain? We shall not the sooner win the town of Africa, but by it risk very valuable lives. Perhaps they may form an ambuscade, and, while our friends are on the plain waiting for their opponents, surround them and carry them off, by which we shall be greatly weakened. I therefore say that Affrenal has not wisely managed this matter; and, when he first met the Saracen, he should have otherwise answered, and said : 'I am not the commander-in-chief of our army, but one of the least in it; and you, Saracen, who address yourself to me and blame our faith, are not qualified to discuss such matters, nor have you well addressed yourself. I will conduct you to my lords, and assure you, on my life, that no harm befall you in going or in returning, for my lords will cheerfully listen to you.' He should then have led him to the duke of Bourbon and the council of war, when his proposal would have been heard and discussed at leisure, his intentions been known, and answers made according as they should think the matter deserved.

Such a combat should never be undertaken but after great deliberation, especially with enemies like to those we are engaged with. And when it had been agreed on, that the names and qualities of each combatant should be declared, we would then have selected proper persons to meet them, and proper securities would have been required from the Saracens for the uninterrupted performance of the combat, and a due observance of the articles. If matters had been thus managed, lord of Thim, I think it would have been better. It would be well if it could be put on this footing; and I will speak to the duke of Bourbon and the principal barons in the army, and hear what they shall say on the subject."—The lord de Coucy then departed for the tent of the duke of Bourbon, where the barons were assembled, as they had heard of this challenge, to consider what might be the probable event of it. Although the lord de Coucy had intended his speech to the lord de Thim as advice for his benefit, he did not the less arm himself: when fully equipped, he went with his companions, who were completely armed, and in good array, with sir Guy de la Tremouille at their head, to meet the Saracens.

During this there was conversation on the subject between the lords in the tent of the duke of Bourbon: many thought the accepting such a challenge improper, and supported the opinion of the lord de Coucy, who said it ought to have been ordered otherwise. But some, and in particular the lord Philip d'Artois, count d'Eu, and the lord Philip de Bar, said: "Since the challenge has been accepted by our knights, they would be disgraced were the combat now broken off: and in the name of God and our Lady, let them accomplish it the best manner they can." This was adopted; for it was now too far advanced to be stopped. It was therefore ordered to draw out the whole army properly arrayed, that if the Saracens had formed any bad designs, they might be prepared to meet them. Every one, therefore, made himself ready; the whole were drawn up, as if for instant combat; the Genoese cross-bows on one side, and the knights and squires on the other; each lord under his own banner or pennon emblazoned with his arms. It was a

fine sight to view the army thus displayed, and they showed great eagerness to attack the Saracens.

The ten knights and squires were advanced on the plain waiting for their opponents, but they came not, nor showed any appearance of so doing; for, when they saw the Christian army so handsomely drawn out in battle-array, they were afraid to advance, though they were thrice their numbers. At times they sent horsemen, well mounted, to ride near their army, observe its disposition, and then gallop back, which was solely done through malice, to annoy the Christians.

This was the hottest day they felt, and it was so extremely oppressive that the most active among them were almost stifled in their armour: they had never suffered so much before, and yet they remained expecting the ten Saracens, but in vain, for they never heard a word from them. The army was ordered to attack the town of Africa, since they were prepared, and thus pass the day; and the ten champions, in regard to their honour, were to remain on their ground to the evening.

The knights and squires advanced with great alacrity to the attack of the town, but they were sorely oppressed with the heat; and had the Saracens known their situation, they might have done them much damage, probably they might even have raised the siege and obtained a complete victory, for the Christians were exceedingly weakened and worn down. True it is, they gained by storm the wall of the first enclosure; but no one inhabited that part, and the enemy retired within their second line of defence, skirmishing as they retreated, and without any great loss. The Christians paid dear for an inconsiderable advantage: the heat of the sun and its reflection on the sands, added to the fatigue of fighting, which lasted until evening, caused the deaths of several valiant knights and squires: the more the pity.

I will mention the names of those who this day fell victims to the heat and unhealthiness of the climate. First, sir William de Gacille, sir Guiscard de la Garde, sir Lyon Scalet, sir Guy de la Salveste, sir William d'Estapelle, sir William de Guiret, sir Raffroy de la Chapelle, the lord de Pierre Buffiere, the lord

de Bonnet, sir Robert de Hanges, sir Stephen de Sancerre, sir Aubert de la Motte, sir Alain de la Champaigne, sir Geoffrey Sressiers, sir Raoul d'Econflan, the lord de Bourg from Artois, sir John de Crie, bastard de la Mouleraye, sir Tristan his brother, sir Arné de Consay, sir Arné de Donnay, sir John de Compaignie, sir Fouke d'Escauffours, sir John de Dignant, sir John de Cathenais. I will now add the names of squires who fell. Fouchans de Liege, John des Isles, Blondelet d'Arenton, John de la Motte, Blomberis, Floridas de Rocque, the lord de Bellefreres, William Fondrigay, Walter de Canfours, John Morillon, Peter de Maulves, Guillot Villain, John de la Lande, John Purier, John le Moine, John de Launay, and William du Parc.

Now consider how great was this loss; and, had the advice of the gallant lord de Coucy been followed, it would not have happened, for the army would have remained quietly in its camp, as it had hitherto done. The whole army were dismayed at it, and each bewailed the loss of his friend. They retired late to their camp, and kept a stronger guard than usual, during the night, for fear of the Saracens. It passed, however, without further accident, and more prudent arrangements were made. The Saracens were ignorant of what their enemies had suffered; had they known it, they would have had a great advantage over them, but they were in dread of the Christians, and never ventured to attack them but in skirmishes, retreating after one or two charges. The person among them who had shown the most courage was Agadinquo d'Oliferne. He was enamoured with the daughter of the king of Tunis, and in compliment to her, was eager to perform brilliant actions.

Thus was the siege of Africa continued; but the relations and friends of the knights and squires who had gone thither, from France and other countries, received no intelligence, nor knew more of them than if they were dead. They were so much alarmed at not having any news of them that many processions were made in England, France, and Hainault, to the churches to pray God that he would bring them back, in safety, to their several homes. The intention of the Christians was to remain

before the town of Africa until they should have conquered it by storm, treaty, or famine. The king of Sicily, as well as the inhabitants of the adjacent islands, were anxious it should be so, for the Africans had done them frequent damage; but the Genoese were particularly kind, in supplying the knights and squires with everything they wanted, to prevent them from being tired with the length of the campaign.

To say the truth, this was a very great enterprise, and the knights and squires showed much courage and perseverance in continuing the siege in so unhealthy a climate, after the great losses they had suffered, without assistance from any one; and even when the Genoese, who had first proposed the expedition, were dissembling with them, and as it was said, were in treaty with the Saracens, to leave the Christian army unsupported and neglected, as I shall relate in due time, according to the reports that were made to me.

A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

During the skirmish at Toury, a squire from Beauce, a gentleman of tried courage, who had advanced himself by his own merit, without any assistance from others, came to the barriers, and cried out to the English, "Is there among you any gentleman who for love of his lady is willing to try with me some feat of arms? If there should be any such, here I am, quite ready to sally forth completely armed and mounted, to tilt three courses with the lance, to give three blows with the battle-axe, and three strokes with the dagger. Now look, you English, if there be none among you in love."

This squire's name was Gauvain Micaille. His proposal and request was soon spread among the English, when a squire, an expert man at tournaments, called Joachim Cator, stepped forth and said, "I will deliver him from his vow: let him make haste and come out of the castle." Upon this, the lord Fitzwalter, marshal of the army, went up to the barriers, and said to sir Guy le Baveux, "Let your squire come forth: he has found one

who will cheerfully deliver him; and we will afford him every security."

Gauvain Micaille was much rejoiced on hearing these words. He immediately armed himself, in which the lords assisted in the putting on the different pieces, and mounted him on a horse, which they gave to him. Attended by two others, he came out of the castle; and his varlets carried three lances, three battle-axes, and three daggers. He was much looked at by the English, for they did not think any Frenchman would have engaged body to body. There were besides to be three strokes with a sword, and with all other sorts of arms. Gauvain had had three brought with him for fear any should break.

The earl of Buckingham, hearing of this combat, said he would see it, and mounted his horse, attended by the earls of Stafford and Devonshire. On this account, the assault on Toury ceased. The Englishman that was to tilt was brought forward, completely armed and mounted on a good horse. When they had taken their stations, they gave to each of them a spear, and the tilt began; but neither of them struck the other, from the mettlesomeness of their horses. They hit the second onset, but it was by darting their spears; on which the earl of Buckingham cried out, "Hola hola! it is now late." He then said to the constable, "Put an end to it, for they have done enough this day: we will make them finish it when we have more leisure than we have at this moment, and take great care that as much attention is paid to the French squire as to our own; and order some one to tell those in the castle not to be uneasy about him, for we shall carry him with us to complete his enterprise, but not as a prisoner; and that when he shall have been delivered, if he escape with his life, we will send him back in all safety."

These orders of the earl were obeyed by the marshal, who said to the French squire, "You shall accompany us without any danger, and when it shall be agreeable to my lord you will be delivered." Gauvain replied, "God help me!" A herald was sent to the castle to repeat to the governor the words you have heard.

The following day they marched towards Geneville in Beauce, always in expectation of having an engagement with the enemy; for they well knew they were followed and watched by the French, in greater numbers than themselves. True it is, that the French dukes, counts, barons, knights, and squires eagerly wished for a battle, and said among themselves that it was very blamable and foolish not to permit them to engage, and suffer the enemy thus to slip through their hands. But when it was mentioned to the king, he replied, "Let them alone; they will destroy themselves." The English continued their march, with the intent to enter Brittany.

You before heard that there were three hundred spears in Geneville, so the whole army passed by it. There was indeed at the barriers some little skirmishing, which lasted not long, as it was time thrown away. Without Geneville a handsome mill was destroyed. The earl came to Yterville, and dismounted at the house of the Templars. The vanguard went forward to Puiset, where they heard that sixty companions had posted themselves in a large tower: they marched to the attack, for it was situated in the open plain without any bulwarks. The assault was sharp, but did not last long, for the archers shot so briskly that scarcely any one dared to appear on the battlements: the tower was taken, and those within slain or made prisoners. The English then set fire to it, and marched on, for they were in the utmost distress for water. From thence they went to Ermoyon, where they quartered themselves, and then to the forest of Marchenoir. In this forest there is a monastery of monks, of the Cistertian order, which is called the Cistertian Abbey, and has several handsome and noble edifices, where formerly a most renowned and noble knight, the count de Blois, received great edification, and bequeathed to it large revenues; but the wars had greatly diminished them. The earl of Buckingham lodged in this abbey, and heard mass there on the feast of our Lady in September. It was there ordered that Gauvain Micaille and Joachim Cator should on the morrow complete their enterprise. That day the English came to Marchenoir: the governor was a knight of that country, called

sir William de St. Martin, a prudent and valiant man-at-arms. The English, after having reconnoitred the castle, retired to their quarters. In another part, the lord Fitzwalter came before the castle of Verbi, not to attack it, but to speak with the governor at the barriers, with whom he was well acquainted, having been together formerly in Prussia. The lord Fitzwalter made himself known to the lord de Verbi, and entreated him, out of courtesy, to send him some wine, and in return he would prevent his estate from being burnt or spoiled. The lord de Verbi sent him a large quantity, and thirty great loaves with it; for which the lord Fitzwalter was very thankful, and kept his promise.

On the day of the feast of our Lady, Gauvain Micaille and Joachim Cator were armed, and mounted to finish their engagement. They met each other roughly with spears, and the French squire tilted much to the satisfaction of the earl; but the Englishman kept his spear too low, and at last struck it into the thigh of the Frenchman. The earl of Buckingham, as well as the other lords, were much enraged at this, and said it was tilting dishonourably; but he excused himself by declaring it was solely owing to the restiveness of his horse. Then were given the three thrusts with the sword; and the earl declared they had done enough, and would not have it longer continued, for he perceived the French squire bled exceedingly: the other lords were of the same opinion. Gauvain Micaille was therefore disarmed and his wound dressed. The earl sent him one hundred francs by a herald, with leave to return to his own garrison in safety, adding that he had acquitted himself much to his satisfaction. Gauvain Micaille went back to the lords of France; and the English departed from Marchenoir, taking the road to Vendôme; but before they arrived there, they quartered themselves in the forest of Coulombiers.

TILOTS AND TOURNAMENTS PERFORMED BEFORE THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM BETWEEN CERTAIN FRENCH AND ENGLISH KNIGHTS.

At the time when Gauvain Micaille and Joachim Cator performed their combat before the earl of Buckingham and the English lords, certain knights and squires from France had come as spectators to Marchenoir, near Blois, when sir Reginald de Touars, lord de Pousanges, a baron of Poitou, had some words with the lord de Vertain, and said he would like to tilt with him three courses with the lance and three strokes with the battle-axe. The lord de Vertain, wishing not to refuse, was eager to accommodate him immediately, whatever might be the event: but the earl of Buckingham would not consent, and forbade the knight at that time to think of it.

What had been said relative to this feat of arms was not forgotten by the two knights. Similar words had passed that same day between a squire from Savoye, called the bastard Clarius, and Edward Beauchamp, son of sir Robert Beauchamp; and also between sir Tristan de la Jaille and sir John d'Ambreticourt; sir John de Châtelmorant and Jannequin Clinton; and le Gallois d'Aunay and sir William Clinton; between sir Hoyau d'Araines and sir William France: but these were all set aside like the first.

During the time the English were quartered in the suburbs of Nantes, these French knights and squires were within the town. The lord de Vertain and the others were requested by the French knights to deliver them from their engagements while they were before Nantes; but the governors in Nantes would not consent, and excused their friends by saying they were in Nantes as soldiers, entrusted with the guard and defence of the town. Nothing more passed until the earl of Buckingham's army were fixed in their quarters at Vannes, Hennebon, Quimperlé, and Quimpercorentin, when sir Barrois des Barres, sir Hoyau d'Araines, and many other knights and squires, came to château Josselin, seven leagues from Vannes, where the con-

stable of France resided. The count de la Marche, with several knights, were also there, who were very glad to see them, and received them handsomely. They informed the constable of all that had passed, and that such and such persons had undertaken deeds of prowess against others of the English. The constable heard this with pleasure, and said, "Send to them; we will grant them passports, to perform these deeds of arms, if they be willing to come."

Le Gallois d'Aunay and sir Hoyau d'Araines were the first to say they were ready to perform their engagement of three courses with the spear, on horseback. When sir William Clinton and sir William France heard they were called upon by the French to perform their challenges they were much rejoiced, and took leave of the earl and barons of England to go thither. They were accompanied by many knights and squires. The English and French tilted very handsomely, and performed their deeds of arms as the rules required. Then sir Reginald de Touars, sir Tristan de la Jaille, sir John de Châtelmorant, and the bastard Clarius, summoned each of them his knight or squire; that is to say, the lord de Vertain, sir John d'Ambreticourt, Edward Beauchamp, and Jannequin Clinton. These four were so eager for the combat that they wished to go to château Josselin on the passports of the constable; but the earl of Buckingham, hearing at Vannes the summons from the French, said aloud to the heralds, "You will tell the constable, from the earl of Buckingham, that he is equally powerful to grant passports to the French as he may be to grant them to the English; and to all those who may wish to perform any deeds of arms with his knights, on their arrival at Vannes, he will, out of his affection to them, give passports, and to all who may choose to accompany them, both for their stay and for their return."

When the constable heard this he instantly perceived the earl was in the right, and that he wanted to see those deeds of arms: it was but reasonable there should be as many performed at Vannes as had been before him at château Josselin. The constable therefore said, "The earl of Buckingham speaks like

a valiant man and a king's son, and I will that what he says shall be believed: let me know those who may be desirous of accompanying the challengers and we will send for a proper passport." Thirty knights and squires immediately stepped forth: a herald came to Vannes for the passport, which was given to him, sealed by the earl of Buckingham. The three knights who were to perform their deeds of arms set out from château Josselin, attended by the others, and came to Vannes, where they were lodged in the suburbs, and the English entertained them well. On the morrow they made preparations for the combat, as it behoved them to do, and advanced to a handsome space, which was large and even, on the outside of the town. Afterwards came the earl of Buckingham, the earl of Stafford, the earl of Devonshire, and other barons, with those who were to engage in this deed of arms: the lord de Vertain against sir Reginald de Touars, lord de Pousanges; sir John d'Ambreticourt against Tristan de la Jaille; Edward Beauchamp against the bastard Clarius de Savoye.

The French took their places at one end of the lists, and the English at the other. Those who were to tilt were on foot completely armed, with helmets, vizors, and provided with lances of good steel from Bordeaux, with which they performed as follows:—

First, the lord de Pousanges and the lord de Vertain, two barons of high renown and great courage, advanced towards each other on foot, holding their sharp spears in their hands, with a good pace; they did not spare themselves, but struck their lances lustily against each other in pushing. The lord de Vertain was hit, without being wounded; but the lord de Pousanges received such a stroke that it pierced through the mail and steel breastplate and everything underneath, so that the blood gushed out, and it was a great wonder he was not more seriously wounded. They finished their three courses and the other deeds of arms without further mischief, when they retired to repose themselves, and to be spectators of the actions of the others. Sir John d'Ambreticourt, who was from Hainault, and sir Tristan de la Jaille, from Poitou, next advanced, and

performed their courses very valiantly, without hurt to either, when they also retired.

Then came the last, Edward Beauchamp and Clarius de Savoye. This bastard was a hardy and strong squire, and much better formed in all his limbs than the Englishman. They ran at each other with a hearty good will: both struck their spears on their adversary's breast; but Edward was knocked down on the ground, which much vexed his countrymen. When he was raised up he took his spear, and they advanced again to the attack; but the Savoyard drove him backward to the earth, which more enraged the English; they said Edward's strength was not a match for this Savoyard, and the devil was in him to make him think of tilting against one of such superior force. He was carried off among them, and declared he would not engage further. When Clarius saw this, wishing to finish his course of arms, he said, "Gentlemen, you do not use me well; since Edward wishes not to go on, send me some one with whom I may complete my courses."

The earl of Buckingham would know what Clarius had said, and, when it was told him, replied that the Frenchman had spoken well and valiantly. An English squire then stepped forth, who was since knighted, and called Jannequin Finchley, and, coming before the earl, kneeled down and entreated his permission to tilt with Clarius, to which the earl assented. Jannequin very completely armed himself on the spot; then each, seizing his spear, made thrusts at the other, and with such violence that their spears were shivered, and the stumps of them flew over their heads. They began their second attack, and their lances were again broken; so were they in the third. All their lances were broken, which was considered by the lords and spectators as a decisive proof of their gallantry. They then drew their swords, which were strong; and, in six strokes, four of them were broken. They were desirous of fighting with battle-axes, but the earl would not consent to more being done, saying they had sufficiently shown their courage and abilities. Upon this they both retired; when sir John de Châtelmorant and Jannequin Clinton advanced. This Jannequin was squire

of honour to the earl of Buckingham, and the nearest about his person; but he was lightly made and delicate in his form. The earl was uneasy that he should have been matched with one so stout and renowned in arms as John de Châtelmorant: notwithstanding, they were put to the trial, and attacked each other most vigorously; but the Englishman could not withstand his opponent, for, in pushing, he was very roughly struck to the ground; on which the earl said they were not fairly matched. Some of the earl's people came to Jannequin, and said, "Jannequin, you are not sufficiently strong to continue this combat; and my lord of Buckingham is angry with you for having undertaken it; retire and repose yourself." The Englishman having retired, John de Châtelmorant said, "Gentlemen, it seems your squire is too weak; choose another, I beg of you, more to your liking, that I may accomplish the deeds of arms I have engaged to perform; for I shall be very disgracefully treated if I depart hence without having completed them."

The constable and marshal of the army replied, "You speak well, and you shall be gratified." It was then told to the surrounding knights and squires that one of them must deliver the lord de Châtelmorant. On these words, sir William Farrington immediately replied: "Tell him he shall not depart without combating: let him go and repose himself a little in his chair, and he shall soon be delivered; for I will arm myself against him." This answer was very pleasing to John de Châtelmorant, who went to his seat to rest himself. The English knight was soon ready and in the field. They placed themselves opposite to each other, when, taking their lances, they began their course on foot to tilt with their spears within the four members; for it was esteemed disgraceful to hit any part but the body.

They advanced to each other with great courage, completely armed, the vizor down and helmet tightly fixed on. John de Châtelmorant gave the knight such a blow on the helmet that sir William Farrington staggered some little, on account of his foot slipping: he kept his spear stiffly with both hands, and, lowering it by the stumble he made, struck John de Châtel-

morant on the thighs; he could not avoid it; and the spear-head passed through, and came out the length of one's hand on the other side. John de Châtelmorant reeled with the blow, but did not fall.

The English knights were much enraged at this, and said it was infamously done. The Englishman excused himself by saying "he was extremely sorry for it; and if he had thought it would have so happened at the commencement of the combat, he would never have undertaken it: but that he could not help it, for his foot slipped from the violence of the blow he had received." Thus the matter was passed over. The French, after taking leave of the earl and other lords, departed, carrying with them John de Châtelmorant in a litter, to château Josselin, whence they had come, and where he was in great danger of his life from the effects of this wound.

These deeds of arms being finished, each retired to his home; the English to Vannes, the French to château Josselin.

WAT TYLER'S REBELLION.

While these conferences were going forward, there happened in England great commotions among the lower ranks of the people, by which England was near ruined without resource. Never was a country in such jeopardy as this was at that period, and all through the too great comfort of the commonalty. Rebellion was stirred up, as it was formerly done in France by the Jacques Bons-hommes, who did much evil, and sore troubled the kingdom of France. It is marvellous from what a trifle this pestilence raged in England. In order that it may serve as an example to mankind, I will speak of all that was done, from the information I had at the time on the subject.

It is customary in England, as well as in several other countries, for the nobility to have great privileges over the commonalty, whom they keep in bondage; that is to say, they are bound by law and custom to plough the lands of gentlemen, to harvest the grain, to carry it home to the barn, to thrash and

winnow it: they are also bound to harvest the hay and carry it home. All these services they are obliged to perform for their lords, and many more in England than in other countries. The prelates and gentlemen are thus served. In the counties of Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford, these services are more oppressive than in all the rest of the kingdom.

The evil-disposed in these districts began to rise, saying they were too severely oppressed; that at the beginning of the world there were no slaves, and that no one ought to be treated as such, unless he had committed treason against his lord, as Lucifer had done against God; but they had done no such thing, for they were neither angels nor spirits, but men formed after the same likeness with their lords, who treated them as beasts. This they would not longer bear, but had determined to be free, and if they laboured or did any other works for their lords, they would be paid for it.

A crazy priest in the county of Kent, called John Ball, who, for his absurd preaching, had been thrice confined in the prison of the archbishop of Canterbury, was greatly instrumental in inflaming them with those ideas. He was accustomed, every Sunday after mass, as the people were coming out of the church, to preach to them in the market-place and assemble a crowd around him; to whom he would say: "My good friends, things cannot go on well in England, nor ever will, until everything shall be in common; when there shall neither be vassal nor lord, and all distinctions levelled; when the lords shall be no more masters than ourselves. How ill have they used us! and for what reason do they thus hold us in bondage? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve? and what can they show, or what reasons give, why they should be more the masters than ourselves? except, perhaps, in making us labour and work, for them to spend. They are clothed in velvets and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor cloth. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, when we have only rye and the refuse of the straw; and, if we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, when we must brave the wind and rain

in our labours in the field; but it is from our labour that they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves; and, if we do not perform our services, we are beaten, and we have not any sovereign to whom we can complain, or who wishes to hear us and do us justice. Let us go to the king, who is young, and remonstrate with him on our servitude, telling him we must have it otherwise, or that we shall find a remedy for it ourselves. If we wait on him in a body, all those who come under the appellation of slaves, or are held in bondage, will follow us, in the hopes of being free. When the king shall see us, we shall obtain a favourable answer, or we must then seek ourselves to amend our condition."

With such words as these did John Ball harangue the people, at his village, every Sunday after mass, for which he was much beloved by them. Some who wished no good declared it was very true, and murmuring to each other, as they were going to the fields, on the road from one village to another, or at their different houses, said, "John Ball preaches such and such things, and he speaks truth."

The archbishop of Canterbury, on being informed of this, had John Ball arrested, and imprisoned for two or three months by way of punishment; but it would have been better if he had been confined during his life, or had been put to death, than to have been suffered thus to act. The archbishop set him at liberty, for he could not for conscience' sake have put him to death. The moment John Ball was out of prison, he returned to his former errors. Numbers in the city of London having heard of his preaching, being envious of the rich men and nobility, began to say among themselves that the kingdom was too badly governed, and the nobility had seized on all the gold and silver coin. These wicked Londoners, therefore, began to assemble and to rebel: they sent to tell those in the adjoining counties they might come boldly to London, and bring their companions with them, for they would find the town open to them, and the commonalty in the same way of thinking; that they would press the king so much there should no longer be a slave in England.

These promises stirred up those in the counties of Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford, and the adjoining country, so that they marched towards London; and, when they arrived near, they were upwards of sixty thousand. They had a leader called Wat Tyler, and with him were Jack Straw and John Ball. these three were their commanders, but the principal was Wat Tyler. This Wat had been a tiler of houses, a bad man, and a great enemy to the nobility. When these wicked people first began to rise, all London, except their friends, were very much frightened. The mayor and rich citizens assembled in council, on hearing they were coming to London, and debated whether they should shut the gates and refuse to admit them; but, having well considered, they determined not to do so, as they should run a risk of having the suburbs burnt.

The gates were therefore thrown open, when they entered in troops of one or two hundred, by twenties or thirties, according to the populousness of the towns they came from; and as they came into London they lodged themselves. But it is a truth, that full two-thirds of these people knew not what they wanted, nor what they sought for: they followed one another like sheep, or like to the shepherds of old, who said they were going to conquer the Holy Land, and afterwards accomplished nothing. In such manner did these poor fellows and vassals come to London from distances of a hundred and sixty leagues, but the greater part from those counties I have mentioned, and on their arrival they demanded to see the king. The gentlemen of the country, the knights and squires, began to be alarmed when they saw the people thus rise; and, if they were frightened, they had sufficient reason, for less causes create fear. They began to collect together as well as they could.

The same day that these wicked men of Kent were on their road towards London, the princess of Wales, mother to the king, was returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. She ran great risks from them; for these scoundrels attacked her car, and caused much confusion, which greatly frightened the good lady, lest they should do some violence to her or to her ladies. God, however, preserved her from this, and she came in one

day from Canterbury to London, without venturing to make any stop by the way. Her son Richard was this day in the Tower of London: thither the princess came, and found the king attended by the earl of Salisbury, the archbishop of Canterbury, sir Robert de Namur, the lord de Gommegines, and several more, who had kept near his person from suspicions of his subjects who were thus assembling without knowing what they wanted. This rebellion was well known to be in agitation in the king's palace before it broke out and the country people had left their homes; to which the king applied no remedy, to the great astonishment of every one. In order that gentlemen and others may take example, and correct wicked rebels, I will most amply detail how this business was conducted.

On Monday preceding the feast of the Holy Sacrament, in the year 1381, did these people sally forth from their homes, to come to London to remonstrate with the king, that all might be made free, for they would not there should be any slaves in England. At Canterbury they met John Ball (who thought he should find there the Archbishop, but he was at London), Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw. On their entrance into Canterbury they were much feasted by every one, for the inhabitants were of their way of thinking; and, having held a council, they resolved to march to London, and also to send emissaries across the Thames to Essex, Suffolk, Bedford, and other counties, to press the people to march to London on that side, and thus, as it were, to surround it, which the king would not be able to prevent. It was their intention that all the different parties should be collected together on the feast of the Holy Sacrament, or on the following day.

Those who had come to Canterbury entered the church of St. Thomas, and did much damage: they pillaged the apartments of the archbishop, saying, as they were carrying off different articles: "This chancellor of England has had this piece of furniture very cheap: he must now give us an account of the revenues of England, and of the large sums he has levied since the coronation of the king." After they had defrauded

the abbey of St. Vincent, they set off in the morning, and all the populace of Canterbury with them, taking the road towards Rochester. They collected the people from the villages to the right and left, and marched along like a tempest, destroying every house of an attorney or king's proctor, or that belonged to the archbishop, sparing none.

On their arrival at Rochester they were much feasted, for the people were waiting for them, being of their party. They advanced to the castle, and seizing a knight called sir John de Newton, who was constable of it and captain of the town, they told him that he must accompany them as their commander-in-chief, and do whatever they should wish. The knight endeavoured to excuse himself, and offered good reasons for it, if they had been listened to; but they said to him, "Sir John, if you will not act as we shall order, you are a dead man." The knight, seeing this outrageous mob ready to kill him, complied with their request, and very unwillingly put himself at their head. They had acted in a similar manner in the other counties of England, in Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, Bedford, Stafford, Warwick, and Lincoln, where they forced great lords and knights, such as the lord Manley, a great baron, sir Stephen Hales, and sir Thomas Cossington, to lead and march with them. Now, observe how fortunately matters turned out, for had they succeeded in their intentions they would have destroyed the whole nobility of England: after this success, the people of other nations would have rebelled, taking example from those of Ghent and Flanders, who were in actual rebellion against their lord. In this same year the Parisians acted a similar part, arming themselves with leaden maces. They were upwards of twenty thousand, as I shall relate when I come to that part of my history; but I will first go on with this rebellion in England.

When those who had lodged at Rochester had done all they wanted, they departed, and, crossing the river, came to Dartford, but always following their plan of destroying the houses of lawyers or proctors on the right and left of their road. In their way they cut off several men's heads, and continued their march

to Blackheath, where they fixed their quarters: they said they were armed for the king and commons of England. When the citizens of London found they were quartered so near them, they closed the gates of London Bridge: guards were placed there by orders of sir William Walworth, mayor of London, and several rich citizens who were not of their party; but there were in the city more than thirty thousand who favoured them.

Those who were at Blackheath had information of this; they sent, therefore, their knight to speak with the king, and to tell him that what they were doing was for his service, for the kingdom had been for several years wretchedly governed, to the great dishonour of the realm and to the oppression of the lower ranks of the people, by his uncles, by the clergy, and in particular by the archbishop of Canterbury, his chancellor, from whom they would have an account of his ministry. The knight dared not say nor do anything to the contrary, but, advancing to the Thames opposite the Tower, he took boat and crossed over. While the king and those with him in the Tower were in great suspense, and anxious to receive some intelligence, the knight came on shore: way was made for him, and he was conducted to the king, who was in an apartment with the princess his mother. There were also with the king his two maternal brothers, the earl of Kent and sir John Holland, the earls of Salisbury, Warwick, Suffolk, the archbishop of Canterbury, the great prior of the Templars in England, sir Robert de Namur, the lord de Vertain, the lord de Gommegines, sir Henry de Sausselles, the mayor of London, and several of the principal citizens.

Sir John Newtoun, who was well known to them all, for he was one of the king's officers, cast himself on his knees and said: "My much redoubted lord, do not be displeased with me for the message I am about to deliver to you; for, my dear lord, through force I am come hither." "By no means, sir John; tell us what you are charged with: we hold you excused." "My very redoubted lord, the commons of your realm send me to you to entreat you would come and speak with them on Blackheath. They wish to have no one but yourself; and you

need not fear for your person, for they will not do you the least harm: they always have respected and will respect you as their king; but they will tell you many things, which they say it is necessary you should hear; with which, however, they have not empowered me to acquaint you. But, dear lord, have the goodness to give me such an answer as may satisfy them, and that they may be convinced I have really been in your presence; for they have my children as hostages for my return, whom they will assuredly put to death if I do not go back."

The king replied, "You shall speedily have an answer." Upon this he called a council to consider what was to be done. The king was advised to say that if on Thursday they would come down to the river Thames, he would without fail speak with them. Sir John Newtoun, on receiving this answer, was well satisfied therewith, and, taking leave of the king and barons, departed: having entered his boat, he recrossed the Thames and returned to Blackheath, where he had left upwards of sixty thousand men. He told them from the king, that if they would send on the morrow morning their leaders to the Thames, the king would come and hear what they had to say. This answer gave great pleasure, and they were contented with it: they passed the night as well as they could; but you must know that one-fourth of them fasted for want of provision, as they had not brought any with them, at which they were much vexed, as may be supposed.

At this time the earl of Buckingham was in Wales, where he possessed great estates in right of his wife, who was daughter of the earl of Hereford and Northampton; but the common report about London was that he favoured these people: some assured it for a truth, as having seen him among them, because there was one Thomas very much resembling him from the county of Cambridge. As for the English barons who were at Plymouth making preparations for their voyage, they had heard of this rebellion, and that the people were rising in all parts of the kingdom. Fearful lest their voyage should be prevented, or that the populace, as they had done at Southampton, Winchelsea, and Arundel, should attack them, they

heaved their anchors, and with some difficulty left the harbour, for the wind was against them, and put to sea, when they cast anchor to wait for a wind.

The duke of Lancaster was on the borders, between la Morlane, Roxburgh, and Melrose, holding conferences with the Scots: he had also received intelligence of this rebellion, and the danger his person was in, for he well knew he was unpopular with the common people of England. Notwithstanding this, he managed his treaty very prudently with the Scots commissioners, the earl of Douglas, the earl of Moray, the earl of Sutherland, the earl of Mar, and Thomas de Vesey. The Scotsmen who were conducting the treaty on the part of the king and the country knew also of the rebellion in England, and how the populace were rising everywhere against the nobility. They said that England was shaken and in great danger of being ruined, for which in their treaties they bore the harder on the duke of Lancaster and his council.

We will now return to the commonalty of England, and say how they continued in their rebellion.

On Corpus Christi day king Richard heard mass in the tower of London, with all his lords, and afterwards entered his barge, attended by the earls of Salisbury, Warwick, and Suffolk, with other knights. He rowed down the Thames towards Rotherhithe, a manor belonging to the crown, where were upwards of ten thousand men, who had come from Blackheath to see the king and to speak to him: when they perceived his barge approach, they set up such shouts and cries as if all the devils in hell had been in their company. They had their knight, sir John Newton, with them; for, in case the king had not come and they found he had made a jest of them, they would, as they had threatened, have cut him to pieces.

When the king and his lords saw this crowd of people, and the wildness of their manner, there was not one among them so bold and determined but felt alarmed: the king was advised by his barons not to land, but to have his barge rowed up and down the river. "What do ye wish for?" demanded the king; "I am come hither to hear what you have to say." Those near

him cried out with one voice: "We wish thee to land, when we will remonstrate with thee, and tell thee more at our ease what our wants are." The earl of Salisbury then replied for the king, and said: "Gentlemen, you are not properly dressed, nor in a fit condition for the king to talk with you."

Nothing more was said; for the king was desired to return to the Tower of London, from whence he had set out. When the people saw they could obtain nothing more, they were inflamed with passion, and went back to Blackheath, where the main body was, to relate the answer they had received, and how the king was returned to the Tower. They all then cried out, "Let us march instantly to London." They immediately set off, and, in their road thither, they destroyed the houses of lawyers, courtiers, and monasteries. Advancing into the suburbs of London, which were very handsome and extensive, they pulled down many fine houses: in particular, they demolished the prison of the king called the Marshalsea, and set at liberty all those confined within it. They did much damage to the suburbs, and menaced the Londoners at the entrance of the bridge for having shut the gates of it, saying they would set fire to the suburbs, take the city by storm, and afterwards burn and destroy it.

With respect to the common people of London, numbers were of their opinions, and, on assembling together, said: "Why will you refuse admittance to these honest men? They are our friends, and what they are doing is for our good." It was then found necessary to open the gates, when crowds rushed in, and ran to those shops which seemed well stored with provision: if they sought for meat or drink it was placed before them, and nothing refused, but all manner of good cheer offered, in hopes of appeasing them.

Their leaders, John Ball, Jack Straw, and Wat Tyler, then marched through London, attended by more than twenty thousand men, to the palace of the Savoy, which is a handsome building on the road to Westminster, situated on the banks of the Thames, belonging to the duke of Lancaster; they immediately killed the porters, pressed into the house,

and set it on fire. Not content with committing this outrage, they went to the house of the knights-hospitalers of Rhodes, dedicated to St. John of Mount Carmel, which they burnt, together with their hospital and church. They afterwards paraded the streets, and killed every Fleming they could find, whether in house, church, or hospital; not one escaped death. They broke open several houses of the Lombards, taking whatever money they could lay their hands on, none daring to oppose them. They murdered a rich citizen called Richard Lyon, to whom Wat Tyler had been formerly servant in France; but, having once beaten this varlet, he had not forgotten it, and, having carried his men to his house, ordered his head to be cut off, placed upon a pike, and carried through the streets of London. Thus did these wicked people act like madmen; and, on this Thursday, they did much mischief to the city of London.

Towards evening they fixed their quarters in a square called St. Catherine's, before the Tower, declaring they would not depart thence until they should obtain from the king everything they wanted, and have all their desires satisfied; and the chancellor of England made to account with them, and show how the great sums which had been raised were expended; menacing, that if he did not render such an account as was agreeable to them, it would be the worse for him. Considering the various ills they had done to foreigners, they lodged themselves before the Tower. You may easily suppose what a miserable situation the king was in, and those with him; for at times these rebellious fellows hooted as loud as if the devils were in them.

About evening a council was held in the presence of the king, the barons who were in the Tower with him, sir William Walworth the mayor, and some of the principal citizens, when it was proposed to arm themselves, and during the night to fall upon these wretches, who were in the streets and amounted to sixty thousand, while they were asleep and drunk, for then they might be killed like flies, and not one in twenty among them had arms. The citizens were very capable of doing this,

for they had secretly received into their houses their friends and servants, properly prepared to act. Sir Robert Knolles remained in his house, guarding his property, with more than six score companions completely armed, who would have instantly sallied forth. Sir Perducas d'Albreth was also in London at that period, and would have been of great service; so that they could have mustered upwards of eight thousand men, well armed. But nothing was done; for they were too much afraid of the commonalty of London; and the advisers of the king, the earl of Salisbury and others, said to him: "Sir, if you can appease them by fair words, it will be so much the better, and good humouredly grant them what they ask; for, should we begin what we cannot go through, we shall never be able to recover it: it will be all over with us and our heirs, and England will be a desert." This counsel was followed, and the mayor ordered to make no movement. He obeyed, as in reason he ought. In the city of London, with the mayor, there are twelve sheriffs, of whom nine were for the king and three for these wicked people, as it was afterwards discovered, and for which they then paid dearly.

On Friday morning those lodged in the square before St. Catherine's, near the Tower, began to make themselves ready; they shouted much, and said that if the king would not come out to them, they would attack the Tower, storm it, and slay all in it. The king was alarmed at these menaces, and resolved to speak with them; he therefore sent orders for them to retire to a handsome meadow at Mile-end, where, in the summer time, people go to amuse themselves, and that there the king would grant them their demands. Proclamation was made in the king's name for all those who wished to speak with him to go to the above-mentioned place, where he would not fail to meet them.

The commonalty of the different villages began to march thither; but all did not go, nor had they the same objects in view, for the greater part only wished for the riches and destruction of the nobles, and the plunder of London. This was the principal cause of their rebellion, as they very clearly showed; for when the gates of the Tower were thrown open, and the

king, attended by his two brothers, the earls of Salisbury, of Warwick, of Suffolk, sir Robert de Namur, the lords de Vertain and de Gommegines, with several others, had passed through them, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, with upwards of four hundred, rushed in by force, and, running from chamber to chamber, found the archbishop of Canterbury, whose name was Simon, a valiant and wise man, and chancellor of England, who had just celebrated mass before the king. he was seized by these rascals, and beheaded. The prior of St. John's suffered the same fate, and likewise a Franciscan friar, a doctor of physic, who was attached to the duke of Lancaster, out of spite to his master, and also a serjeant-at-arms of the name of John Laige. They fixed these four heads on long pikes, and had them carried before them through the streets of London. when they had sufficiently played with them, they placed them on London Bridge, as if they had been traitors to their king and country.

These scoundrels entered the apartment of the princess, and cut her bed, which so much terrified her that she fainted, and in this condition was by her servants and ladies carried to the river-side, when she was put into a covered boat, and conveyed to the house called The Wardrobe, where she continued that day and night like to a woman half dead, until she was comforted by the king her son, as you shall presently hear.

When the king was on his way to the place called Mile-end, without London, his two brothers, the earl of Kent and sir John Holland, stole off and galloped from his company, as did also the lord de Gommegines, not daring to show themselves to the populace at Mile-end for fear of their lives.

On the king's arrival, attended by the barons, he found upwards of sixty thousand men assembled from different villages and counties of England: he instantly advanced into the midst of them, saying in a pleasant manner, " My good people, I am your king and your lord: what is it you want? and what do you wish to say to me?" Those who heard him answered, " We wish thou wouldest make us free for ever, us, our heirs and our lands, and that we should no longer be called slaves, nor held

in bondage." The king replied, "I grant your wish: now, therefore, return to your homes and the places from whence you came, leaving behind two or three men from each village, to whom I will order letters to be given sealed with my seal, which they shall carry back with every demand you have made fully granted: and, in order that you may be the more satisfied, I will direct that my banners shall be sent to every stewardship, castlewick, and corporation." These words greatly appeased the novices and well-meaning ones who were there, and knew not what they wanted, saying, "It is well said: we do not wish for more." The people were thus quieted, and began to return towards London.

The king added a few words, which pleased them much: "You, my good people of Kent, shall have one of my banners; and you also of Essex, Sussex, Bedford, Suffolk, Cambridge, Stafford, and Lincoln, shall each of you have one; and I pardon you all for what you have hitherto done; but you must follow my banners, and now return home on the terms I have mentioned." They unanimously replied they would. Thus did this great assembly break up, and set out for London. The king instantly employed upwards of thirty secretaries, who drew up the letters as fast as they could; and, having sealed and delivered them to these people, they departed, and returned to their own counties.

The principal mischief remained behind: I mean Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, who declared that though the people were satisfied, they would not thus depart; and they had more than thirty thousand who were of their mind. They continued in the city, without any wish to have their letters, or the king's seal; but did all they could to throw the town into such confusion that the lords and rich citizens might be murdered, and their houses pillaged and destroyed. The Londoners suspected this, and kept themselves at home, with their friends and servants, well armed and prepared, every one according to his abilities.

When the people had been appeased at Mile-end Green, and were setting off for their different towns as speedily as they

could receive the king's letters, king Richard went to the Wardrobe, where the princess was in the greatest fear: he comforted her, as he was very able to do, and passed there the night.

I must relate an adventure which happened to these clowns before Norwich, and to their leader, called William Lister, who was from the county of Stafford. On the same day these wicked people burnt the palace of the Savoy, the church and house of St. John, the hospital of the Templars, pulled down the prison of Newgate, and set at liberty all the prisoners, there were collected numerous bodies from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, who proceeded on their march towards London, according to the orders they had received, under the direction of Lister.

In their road they stopped near Norwich, and forced every one to join them, so that none of the commonalty remained behind. The reason why they stopped near Norwich was, that the governor of the town was a knight called sir Robert Salle: he was not by birth a gentleman, but, having acquired great renown for his ability and courage, king Edward had created him a knight: he was the handsomest and strongest man in England. Lister and his companions took it into their heads they would make this knight their commander, and carry him with them, in order to be the more feared. They sent orders to him to come out into the fields to speak with them, or they would attack and burn the city. The knight, considering it was much better for him to go to them than they should commit such outrages, mounted his horse, and went out of the town alone, to hear what they had to say. When they perceived him coming, they showed him every mark of respect, and courteously entreated him to dismount, and talk with them. He did dismount, and committed a great folly; for, when he had so done, having surrounded him, they at first conversed in a friendly way, saying, "Robert, you are a knight, and a man of great weight in this country, renowned for your valour; yet, notwithstanding all this, we know who you are: you are not a gentleman, but the son of a poor mason, just such as ourselves. Do

you come with us, as our commander, and we will make so great a lord of you that one quarter of England shall be under your command."

The knight, on hearing them thus speak, was exceedingly angry; he would never have consented to such a proposal; and, eyeing them with inflamed looks, answered, "Begone, wicked scoundrels and false traitors as you are: would you have me desert my natural lord for such a company of knaves as you? would you have me dishonour myself? I would much rather you were all hanged, for that must be your end." On saying this, he attempted to mount his horse; but, his foot slipping from the stirrup, his horse took fright. They then shouted out, and cried, "Put him to death." When he heard this, he let his horse go; and, drawing a handsome Bordeaux sword, he began to skirmish, and soon cleared the crowd from about him, that it was a pleasure to see. Some attempted to close with him; but with each stroke he gave, he cut off heads, arms, feet, or legs. There were none so bold but were afraid; and sir Robert performed that day marvellous feats of arms. These wretches were upwards of forty thousand; they shot and flung at him such things, that had he been clothed in steel instead of being unarmed, he must have been overpowered: however, he killed twelve of them, besides many whom he wounded. At last he was overthrown, when they cut off his legs and arms, and rent his body in piecemeal. Thus ended sir Robert Salle, which was a great pity; and when the knights and squires in England heard of it, they were much enraged.

On the Saturday morning the king left the Wardrobe, and went to Westminster, where he and all the lords heard mass in the abbey. In this church there is a statue of our Lady in a small chapel that has many virtues and performs great miracles, in which the kings of England have much faith. The king, having paid his devotions and made his offerings to this shrine, mounted his horse about nine o'clock, as did the barons who were with him. They rode along the causeway to return to London; but, when they had gone a little way, he turned to a road on the left to go from London.

This day all the rabble were again assembled, under the conduct of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, to parley at a place called Smithfield, where, every Friday, the horse-market is kept. They amounted to upwards of twenty thousand, all of the same sort. Many more were in the city, breakfasting and drinking Rhenish and Malmsey Madeira wines, in taverns and at the houses of the Lombards, without paying for anything ; and happy was he who could give them good cheer. Those who were collected in Smithfield had the king's banners, which had been given to them the preceding evening ; and these reprobates wanted to pillage the city this same day, their leaders saying "that hitherto they had done nothing. The pardons which the king has granted will not be of much use to us ; but, if we be of the same mind, we shall pillage this large, rich, and powerful town of London, before those from Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, Bedford, Warwick, Reading, Lancashire, Arundel, Guildford, Coventry, Lynne, Lincoln, York, and Durham shall arrive ; for they are on the road, and we know for certain that Vaquier and Lister will conduct them hither. If we now plunder the city of the wealth that is in it, we shall have been beforehand, and shall not repent of so doing ; but if we wait for their arrival, they will wrest it from us." To this opinion all had agreed, when the king appeared in sight, attended by sixty horse. He was not thinking of them, but intended to have continued his ride without coming into London : however, when he came before the abbey of St. Bartholomew, which is in Smithfield, and saw the crowd of people, he stopped, and said he would not proceed until he knew what they wanted ; and, if they were troubled, he would appease them.

The lords who accompanied him stopped also, as was but right, since the king had stopped ; when Wat Tyler, seeing the king, said to his men, "Here is the king : I will go and speak with him : do not you stir from hence until I give you a signal." He made a motion with his hand, and added, "When you shall see me make this sign, then step forward, and kill every one except the king ; but hurt him not, for he is young, and we can do what we please with him ; for, by carrying him with us through

England, we shall be lords of it without any opposition." There was a doublet-maker of London, called John Ticle, who had brought sixty doublets, with which some of the clowns had dressed themselves; and on his asking who was to pay, for he must have for them thirty good marks, Tyler replied, "Make thyself easy, man; thou shalt be well paid this day: look to me for it: thou hast sufficient security for them." On saying this, he spurred the horse on which he rode, and, leaving his men, galloped up to the king, and came so near that his horse's head touched the crupper of that of the king. The first words he said, when he addressed the king, were, "King, dost thou see all those men there?" "Yes," replied the king; "why dost thou ask?" "Because they are all under my command, and have sworn by their faith and loyalty to do whatever I shall order." "Very well," said the king; "I have no objections to it." Tyler, who was only desirous of a riot, answered, "And thinkest thou, king, that those people and as many more who are in the city, also under my command, ought to depart without having had thy letters? Oh no, we will carry them with us." "Why," replied the king, "so it has been ordered, and they will be delivered out one after the other: but, friend, return to thy companions, and tell them to depart from London: be peaceable and careful of yourselves, for it is our determination that you shall all of you have your letters by villages and towns, as it has been agreed on."

As the king finished speaking, Wat Tyler, casting his eyes around him, spied a squire attached to the king's person bearing his sword. Tyler mortally hated this squire; formerly they had had words together, when the squire ill-treated him. "What, art thou there?" cried Tyler: "give me thy dagger." "I will not," said the squire: "why should I give it thee?" The king, turning to him, said, "Give it him, give it him;" which he did, though much against his will. When Tyler took it, he began to play with it and turn it about in his hand, and, again addressing the squire, said, "Give me that sword." "I will not," replied the squire; "for it is the king's sword, and thou art not worthy to bear it, who art but a mechanic; and, if only thou and

I were together, thou wouldest not have dared to say what thou hast for as large a heap of gold as this church." "By my troth," answered Tyler, "I will not eat this day before I have thy head." At these words, the mayor of London, with about twelve more, rode forward, armed under their robes, and, pushing through the crowd, saw Tyler's manner of behaving: upon which he said, "Scoundrel, how dare you thus behave in the presence of the king, and utter such words? It is too impudent for such as thou." The king then began to be enraged, and said to the mayor, "Lay hands on him."

Whilst the king was giving this order, Tyler had addressed the mayor, saying, "Hey, in God's name, what I have said, does it concern thee? what dost thou mean?" "Truly," replied the mayor, who found himself supported by the king, "does it become such a stinking rascal as thou art to use such speech in the presence of the king, my natural lord? I will not live a day, if thou pay not for it." Upon this, he drew a kind of scimitar he wore, and struck Tyler such a blow on the head as felled him to his horse's feet. When he was down, he was surrounded on all sides, so that his men could not see him; and one of the king's squires, called John Standwich, immediately leaped from his horse, and, drawing a handsome sword which he bore, thrust it into his belly, and thus killed him.

His men, advancing, saw their leader dead, when they cried out, "They have killed our captain: let us march to them, and slay the whole." On these words, they drew up in a sort of battle-array, each man having his bent bow before him. The king certainly hazarded much by this action, but it turned out fortunate; for when Tyler was on the ground, he left his attendants, ordering not one to follow him. He rode up to these rebellious fellows, who were advancing to revenge their leader's death, and said to them, "Gentlemen, what are you about? you shall have no other captain but me: I am your king: remain peaceable." When the greater part of them heard these words, they were quite ashamed, and those inclined to peace began to slip away. The riotous ones kept their ground, and showed symptoms of mischief, and as if they were resolved to do something.

The king returned to his lords, and asked them what should next be done. He was advised to make for the fields; for the mayor said “that to retreat or fly would be of no avail. It is proper we should act thus, for I reckon that we shall very soon receive assistance from London, that is, from our good friends who are prepared and armed, with all their servants in their houses.” While things remained in this state, several ran to London, and cried out, “They are killing the king! they are killing the king and our mayor.” Upon this alarm, every man of the king’s party sallied out towards Smithfield, and to the fields whither the king had retreated; and there were instantly collected from seven to eight thousand men in arms.

Among the first, came sir Robert Knolles and sir Perducas d’Albreth, well attended; and several of the aldermen, with upwards of six hundred men-at-arms, and a powerful man of the city called Nicholas Bramber, the king’s draper, bringing with him a large force, who, as they came up, ranged themselves in order, on foot, on each side of him. The rebels were drawn up opposite them: they had the king’s banners, and showed as if they intended to maintain their ground by offering combat. The king created three knights: sir William Walworth, mayor of London, sir John Standwich, and sir Nicholas Bramber. The lords began to converse among themselves, saying, “What shall we do? We see our enemies, who would willingly have murdered us if they had gained the upper hand.” Sir Robert Knolles advised immediately to fall on them and slay them; but the king would not consent, saying, “I will not have you act thus: you shall go and demand from them my banners: we shall see how they will behave when you make this demand; for I will have them by fair or foul means.” “It is a good thought,” replied the earl of Salisbury.

The new knights were therefore sent, who, on approaching, made signs for them not to shoot, as they wished to speak with them. When they had come near enough to be heard, they said, “Now attend: the king orders you to send back his banners, and we hope he will have mercy on you.” The banners were directly given up, and brought to the king. It

was then ordered, under pain of death, that all those who had obtained the king's letters should deliver them up. Some did so; but not all. The king, on receiving them, had them torn in their presence. You must know that from the instant when the king's banners were surrendered, these fellows kept no order; but the greater part, throwing their bows to the ground, took to their heels and returned to London.

Sir Robert Knolles was in a violent rage that they were not attacked, and the whole of them slain; but the king would not consent to it, saying, he would have ample revenge on them, which in truth he afterwards had.

Thus did these people disperse, and run away on all sides. The king, the lords, and the army returned in good array to London, to their great joy. The king immediately took the road to the Wardrobe, to visit the princess his mother, who had remained there two days and two nights under the greatest fears, as indeed she had cause. On seeing the king her son, she was mightily rejoiced, and said, "Ha, ha, fair son, what pain and anguish have I not suffered for you this day!" "Certainly, madam," replied the king, "I am well assured of that; but now rejoice and thank God, for it behoves us to praise him, as I have this day regained my inheritance, and the kingdom of England, which I had lost."

The king remained the whole day with his mother. The lords retired to their own houses. A proclamation was made through all the streets, that every person who was not an inhabitant of London, and who had not resided there for a whole year, should instantly depart; for that, if there were any found of a contrary description on Sunday morning at sunrise, they would be arrested as traitors to the king, and have their heads cut off. After this proclamation had been heard, no one dared to infringe it; but all departed instantly to their homes, quite discomfited. John Ball and Jack Straw were found hidden in an old ruin, thinking to steal away; but this they could not do, for they were betrayed by their own men. The king and the lords were well pleased with their seizure: their heads were cut off, as was that of Tyler, and fixed on London bridge,

in the place of those gallant men whom they beheaded on the Thursday. The news of this was sent through the neighbouring counties, that those might hear of it who were on their way to London, according to the orders these rebels had sent to them; upon which they instantly returned to their homes, without daring to advance further.

ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF FLANDERS FROM BRUGES.

When the earl of Flanders and the men-at-arms saw that, by the miserable defence of the men of Bruges, they had caused their own defeat, and that there was not any remedy for it, for every man was running away as fast as he could, they were much surprised, and began to be alarmed for themselves, and to make off in different directions. It is true, that had they seen any probability of recovering the loss which the Bruges men were suffering, they would have done some deeds of arms, by which they might have rallied them a little: but they saw it was hopeless, for they were flying to Bruges in all directions, and neither the son waited for the father nor the father for his child.

The men-at-arms, therefore, began to break their ranks. Few had any desire to return to Bruges, for the crowd was so great on the road thither that it was painful to see and hear the complaints of the wounded and hurt. The men of Ghent were close at their heels, shouting out, "Ghent, Ghent!" knocking down all that obstructed them. The greater part of these men-at-arms had never before been in such peril: even the earl was advised to make for Bruges, and to have the gates closed and guarded, so that the Ghent men should not be able to force them and become masters of the town. The earl of Flanders saw no help for his men, who were flying on all sides, and, as it was now dark night, followed this advice and took the road to Bruges, his banner displayed before him. He entered the gates one of the first, with about forty others, for no more had followed him. He ordered guards to defend the gates if the

Ghent men should come thither, and then rode to his palace, from whence he issued a proclamation, that every person, under pain of death, should assemble in the market-place. The intention of the earl was to save the town by this means; but it did not succeed, as you shall hear.

While the earl was in his palace, and had sent the clerks of the different trades from street to street, to hasten the inhabitants to the market-place, in order to preserve the city, the men of Ghent, having closely pursued their enemies, entered the town with them, and instantly made for the market-place, without turning to the right or left, where they drew themselves up in array. Sir Robert Mareschaut, one of the earl's knights, had been sent to the gates to see they were guarded: but, while the earl was planning means for defending the town, sir Robert found a gate flung off its hinges, and the Ghent men masters of it. Some of the citizens said to him, "Robert, Robert, return and save yourself, if you can, for the Ghent men have taken the town." The knight returned as speedily as he could to the earl, whom he met coming out of his palace on horseback, with a number of torches. The knight told him what he had heard; but, notwithstanding this, the earl, anxious to defend the town, advanced toward the market-place, and as he was entering it with a number of torches, shouting, "Flanders for the Lyon! Flanders for the Earl!" those near his horse and about his person, seeing the place full of Ghent men, said, "My lord, return; for if you advance further you will be slain, or at the best made prisoner by your enemies, as they are drawn up in the square and are waiting for you."

They told him truth; for the Ghent men, seeing the great blaze of torches in the street, said, "Here comes my lord, here comes the earl: how he falls into our hands!" Philip von Artaveld had given orders to his men, that if the earl should come, every care was to be taken to preserve him from harm, in order that he might be carried alive and in good health to Ghent, when they should be able to obtain what peace they chose. The earl had entered the square, near to where the Ghent men were drawn up, when several people came to him

and said, " My lord, do not come further; for the Ghent men are masters of the market-place and of the town, and if you advance, you will run a risk of being taken. Numbers of them are now searching for their enemies from street to street, and many of the men of Bruges have joined them, who conduct them from hotel to hotel to seek those whom they want. You cannot pass any of the gates without danger of being killed, for they are in their possession; nor can you return to your palace, for a large rout of Ghent men have marched thither."

When the earl heard this speech, which was heart-breaking as you may guess, he began to be much alarmed and to see the peril he was in. He resolved to follow the advice of not going further, and to save himself if he could, which was confirmed by his own judgment. He ordered the torches to be extinguished, and said to those about him, " I see clearly that affairs are without remedy: I therefore give permission for every one to depart and save himself in the best manner he can." His orders were obeyed. The torches were put out and thrown in the streets; and all who were in company with the earl separated and went away. He himself went to a by-street, where he was disarmed by his servant, and, throwing down his clothes, put on his servant's, saying, " Go about thy business, and save thyself if thou canst; but be silent if thou fall into the hands of my enemies; and if they ask thee anything about me, do not give them any information." " My lord," replied the valet, " I will sooner die."

The earl of Flanders thus remained alone, and it may be truly said he was in the greatest danger; for it was over with him if he had at that hour, by any accident, fallen into the hands of the mob, who were going up and down the streets, searching every house for the friends of the earl; and whomsoever they found they carried before Philip von Artaveld and the other captains in the market-place, when they were instantly put to death. It was God alone who watched over him, and delivered him from this peril: for no one had ever before been in such imminent danger, as I shall presently relate. The earl inwardly bewailed his situation from street to street at this late hour, for it was

a little past midnight, and he dared not enter any house, lest he should be seized by the mobs of Ghent and Bruges. Thus, as he was rambling through the streets, he at last entered the house of a poor woman, a very unfit habitation for such a lord, as there were neither halls nor apartments, but a small house, dirty and smoky, and as black as jet: there was only in this place one poor chamber, over which was a sort of garret that was entered by means of a ladder of seven steps, where, on a miserable bed, the children of this woman lay.

The earl entered this house with fear and trembling, and said to the woman, who was also much frightened,—“Woman, save me: I am thy lord, the earl of Flanders; but at this moment I must hide myself, for my enemies are in pursuit of me; and I will handsomely reward thee for the favour thou shovest me.” The poor woman knew him well, for she had frequently received alms at his door; and had often seen him pass and repass, when he was going to some amusement, or hunting. She was ready with her answers, in which God assisted the earl: for had she delayed it ever so little, they would have found him in conversation with her by the fireside. “My lord, mount this ladder, and get under the bed in which my children sleep.” This he did, while she employed herself by the fireside, with another child in a cradle.

The earl of Flanders mounted the ladder as quickly as he could, and, getting between the straw and the coverlid, hid himself, and contracted his body into as little space as possible. He had scarcely done so, when some of the mob of Ghent entered the house; for one of them had said he had seen a man go in there. They found this woman sitting by the fire, nursing her child, of whom they demanded, “Woman, where is the man we saw enter this house, and shut the door after him?” “By my troth,” replied she, “I have not seen any one enter here this night; but I have just been at the door to throw out some water, which I then shut after me; besides, I have not any place to hide him in, for you see the whole of this house; here is my bed, and my children sleep overhead.” Upon this one of them took a candle, and mounted the ladder, and, thrusting his

head into the place, saw nothing but the wretched bed in which the children were asleep. He looked all about him, above and below, and then said to his companions, "Come, come, let us go: we only lose our time here: the poor woman speaks truth: there is not a soul but herself and her children." On saying this, they left the house and went into another quarter; and no one afterwards entered it who had bad intentions.

The earl of Flanders, hearing all this conversation as he lay hid, you may easily imagine was in the greatest fear of his life. In the morning he could have said he was one of the most powerful princes in Christendom, and that same night he felt himself one of the smallest. One may truly say that the fortunes of this world are not stable. It was fortunate for him to save his life; and this miraculous escape ought to be to him a remembrance his whole lifetime.

I was informed, and believe my authority good, that on the Sunday evening, when it was dark, the earl of Flanders escaped from Bruges. I am ignorant how he accomplished it, or if he had any assistance, but some I believe he must have had. He got out of the town on foot, clad in a miserable jerkin, and when in the fields was quite joyous, as he might then say he had escaped from the utmost peril. He wandered about at first, and came to a thorn bush, to consider whither he should go: for he was unacquainted with the roads or country, having never before travelled on foot. As he lay thus hid under the bush, he heard some one talk, who by accident was one of his knights, that had married a bastard daughter of his; his name was sir Robert Mareschaut. The earl, hearing him talk as he was passing, said to him, "Robert, art thou there?" The knight, who well knew his voice, replied, "My lord, you have this day given me great uneasiness in seeking for you all round Bruges: how were you able to escape?" "Come, come, Robert," said the earl; "this is not a time to tell one's adventures: endeavour to get me a horse, for I am tired with walking, and take the road to Lille, if thou knowest it." "My lord," answered the knight, "I know it well." They then travelled all that night and the morrow until early morn, before they could

procure a horse. The first beast they could find was a mare, belonging to a poor man in a village. The earl mounted the mare, without saddle or bridle, and travelling all Monday, came, towards evening, to the castle of Lille, whither the greater part of his knights who had escaped from the battle of Bruges had retired. They had got off as well as they could ; some on foot, others on horseback, but all did not follow this road : some went by water to Holland and Zealand, where they remained until they received better news.

BATTLE OF ROSEBECQUE AND DEATH OF PHILIP VON
ARTAVELD.

Philip von Artaveld, with his whole army, on the Wednesday evening preceding the battle, was encamped in a handsome position, tolerably strong, between a ditch and grove, and with so good a hedge in front that they could not easily be attacked. It was between the hill and town of Rosebecque where the king was quartered. That same evening, Philip gave a magnificent supper to his captains at his quarters ; for he had wherewithal to do so, as his provisions followed him. When the supper was over, he addressed them in these words : " My fair gentlemen, you are my companions in this expedition, and I hope to-morrow we shall have something to do ; for the king of France, who is impatient to meet and fight with us, is quartered at Rosebecque. I therefore beg of you to be loyal, and not alarmed at anything you shall see or hear ; for we are combating in a just cause, to preserve the franchises of Flanders, and for our right. Admonish your men to behave well, and draw them up in such manner that, by this means and our courage, we may obtain the victory. To-morrow, through God's grace, we shall not find any lord to combat with us, or any who will dare take the field, unless he mean to remain there, and we shall gain greater honour than if we could have depended on the support of the English ; for, if they had been with us, they alone would have gained all the

reputation. The whole flower of the French nobility is with the king, for he has not left one behind: order, therefore, your men not to grant quarter to any one, but to kill all who fall in their way. By this means we shall remain in peace; for I will and command, under pain of death, that no prisoners be made, except it be the king of France. With regard to the king, I wish to support him, as he is but a child and ought to be forgiven; for he knows not what he does, and acts according as he is instructed: we will carry him to Ghent and teach him Flemish; but as for dukes, earls, and other men-at-arms, kill them all. The common people of France will never be angry with us for so doing; for they wish, as I am well assured, that not one should ever return to France, and it shall be so."

His companions who were present at this discourse, and who were from the different towns in Flanders and the country of Bruges, agreed to this proposal, which they thought a proper one, and with one voice replied to Philip, " You say well, and thus shall it be." They then took leave of Philip, and each man returned to his quarters, to order his men how they were to act conformably to the instructions they had just had. Thus passed the night in the army of Philip: but about midnight, as I have been informed, there happened a most wonderful event, and such that I have never heard anything equal to it related. When these Flemish captains had retired, and all gone to their quarters to repose, the night being far advanced, those upon guard fancied they heard a great noise towards the Mont d'Or. Some of them were sent to see what it could be, and if the French were making any preparations to attack them in the night. On their return, they reported they had been as far as the place whence the noise came, but that they had discovered nothing. This noise, however, was still heard, and it seemed to some of them that their enemies were on the mount about a league distant: this was also the opinion of a damsel from Ghent whom Philip von Artaveld had carried with him, on this expedition, as his sweetheart.

Whilst Philip was sleeping under his tent on a coverlid near

the coal-fire, this damsel went out of the tent about midnight to examine the sky, and see what sort of weather it was and the time of night, for she was unable to sleep. She looked towards Rosebecque, and saw, in divers parts of the sky, smoke and sparks of fire flying about, caused by the fires the French were making under hedges and bushes. This woman listened attentively, and thought she heard a great noise between their army and that of the French, and also the cry of Montjoye and several other cries; and it seemed to her that they came from the Mont d'Or, between the camp and Rosebecque. She was exceedingly frightened, returned to the tent, awakened Philip, and said to him: "Sir, rise instantly, and arm yourself; for I have heard a great noise on the Mont d'Or, which I believe to be made by the French who are coming to attack you."

Philip at these words arose, and wrapping himself in a gown, took a battle-axe and went out of his tent to listen to this noise. In like manner as she had heard it, Philip did the same; and it seemed to him as if there were a great tournament. He directly returned to his tent, and ordered his trumpet to be sounded to awaken the army. As soon as the sound of the trumpet was heard it was known to be his. Those of the guard in front of the camp armed themselves, and sent some of their companions to Philip to know what he wished to have done, as he was thus early arming himself. On their arrival, he wanted to send them to the part whence the noise had come, to find out what it could be; but they reported that that had already been done, and that there was no cause found for it. Philip was much astonished; and they were greatly blamed, that having heard a noise towards the enemy's quarters, they had remained quiet. "Ha," said they to Philip, "in truth we did hear a noise towards the Mont d'Or, and we sent to know what it could be; but those who had been ordered thither reported that there was nothing to be found or seen. Not having seen any positive appearance of a movement of the enemy, we were unwilling to alarm the army, lest we should be blamed for it." This speech of the guard somewhat appeased Philip; but in his own mind he marvelled much what it could be. Some said it was the

devils of hell running and dancing about the place where the battle was to be, for the abundance of prey they expected.

Neither Philip von Artaveld nor the Flemings were quite at their ease after this alarm. They were suspicious of having been betrayed and surprised. They armed themselves leisurely with whatever they had, made large fires in their quarters, and breakfasted comfortably, for they had victuals in abundance. About an hour before day, Philip said, "I think it right that we march into the plain and draw up our men; because, should the French advance to attack us, we ought not to be unprepared, nor in disorder, but properly drawn up like men, knowing well what we are to do." All obeyed this order, and, quitting their quarters, marched to a heath beyond the grove. There was in front a wide ditch newly made, and in their rear quantities of brambles, junipers, and shrubs. They drew up at their leisure in this strong position, and formed one large battalion, thick and strong. By the reports from the constables, they were about fifty thousand, all chosen men, who valued not their lives. Among them were about sixty English archers, who, having stolen away from their companions at Calais, to gain greater pay from Philip, had left behind them their armour in their quarters.

Everything being arranged, each man took to his arms. The horses, baggage, women, and varlets were dismissed; but Philip von Artaveld had his page mounted on a superb courser, worth five hundred florins, which he had ordered to attend him, to display his state, and to mount if a pursuit of the French should happen, in order that he might enforce the commands which he had given to kill all. It was with this intention that Philip had posted him by his side. Philip had likewise from the town of Ghent about nine thousand men, well armed, whom he placed near his person; for he had greater confidence in them than in any of the others: they therefore, with Philip at their head with banners displayed, were in front; and those from Alost and Grammont were next; then the men from Courtray, Bruges, Damme, Sluys, and the Franconate. They were armed, for the greater part, with bludgeons, iron caps, jerkins, and with gloves

de fer de balcine. Each man had a staff with an iron point, and bound round with iron. The different townsmen wore liveries and arms, to distinguish them from one another. Some had jackets of blue and yellow, others wore a welt of black on a red jacket, others chevroned with white on a blue coat, others green and blue, others lozenged with black and white, others quartered red and white, others all blue. Each carried the banners of their trades. They had also large knives hanging down from their girdles. In this state they remained, quietly waiting for day, which soon came.

I will now relate to you the proceedings of the French as fully as I have done those of the Flemings.

The king of France, and the lords with him, knew well that the Flemings were advancing, and that a battle must be the consequence; for no proposals for peace were offered, and all seemed to have made up their minds for an engagement. It had been proclaimed on the Wednesday morning in the town of Ypres, that the men-at-arms should follow the king into the field, and post themselves according to the instructions they had received. Every one obeyed this order, and no man at arms, or even lusty varlet, remained in Ypres, except those appointed to guard the horses, which had been conducted to Ypres when their lords dismounted. However, the vanguard had many with them for the use of their light troops, and to reconnoitre the battalions of the enemy; for to them they were of more service than to the others.

The French on this Wednesday remained in the plain pretty near to Rosebecque, where the lords and captains were busy in arranging their plans. In the evening the king gave a supper to his three uncles, the constable of France, the lord de Coucy, and to some other foreign lords from Brabant, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, Germany, Lorraine, and Savoy, who had come thither to serve him. He, as well as his uncles, thanked them much for the good services they had done and were willing to do for them. The earl of Flanders this evening commanded the guard of the king's battalion, and had under him six hundred lances, and twelve hundred other men.

After the supper which the king had given on the Wednesday to these lords, and when they had retired, the constable of France remained to converse with the king and his uncles. It had been arranged in the council with the king, that the constable, sir Oliver de Clisson, should resign his constable-ship for the morrow (as they fully expected a battle), and that, for the day only, the lord de Coucy was to take his place, and sir Oliver remain near the king's person: so that when the constable was taking his leave, the king said to him, as he had been instructed, in a courteous and agreeable manner, "Constable, we will that you resign to us, for to-morrow only, your office; for we have appointed another, and you shall remain near our person." These words, which were new to the gallant constable, surprised him so much that he replied, "Most dear lord, I well know that I can never be more highly honoured than in guarding your person; but, dear lord, it will give great displeasure to my companions, and those of the vanguard, if they do not see me with them: and we may lose more than we can gain by it. I do not pretend that I am so valiant that the business will be done by me alone; but I declare, dear lord, under the correction of your noble council, that for these last fifteen days, I have been solely occupied how I could add to your honour, to that of your army, and to my own office. I have instructed the army in the manner in which they were to be drawn up: and if to-morrow, under the guidance of God, we engage, and they do not see me; or, if I fail in giving them advice and support, I who have always been accustomed in such cases so to do, they will be thunderstruck; some may say I am a hypocrite, and have done this slyly, in order to escape from the first blows. I therefore entreat of you, most dear lord, that you would not interfere in what has been arranged and ordered for the best, for I must say you will gain the more by it."

The king did not know what answer to make to this speech, any more than those present who had heard it. At last the king said, very properly, "Constable, I do not mean to say that it has been any way thought you have not, on every occa-

sion, most fully acquitted yourself, and will still do so; but my late lord and father loved you more than any other person, and had the greatest confidence in you: it is from this love and confidence which he reposed in you that I should wish to have you on this occasion near to me, and in my company." "Very dear lord," replied the constable, "you will be so well attended by such valiant men, all having been settled with the greatest deliberation, that it cannot any way be amended, so that you and your council ought to be satisfied with it. I therefore beg of you, for the love of God, most dear lord, that you will permit me to execute my office: and to-morrow your success shall be such that your friends will be rejoiced, and your enemies enraged."

To this the king only answered, "Constable, I will it be so: in God's name, and in the name of St. Denis, act as becomes your office. I will not say one word more to you on the subject; for you see clearer in this business than I do, or those who first proposed it. Be to-morrow at mass." "Willingly, sir," replied the constable. He took leave of the king, who saluted him, and returned to his quarters, with his attendants and companions.

On the Thursday morning all the men-at-arms of the army, the vanguard, the rearguard, and the king's battalion, armed themselves completely, except their helmets, as if they were about to engage: for the lords well knew the day could not pass without a battle, from the reports of the foragers on the Wednesday evening, who had seen the Flemings on their march demanding a battle. The king of France heard mass, as did the other lords, who all devoutly prayed to God that the day might turn out to their honour. In the morning there was a thick mist, which continued so long that no one could see the distance of an acre: the lords were much vexed at this, but they could not remedy it.

After the king's mass, which had been attended by the constable and other great lords, it was ordered that those valiant knights sir Oliver de Clisson, constable of France, sir John de Vienne, admiral of France, and sir William de Poitiers,

bastard of Langres, who had been long used to arms, should reconnoitre the position of the Flemings, and report to the king and his uncles the truth of it: during which time the lord d'Albreth and sir Hugh de Châtillon were employed in forming the battalions. These three knights, leaving the king, set off on the flower of their steeds and rode towards that part where they thought they should find the Flemings, and towards the spot where they had encamped the preceding night.

You must know that on the Thursday morning, when the thick mist came on, the Flemings having, as you have before heard, marched, before daybreak, to this strong position, had there remained until about eight o'clock, when, not seeing nor hearing anything of the French, their numbers excited in them pride and self-sufficiency; and their captains, as well as others, began thus to talk among themselves: "What are we about, thus standing still, and almost frozen with cold? Why do we not advance with courage, since such is our inclination, and seek our enemies to combat them? We remain here to no purpose, for the French will never come to look for us. Let us at least march to Mont d'Or, and take advantage of the mountain." Many such speeches were made, and they all consented to march to Mont d'Or, which was between them and the French. In order to avoid the ditch in their front, they turned the grove and entered the plain. Whilst they were thus on their march round the grove, the three knights came so opportunely that they reconnoitred them at their ease, and rode by the side of their battalions, which were again formed within a bow-shot from them. When they had considered them on the left, they did the same on the right, and thus carefully and fully examined them. The Flemings saw them plainly, but paid not any attention to them; nor did any one quit his ranks. The three knights were well mounted, and so much used to this business that they cared not for them. Philip said to his captains, "Our enemies are near at hand: let us draw up here in battle-array for the combat. I have seen strong appearances of their intentions: for these three horsemen who pass and repass have reconnoitred us, and are still doing so."

Upon this, the Flemings halted on the Mont d'Or, and formed in one thick and strong battalion; when Philip said aloud, "Gentlemen, when the attack begins, remember our enemies were defeated and broken at the battle of Bruges by our keeping in a compact body. Be careful not to open your ranks, but let every man strengthen himself as much as possible and bear his staff right before him. You will intermix your arms, so that no one may break you, and march straight forward with a good step, without turning to the right or left; and act together, so that, when the conflict begins, you may throw your bombards and shoot with your cross-bows in such manner that our enemies may be thunderstruck with surprise."

When Philip had formed his men in battle-array, and told them how they were to act, he went to the wing of his army in which he had the greatest confidence. Near him was his page on the courser, to whom he said, "Go, wait for me at that bush out of bow-shot; and when thou shalt see the discomfiture of the French and the pursuit begin, bring me my horse and shout my cry; they will make way for thee to come to me, for I wish to be the first in the pursuit." The page, on these words, left his master and did as he had ordered him. Philip placed near him, on the side of this wing, forty English archers whom he had in his pay. Now, if it be considered how well Philip had arranged this business, I am of opinion, and in this I am joined by several others, that he well knew the art of war: but in one instance, which I will relate, he acted wrong. It was in quitting the first strong position he had taken in the morning; for they never would have sought to fight him there, as it would have been too much to their disadvantage; but he wished to show that his people were men of courage, and had little fear of their enemies.

The three knights returned to the king of France and to his battalions, which had already been formed and were marching slowly in order of battle: for there were many prudent and brave men, who had been long accustomed to arms, in the vanguard, in the king's battalion, and in the rearguard, who knew well what they were to do, for they were the flower of chivalry

in Christendom. Way was made for them; and the lord de Clisson spoke first, bowing to the king from his horse, and taking off the beaver he wore, saying, "Sire, rejoice: these people are our own, and our lusty varlets will fight well with them." "Constable," replied the king, "God assist you! now advance, in the name of God and St. Denis." The knights, before-mentioned as the king's body guard, now drew up in good order. The king created many new knights, as did different lords in their battalions, so that several new banners were displayed.

It was ordered that when the engagement was about to commence, the battalion of the king, with the oriflamme of France, should march to the front of the army, that the van and rear-guards should form the two wings as speedily as possible, and by this means enclose and straiten the Flemings, who were drawn up in the closest order, and gain a great advantage over them. Notice of this intended movement was sent to the rear-guard, of which the count d'Eu, the count de Blois, the count de St. Pol, the count de Harcourt, the count de Châtillon, and the lord de la Fere were commanders. The young lord de Haurel displayed his banner this day before the count de Blois, who also knighted sir Thomas d'Istre, and the bastard sir James de Hameth. According to the report of the heralds, there were this day created four hundred and sixty-seven knights.

The lord de Clisson, sir John de Vienne, and sir William de Langres, having made their report to the king, left him and went to their post in the vanguard. Shortly afterwards, the oriflamme was displayed by sir Peter de Villiers, who bore it. Some say (as they find it written) that it was never before displayed against Christians, and that it was a matter of great doubt during the march whether it should be displayed or not. However, the matter having been fully considered, they resolved to display it, because the Flemings followed opinions contrary to that of pope Clement, and called themselves Urbanists; for which the French said they were rebellious and out of the pale of the church. This was the principal cause why it had been brought and displayed in Flanders.

The oriflamme was a most excellent banner, and had been sent from heaven with great mystery: it is a sort of ganfanon, and is of much comfort in the day of battle to those who see it. Proof was made of its virtues at this time; for all the morning there was so thick a fog, that with difficulty could they see each other, but the moment the knight had displayed it, and raised his lance in the air, this fog instantly dispersed, and the sky was as clear as it had been during the whole year. The lords of France were much rejoiced when they saw this clear day, and the sun shine, so that they could look about them on all sides.

It was a fine sight to view these banners, helmets, and beautiful emblazoned arms: the army kept a dead silence, not uttering a sound, but eyed the large battalion of Flemings before them, who were marching in a compact body, with their staves advanced in the air, which looked like spears, and, so great were their numbers, they had the appearance of a wood. The lord d'Estonnenort told me that he saw (as well as several others), when the oriflamme was displayed, and the fog had dispersed, a white dove fly many times round the king's battalion. When it had made several circles, and the engagement was about to begin, it perched on one of the king's banners: this was considered as a fortunate omen.

The Flemings advanced so near, that they commenced a cannonade with bars of iron, and quarrels headed with brass. Thus was the battle begun by Philip and his men against the king's battalion, which at the outset was very sharp: for the Flemings, inflamed with pride and courage, came on with vigour, and, pushing with shoulders and breasts like enraged wild boars, they were so strongly interlaced, one with the other, that they could not be broken, nor their ranks forced. By this attack of cannons and bombards, the lord d'Albaruin, banneret, Morlet de Haruin, and James Doré, on the side of the French, were first slain, and the king's battalion obliged to fall back. But the van and rear-guards pushed forward, and, by enclosing the Flemings, straitened them much. Upon the two wings these men-at-arms made their attack: and, with their well-tempered lances of Bordeaux, pierced through their coats-of-mail to the

flesh. All who were assailed by them drew back to avoid the blows, for never would those that escaped return to the combat: by this means, the Flemings were so straitened that they could not use their staves to defend themselves. They lost both strength and breath, and, falling upon one another, were stifled to death without striking a blow.

Philip von Artaveld was surrounded, wounded by spears, and beaten down, with numbers of the Ghent men, who were his guards. When Philip's page saw the ill-success of his countrymen, being well mounted on his courser, he set off, and left his master, for he could not give him any assistance, and returned towards Courtray, on his way to Ghent. When the Flemings found themselves enclosed on two sides, there was an end to the business, for they could not assist each other. The king's battalion, which had been somewhat disordered at the beginning, now recovered. The men-at-arms knocked down the Flemings with all their might. They had well-sharpened battle-axes, with which they cut through helmets and disbrained heads: others gave such blows with leaden maces that nothing could withstand them. Scarcely were the Flemings overthrown before the pillagers advanced, who, mixing with the men-at-arms, made use of the large knives they carried, and finished slaying whoever fell into their hands, without more mercy than if they had been so many dogs. The clattering on the helmets, by the axes and leaden maces, was so loud, that nothing else could be heard for the noise. I was told that if all the armourers of Paris and Bruxelles had been there working at their trade, they could not have made a greater noise than these combatants did on the helmets of their enemies; for they struck with all their force, and set to their work with the greatest good-will. Some, indeed, pressed too forward into the crowd, and were surrounded and slain; in particular, sir Louis de Gousalz, a knight from Berry, and Sir Fleton de Reniel. There were several more, which was a great pity; but in such a battle as this, where such numbers were engaged, it is not possible for victory to be obtained without being dearly bought; for young knights and squires, eager to gain renown, willingly run into perils in hopes of honour.

The crowd was now so great, and so dangerous for those enclosed in it, that the men-at-arms, if not instantly assisted, could not raise themselves when once down. By this were several of the French killed and smothered; but they were not many, for, when in danger, they helped each other. There was a large and high mount of the Flemings who were slain; and never was there seen so little blood spilt at so great a battle, where such numbers were killed. When those in the rear saw the front fail, and that they were defeated, they were greatly astonished, and began to throw away their staves and armour, to disband and fly towards Courtray and other places, not having any care but to save themselves if possible. The Bretons and French pursued them into ditches, alder groves, and heaths, where they fought with and slew them. Numbers were killed in the pursuit, between the field of battle and Courtray, whither they were flying in their way to Ghent.

This battle on Mont d'Or took place the 27th day of November, on the Thursday before Advent, in the year of grace 1382; and at that time the king of France was fourteen years of age.

Thus were the Flemings defeated on Mont d'Or, their pride humbled, and Philip von Artaveld slain; and with him nine thousand men from Ghent and its dependencies (according to the report of the heralds) on the spot, not including those killed in the pursuit, which amounted to twenty-five thousand more. This battle, from the beginning to the defeat, did not last more than half-an-hour. The event was very honourable to all Christendom, as well as to the nobility and gentry; for had those low-bred peasants succeeded, there would have been unheard of cruelties practised, to the destruction of all gentlemen, by the common people, who had everywhere risen in rebellion. Now, let us think of the Parisians; what they will say, when they hear the news of the defeat of the Flemings at Rosebecque, and the death of Philip von Artaveld, their leader? They will not be much rejoiced more than several other large towns.

When this battle was completely finished, they allowed time for the pursuers to collect together, and sounded the trumpets

of retreat, for each to retire to his quarters, as was proper. The vanguard halted beyond the king's battalion, where the Flemings were quartered on the Wednesday, and made themselves very comfortable; for there was a sufficiency of provision in the king's army, besides the purveyances which came from Ypres. They made, the ensuing night, brilliant fires in different places, of the staves of the Flemings: whoever wished for any could collect sufficient to load his back.

When the king of France arrived at his camp, where his magnificent pavilion of red silk had been pitched, and when he had been disarmed, his uncles, and many barons of France came, as was right, to attend on him. Philip von Artaveld then came into his mind, and he said: "If Philip is dead or alive, I should like to see him." They replied, "they would have a search made for him." It was proclaimed through the army, that whoever should discover the body of Philip von Artaveld, should receive one hundred francs. Upon this the varlets examined the dead, who were all stripped, or nearly so, and Philip through avarice was so strictly sought after, that he was found by a varlet who had formerly served him some time, and who knew him perfectly. He was dragged before the king's pavilion. The king looked at him for some time, as did the other lords. He was turned over and over, to see if he had died of wounds, but they found none that could have caused his death. He had been squeezed in the crowd, and, falling into a ditch, numbers of Ghent men fell upon him, who died in his company. When they had sufficiently viewed him, he was taken from thence and hanged on a tree. Such was the end of Philip von Artaveld.

Sir Daniel de Haluin, who, with his knights and squires, had held out Oudenarde so highly to his honour, knowing well that the king of France was in Flanders, and that there would be a battle with the Flemings, lighted, late at night on the Wednesday preceding the battle, four torches, which he hoisted above the walls, as a signal that the siege would be raised. About midnight, on the Thursday, news was brought to the lord of Harzelles and the others, that their army had been completely

routed, and Philip von Artaveld slain. Upon this they instantly broke up the siege, and marched away for Ghent, leaving behind them the greater part of their stores, each running as fast as he could to Ghent. The garrison of Oudenarde was ignorant of this retreat, and remained so until the morrow morning. On being informed of it, they sallied out, and carried into Oudenarde great pillage of knives, carriages, and stores, which they found hid.

On Thursday evening, intelligence arrived at Bruges of the defeat of the army, and of everything being lost. They were more astonished than ever, and said among themselves, "Our destruction is now come upon us: if the Bretons should advance hither and enter our town, we shall be pillaged and murdered, for they will spare none." Upon this, the townspeople of both sexes collected their jewels and most precious effects, and began to embark in vessels, to save themselves by sea, in Holland or Zealand, or wherever fortune should carry them. In this manner were they employed four days: and you would not have found in all the hotels of Bruges one silver spoon. Everything was packed up for fear of the Bretons.

When Peter du Bois, who was confined to his bed from the wounds he had received at Commines, heard of the defeat of the army, and death of Philip von Artaveld, and how much the inhabitants of Bruges were alarmed, he did not think himself very safe, and therefore declared he would set out from Bruges and return to Ghent; for he thought that Ghent would be much frightened: he therefore ordered a litter for himself, as he could not ride. You must know that when the news arrived at Ghent of the great loss of their men, the death of Philip von Artaveld, and the destruction of their army, they were so much cast down, that if the French on the day of the battle, or even on the Friday or Saturday, had advanced to Ghent before Peter du Bois arrived there, they would have opened the gates to them, without any opposition, and submitted to their mercy. But the French did not attend to this, thinking themselves perfectly masters since Philip was dead; and that the Ghent men would, of their own accord, surrender themselves to the king's mercy.

This measure, however, they did not adopt. On the contrary, they alone carried on the war with greater vigour and bitterness than before, as you will hear related in the continuance of this history.

On the Friday the king dislodged from Rosebecque, on account of the stench of the dead: he was advised to advance to Courtray to refresh himself. The halze and some knights and squires who well knew the country, mounting their horses, entered the town of Courtray full gallop; for there was not any opposition made. The women, both rich and poor, and many men also, ran into cellars and churches to save themselves, so that it was a pitiful sight. Those who first entered Courtray gained considerably by the pillage. The French and Bretons next came there, and lodged themselves as they entered. The king of France made his entry the first day of December.

A strict search was now made over the town for the Flemings who had hid themselves, and no man was admitted to mercy, for the French hated them as much as they were hated by the townspeople, on account of a battle which had formerly been fought before Courtray, when the count Robert d'Artois and all the flower of the French nobility were slain. The king had heard that there was in a chapel of the Virgin in Courtray five hundred gilt spurs, which had belonged to the knights of France who had perished at the battle of Courtray in the year 1302, and that the inhabitants every year kept a grand solemnity, by way of triumph, for the success of this battle. He declared he would make them pay for it; and, on his departure, would give up the town to fire and flame; so that they should remember, in times to come, that the king of France had been there.

Soon after the arrival of the king and his lords at Courtray, sir Daniel de Haluin, with fifty lances from the garrison of Oudenarde, came thither to pay their respects to the king. They were very graciously received by him and his lords; and, after staying there one day, they returned to their companions in Oudenarde.

EXPEDITION OF SIR JOHN DE VIENNE, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE,
TO SCOTLAND, TO CARRY ON THE WAR AGAINST THE
ENGLISH AT THE EXPIRATION OF THE TRUCE.

At this period, those men-at-arms who had been fixed on to accompany sir John de Vienne, admiral of France, to Scotland, arrived at Sluys in Flanders. He was to have under his command a thousand lances, knights and squires, and, I believe, they were all there: for such was the ardour of those who wished to advance themselves, that several went with the admiral though they had not been summoned.

The fleet was ready prepared at Sluys, and the stores in great abundance and good. They embarked arms sufficient for twelve hundred men from head to foot. These they had brought from the castle of Beauté, near Paris, and they were the arms of the Parisians, which had been ordered to be deposited there. With the admiral were plenty of excellent men-at-arms, of the flower of knighthood. It was the intention of the admiral to give these arms to the knights and squires of Scotland, the better to succeed in their enterprise; for sir Geoffry de Charny and the others had told the king, on their return home last year, that the Scots were very poorly armed.

I will now name some of those lords of France who went into Scotland. First, sir John de Vienne, admiral of France, the count de Grand-pré, the lords de Verdenay, de Sainte Croix, the lord de Montbury, sir Geoffry de Charny, sir William de Vienne, sir James de Vienne, lord d'Espaigny, sir Girard de Bourbonne, the lord de Hetz, sir Florimont de Quissy, the lord de Marnel, sir Valeran de Rayneval, the lord de Beausang, the lord de Wainbrain, the lord de Rinolle, baron d'Yury, the lord de Coucy, sir Perceval d'Ameual, the lord de Ferrieres, the lord de Fontaines, sir Bracquet de Braquemont, the lord de Grand-court, the lord de Landon, a Breton, sir Guy la Personne, sir William de Courroux, sir John de Hangiers, sir Bery de Vinselin, cousin to the grand master of Prussia, and many other good knights whom I cannot name: there were a thousand

lances, knights and squires, without reckoning the cross-bows and sturdy varlets.

They had favourable winds and a good voyage; for the weather was very fine, as it usually is in the month of May. The truces had expired between the French and English, the Ghent men and the Flemings, and in all other parts. War was sought for, as it seemed, in every quarter; and those knights and squires who went to Scotland gallantly wished for it, as they said, with the assistance of the Scots they would make a good campaign, and carry on a successful war against England. However, the English who had received intelligence of this expedition, very much suspected whither it was bound.

The French army that was bound for Scotland had very favourable winds, for it was in the month of May, when the weather is temperate and agreeable. They coasted Flanders, Holland, Zealand, and Friseland, and advanced until they approached so near Scotland as to see it; but before they arrived there an unfortunate accident befell a knight of France and an expert man-at-arms, named sir Aubert d'Angers. The knight was young and active, and to show his agility he mounted aloft by the ropes of his ship completely armed; but, his feet slipping, he fell into the sea, and the weight of his armour, which sunk him instantly, deprived him of any assistance, for the ship was soon at a distance from the place where he had fallen. All the barons were much vexed at this misfortune, but they were forced to endure it, as they could not any way remedy it.

They continued their voyage until they arrived at Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, where the king chiefly resides when he is in that part of the country. The earls of Douglas and Moray, from the information they had received, were waiting for them in Edinburgh; and as soon as they were come, hastened to meet them at the harbour, and received them most amicably, bidding them welcome to their country. The Scots barons instantly recognised sir Geoffry de Charny, for he had resided full two months with them last summer in Scotland. Sir Geoffry made them acquainted, as he very well knew how,

with the admiral and the barons of France. At that time the king was not at Edinburgh, but in the Highlands of Scotland: his sons received them handsomely, telling them the king would shortly be there.

They were satisfied with this information, and the lords and their men lodged themselves as well as they could in Edinburgh, and those who could not lodge there were quartered in the different villages thereabout. Edinburgh, notwithstanding it is the residence of the king, and is the Paris of Scotland, is not such a town as Tournay or Valenciennes; for there are not in the whole town four thousand houses. Several of the French lords were therefore obliged to take up their lodgings in the neighbouring villages, and at Dunfermline, Kelson, Dunbar, Dalkeith, and in other villages.

News was soon spread through Scotland that a large body of men-at-arms from France were arrived in the country. Some began to murmur and say, "What devil has brought them here? or who has sent for them? Cannot we carry on our wars with England without their assistance? We shall never do any effectual good as long as they are with us. Let them be told to return again, for we are sufficiently numerous in Scotland to fight our own quarrels, and do not want their company. We neither understand their language nor they ours, and we cannot converse together. They will very soon eat up and destroy all we have in this country, and will do us more harm, if we allow them to remain among us, than the English could in battle. If the English do burn our houses, what consequence is it to us? we can rebuild them cheap enough, for we only require three days to do so, provided we have five or six poles and boughs to cover them." Such was the conversation of the Scots on the arrival of the French: they did not esteem them, but hated them in their hearts, and abused them with their tongues as much as they could, like rude and worthless people as they are.

I must, however, say that, considering all things, it was not right for so many of the nobility to have come at this season to Scotland: it would have been better to have sent twenty or

thirty knights from France, than so large a body as five hundred or a thousand. The reason is clear. In Scotland you will never find a man of worth: they are like savages, who wish not to be acquainted with any one, and are too envious of the good fortune of others, and suspicious of losing anything themselves, for their country is very poor. When the English make inroads thither, as they have very frequently done, they order their provisions, if they wish to live, to follow close at their backs; for nothing is to be had in that country without great difficulty. There is neither iron to shoe horses, nor leather to make harness, saddles, or bridles: all these things come ready made from Flanders by sea; and, should these fail, there is none to be had in the country.

When these barons and knights of France, who had been used to handsome hotels, ornamented apartments, and castles with good soft beds to repose on, saw themselves in such poverty, they began to laugh, and to say before the admiral, "What could have brought us hither? We have never known till now what was meant by poverty and hard living. We now have found the truth of what our fathers and mothers were used to tell us, when they said: 'Go, go, thou shalt have in thy time, shouldst thou live long enough, hard beds and poor lodgings.' all this is now come to pass." They said also among themselves, "Let us hasten the object of our voyage, by advancing towards England: a long stay in Scotland will be neither honourable nor profitable." The knights made remonstrances respecting all these circumstances to sir John de Vienne, who appeased them as well as he could, saying, "My fair sirs, it becomes us to wait patiently, and to speak fair, since we are got into such difficulties. We have a long way yet to go, and we cannot return through England. Take in good humour whatever you can get. You cannot always be at Paris, Dijon, Beaune, or Chalons: it is necessary for those who wish to live with honour in this world to endure good and evil."

By such words as these, and others which I do not remember, did sir John de Vienne pacify his army in Scotland. He made as much acquaintance as he could with the Scottish barons and

knights: but he was visited by so very few it is not worth speaking of; for, as I have said before, there is not much honour there, and they are people difficult to be acquainted with. The earls of Douglas and Moray were the principal visitants to the lords of France. These two lords paid them more attention than all the rest of Scotland. But this was not the worst, for the French were hardly dealt with in their purchases; and whenever they wanted to buy horses, they were asked, for what was worth only ten florins, sixty and a hundred: with difficulty could they be found at that price. When the horse had been bought there was no furniture nor any housings to be met with, unless the respective articles had been brought with them from Flanders. In this situation were the French: besides, whenever their servants went out to forage, they were indeed permitted to load their horses with as much as they could pack up and carry, but they were waylaid on their return, and villainously beaten, robbed, and sometimes slain, insomuch that no varlet dared go out foraging for fear of death. In one month the French lost upwards of a hundred varlets: for when three or four went out foraging not one returned, in such a hideous manner were they treated.

With all this the king required many entreaties before he would come forward: the knights and squires of Scotland were the cause of this, for they declared they would not at this season wage war with England, that the French might pay more dearly for their coming. Before the king would come to Edinburgh, it was necessary to pay him a large sum of money for himself and his courtiers. Sir John de Vienne engaged, under his seal, that he would never quit Scotland until the king and his people were perfectly satisfied: for, had he not done so, he would not have had any assistance from the Scots. He was obliged to make this bargain or a worse; but however advantageous it was for them, and whatever affection he gained by it, they made the war solely profitable for themselves, as I shall relate in this history.

You have before heard how the admiral of France, with a large body of men-at-arms, had landed at the port of Edinburgh,

and that they found it a very different country from what they had expected from the accounts of the barons of Scotland. The king's council and other barons had told those knights who had been in Scotland last year, particularly sir Geoffry de Charny and sir Amyard de Marse, that if the seneschal, the constable, or the admiral of France would cross the sea to Scotland with a thousand good lances and five hundred crossbows, with armour for a thousand Scotsmen and proper equipments for the leaders, with their assistance the rest of Scotland would make such a fatal irruption into England, it would never recover the blow. With this expectation had the French crossed the sea, but had not found these promises realised. In the first place, they met with savage people, bad friends, and a poor country; and the knights and squires knew not where to send their varlets to forage, for they dared not do so except in very large parties for fear of the wicked people of the country, who lay in wait for them, attacked and killed them.

At last, king Robert of Scotland arrived, with red bleared eyes, of the colour of sandalwood, which clearly showed he was no valiant man, but one who would rather remain at home than march to the field; he had, however, nine sons who loved arms. On the king's arrival at Edinburgh, the barons of France waited on him to pay him their respects, as they well knew how to do; the earls of Douglas, Moray, Mar, Sutherland, and several more, were at this interview. The admiral requested the king to fulfil the terms on which they had come to Scotland; for that on his part he was resolved to enter England. Those barons of Scotland who were eager to advance themselves were much rejoiced at hearing this, and replied that if it pleased God, they would make such an inroad as should be both profitable and honourable.

The king issued his summons for a very large armament: on the day fixed for their assembling at Edinburgh, there were thirty thousand men on horseback, who as they arrived took up their quarters after the manner of the country, but they had not everything comfortable. Sir John de Vienne was very impatient to make an excursion and to afford his men opportunities of

performing gallant deeds of arms in England : he no sooner saw the arrival of the Scottish men-at-arms than he said it was time to march, for they had remained idle too long. The departure was then proclaimed, and they took their march towards Roxburgh. The king was not with the army, but remained at Edinburgh : however, all his children accompanied it. The thousand complete sets of armour brought from France were delivered to the Scottish knights who were badly armed, and those who had them were much delighted. They began their march towards Northumberland, which they continued until they came to the Abbey of Melrose, where they quartered themselves on each side the river Tweed ; on the morrow they advanced to Lambir Law, and then came before Roxburgh.

The governor of the castle of Roxburgh for the lord Mountague, to whom it belonged as well as all the circumjacent lands, was a knight called sir Edward Clifford. The admiral of France, with his whole army, as well as the Scots, halted before it, and, having reconnoitred it, thought they should gain nothing by the attack, as the castle was large, fair, and well provided with artillery. They therefore continued their march down the river, towards Berwick and the sea, until they came to two square towers, tolerably strong ; in which were two knights, father and son, of the name of Strande. A good farm of fine fields of grass, with a country-house, was hard by, which was instantly burnt and the towers attacked. Several feats of arms were performed, and many of the Scots wounded by arrows and stones ; but the towers were at length taken by storm, and the knights within them, who had valiantly defended themselves as long as they had been able.

After the conquest of these two towers, the Scots and French came before a very strong castle in another part of the country, which is called Werley ; it belonged to sir John Mountague. Sir John Lussebourne was the governor for him, and had in it his wife, children, and all his family ; for he had been informed that the Scots and French were advancing that way. He had, in consequence, fully provided the place with men-at-arms and artillery, to the utmost of his power, in expectation of the attack.

The army soon came and encamped before Werley, situated on a handsome river which runs into the Tweed below it. There was one grand assault on this castle, where the French behaved much more valiantly than the Scots: for they crossed the ditches, though with much difficulty; and, having fixed their ladders, many gallant deeds were done, for the French ascended to the battlements, and there fought hand to hand and dagger to dagger with the garrison. Sir John Lussebourne showed himself a good knight and powerful in arms, by engaging the French knights as they mounted the ladders. At this attack a German knight, called sir Alberis Gastelain, was slain, which was a pity; many others were killed and wounded. The enemy, however, were so numerous, and the attack so often renewed, that the castle was taken, and the knight, his wife, and children, who were within it. The French who first entered made upwards of forty prisoners: the castle was then burnt and destroyed, for they saw they could not keep nor guard it, being so far advanced in England.

After the capture of this castle, and of sir John Lussebourne, the admiral and barons of France and Scotland marched towards Amith, the estate of the lord Percy, and quartered themselves all around it. They destroyed several villages, and marched as far as Boul, a handsome and strong castle on the sea-coast, belonging to the earl of Northumberland: they did not attack it, for they knew they should lose their labour, but continued their march to half-way between Berwick and Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they learnt that the duke of Lancaster, the earls of Northumberland and Nottingham, the lord Neville, with the barons of the counties of Northumberland, York, and Durham, were hastening with a large force to meet them. The admiral and barons of France were much delighted at this intelligence, for they were desirous of an engagement; but the Scots were of a contrary opinion, and advised a retreat towards Scotland, on account of their stores, and to have their own country in their rear and wait for the enemy on their own borders. Sir John de Vienne wished not to act in contradiction to their wishes, and followed what they had advised; they did

not therefore advance farther in Northumberland, but made for Berwick, of which place sir Thomas Redinan was governor, and had with him a great number of men-at-arms. The French and Scots came before it, but made no attack, and continued their road to Roxburgh, on their return to their own country.

News was spread all over England, how the French and Scots had entered Northumberland, and were burning and destroying it. You must, however, know that before this, the arrival of the admiral and the French in Scotland was known. All the lords were therefore prepared, and the king had issued his summons: as they assembled, they took the road to Scotland, threatening much the Scots. The English at this time had made greater preparations than ever for their expedition to Scotland, as well by land as by sea; for they had freighted six score vessels, laden with stores and provision, which followed their march along the coast. The king took the field, accompanied by his uncles, the earls of Cambridge and Buckingham, his brothers sir Thomas and sir John Holland. There were also the earls of Salisbury and Arundel, the young earl of Pembroke, the young lord de Spencer, the earl of Stafford, the earl of Devonshire, and so many barons and knights, that they amounted to full forty thousand lances, without counting those of the duke of Lancaster, the earl of Northumberland, the earl of Nottingham, the lord Lucy, the lord Neville, and other barons of the marches, who were in pursuit of the French and Scots, to the number of two thousand lances and fifteen hundred archers. The king, and the lords who attended him, had full fifty thousand archers, without including the varlets. He hastened so much the march of his army after the duke of Lancaster, that he arrived in the country about York; for he had had intelligence on the road that there was to be an engagement between his men and the Scots in Northumberland; and for this reason he had made as much haste as possible. The king lodged at St. John de Beverley, beyond the city of York, in the county of Durham, where news was brought him that the Scots had returned to their own country. The army therefore quartered themselves in the

county of Northumberland. I will relate an accident that happened in the English army, which caused a mortal hatred between different lords.

The king of England was quartered in the country round Beverley, in the diocese of York, with numbers of earls, barons, and knights of his realm; for every one tried to be lodged as near him as possible, more especially his two uncles. Sir Thomas Holland, earl of Kent, and sir John Holland, earl of Huntington, his brothers, were also there with a handsome company of men-at-arms.

With the king was a knight from Bohemia, who had come to pay a visit to the queen; and, out of affection to her, the king and barons showed him every attention. This knight was gay and handsome in the German style, and his name was sir Meles. It happened one afternoon that two squires attached to sir John Holland quarrelled in the fields of a village near Beverley, for the lodgings of sir Meles, and followed him, to his great displeasure, with much abuse. At this moment two archers belonging to lord Ralph Stafford came thither, who took up the quarrel of sir Meles because he was a stranger: they blamed the squires for their language, and added: "You have used this knight very ill by thus quarrelling with him, for you know he is attached to the queen and from her country: you would have done better to have assisted him than to act thus." "Indeed!" replied one of the squires to the archer who had first spoken, "thou villainous knave, thou wantest to intermeddle: what is it to thee if I laugh at his follies?" "What is it to me!" answered the archer; "it concerns me enough, for he is the companion of my master; and I will never remain quiet to see or hear him abused." "If I thought, knave," said the squire, "thou wouldest aid him against me, I would thrust my sword through thy body." As he uttered these words, he made an attempt to strike him: the archer drew back, and having his bow ready bent, with a good arrow, let fly, and shot him through the body and heart, so that he fell down dead. The other squire, when he saw his companion fall, ran away. Sir Meles had before returned to his lodgings, and the two archers returned to their lord, and related

to him what had happened. Lord Ralph, when he had heard the whole, said, "You have behaved very ill." "By my troth," replied the archer, "I could not have acted otherwise, if I had not wished to have been killed myself, and I had much rather he should die than that I should." "Well," said lord Ralph, "go and get out of sight, that thou mayest not be found: I will negotiate thy pardon with sir John Holland, either through my lord and father, or by some other means." The archer replied, "he would cheerfully obey him."

News was carried to sir John Holland that one of sir Ralph Stafford's archers had murdered his favourite squire; and that it had happened through the fault of the foreign knight, sir Meles. Sir John, on hearing it, was like a madman, and said he would neither eat nor drink until he had revenged it. He instantly mounted his horse, ordering his men to do the same, though it was now very late, and, having gained the fields, he inquired for the lodgings of sir Meles: he was told that he was lodged at the rear-guard with the earl of Devonshire and the earl of Stafford, and with their people. Sir John Holland took that road, riding up and down to find sir Meles. As he was thus riding along a very narrow lane, he met the lord Ralph Stafford; but, being night, they could not distinguish each other. He called out, "Who comes here?" He was answered, "I am Stafford;" "And I am Holland." Then sir John added, "Stafford, I was inquiring after you. Thy servants have murdered my squire whom I loved so much." On saying this, he drew his sword and struck lord Ralph such a blow as felled him dead, which was a great pity. Sir John continued his road, but knew not then that he had killed him, though he was well aware he had stricken him down. The servants of the lord Ralph were exceedingly wroth, as was natural, on seeing their master dead: they began to cry out, "Holland, you have murdered the son of the earl of Stafford: heavy will this news be to the father when he shall know it."

Some of the attendants of sir John Holland, hearing these words, said to their master, "My lord, you have slain the lord Ralph Stafford." "Be it so," replied sir John. "I had rather

have put him to death than one of less rank; for by this I have the better revenged the loss of my squire." Sir John hastened to Beverley, to take advantage of the sanctuary of St. John's church, whither he went, and did not quit the sanctuary; for he well knew he should have much trouble in the army from the affection it bore lord Ralph, and he was uncertain what his brother the king of England would say to it. To avoid, therefore, all these perils, he shut himself up in the sanctuary.

News was carried to the earl of Stafford that his son had been unfortunately killed. The earl asked who had done it. They told him, "Sir John Holland, the king's brother," and related why, and wherefore. You may suppose that the father, having only one beloved son, who was a young, handsome, and accomplished knight, was beyond measure enraged. He sent for all his friends, to have their advice how he ought to act to revenge this loss. The wisest and most temperate did all they could to calm him, adding, that on the morrow the fact should be laid before the king, and he should be required to see law and justice put in force.

Thus passed the night. In the morning, the lord Ralph Stafford was buried in the church of a village near the spot where he fell: he was attended by all the barons, knights, and squires related to him that were in the army. After the funeral, the earl of Stafford with full sixty of his own relations, and others connected with his son, mounted their horses, and went to the king, who had already received information of this unfortunate event. They found the king attended by his uncles and many knights. When the earl approached, he cast himself on his knees, and thus spoke with tears and anguish of heart: "Thou art king of all England, and hast solemnly sworn to maintain the realm in its rights, and to do justice. Thou art well acquainted how thy brother, without the slightest reason, has murdered my son and heir. I therefore come and demand justice: otherwise thou wilt not have a worse enemy than me. I must likewise inform thee, my son's death affects me so bitterly, that if I were not fearful of breaking up this expedition by the trouble and confusion I should make in the army, and the

defections it would cause, by my honour, it should be revenged in so severe a manner that it should be talked of in England a hundred years to come. For the present, however, and during this expedition to Scotland, I shall not think of it; for I like not the Scots be rejoiced at the misery of the earl of Stafford." The king replied, "Be assured I myself will do justice, and punish the crime more severely than the barons would venture to do; and never for any brother will I act otherwise." The earl of Stafford and his relations answered, "Sir, you have well spoken, and we thank you." Thus were the relations of lord Ralph Stafford appeased. He performed the expedition to Scotland, as I shall relate to you; and, during that whole time, the earl of Stafford seemed to have forgotten the death of his son, in which conduct, all the barons thought he showed great wisdom.

The army of the king of England, which consisted of seven thousand men-at-arms and sixty thousand archers, kept advancing: none had remained behind, for it had been confidently reported through England that sir John de Vienne would give them battle. Indeed, such were his intentions, and he had in a manner told this to the barons of Scotland, when he said, "My lords, make your army as considerable as you can; for, if the English come as far as Scotland, I will offer them combat." The Scots replied, "God assist us!" but they afterwards changed their mind.

The king and his army advanced beyond Durham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and through Northumberland to Berwick, of which sir Matthew Redman was governor. He received him with all due respect; but the king did not stay there long: he continued his march, and the whole army crossed the river Tweed, which comes from Roxburgh and the mountains in Northumberland, and took up his quarters in the abbey of Melrose. This monastery, in all the preceding wars of England and Scotland, had been spared, but it was now burnt and destroyed; for it had been determined by the English to ruin everything in Scotland before they returned home, because the Scots had allied themselves with the French.

The admiral of France, on learning that the king of England and his army had crossed the Tyne and Tweed, and were now at Lambir Law, said to the Scottish barons, "Why do we remain here, and not reconnoitre our enemies to fight them? You told us before we came into this country, that if you had a thousand, or thereabouts, of good men-at-arms from France, you would be sufficiently strong to combat the English. I will warrant you have now a thousand, if not more, and five hundred cross-bows; and I must tell you that the knights and squires who have accompanied me are determined men-at-arms, the flower of knighthood, who will not fly, but abide the event, such as God may please to order it." The barons of Scotland, who well knew the strength of the English army, and had not any desire of meeting it, answered, "Faith, my lord, we are convinced that you and your companions are men of valour, and to be depended on; but we understand that all England is on its march to Scotland, and the English were never in such force as at present. We will conduct you to a place from whence you may view and consider them: and if, after this, you should advise a battle, we will not refuse it, for what you have repeated as having been said by us is true." "By God, then," said the admiral, "I will have a battle."

Not long afterwards, the earl of Douglas and the other Scots barons carried the admiral of France to a high mountain, at the bottom of which was a pass through which the English would be forced to march with their baggage. From this mountain, where the admiral was stationed, with many of the French knights, they clearly saw the English army, and estimated it, as nearly as they could, at six thousand men-at-arms, sixty thousand archers and stout varlets. They allowed they were not in sufficient force to meet them in battle, for the Scots were not more than one thousand lances, with about thirty thousand others badly armed. The admiral said to the earls of Douglas and Moray, "You were in the right in not wishing to fight the English; but let us consider what must be done, for they are numerous enough to overrun your whole country and ruin it. Since we are not able to combat them, I request

you will lead us by unfrequented roads into England, and let us carry the war into their own country, as they have done here, if such an enterprise may be practicable." The barons told him it was very practicable.

Sir John de Vienne and the Scots barons resolved in council, to quit that part of the country and suffer the English to act as they pleased in it, and to make an inroad on Cumberland, near Carlisle, where they should find a plentiful country, and amply revenge themselves. This resolution was adopted. They marched their men in an opposite direction to the English, through forest and over mountains, and laid waste the whole country on their line, burning towns, villages, and houses. The inhabitants of Scotland carried their provisions to their retreats in the forests, where they knew the English would never seek for them. The Scots barons marched hastily through their own country; and the king, not being well enough in health to accompany them, retired into the highlands, where he remained during the war, and left his subjects to act as well as they could. The French and Scots passed the mountains which divide Cumberland from Scotland, and entered England, when they began to burn the country and villages, and to commit great devastations on the lands of Mowbray, belonging to the earl of Nottingham, on those of the earl of Stafford, as well as on the lands of the baron of Grisop, and of the lord Musgrave, and then continued their march to Carlisle.

While the admiral of France and those with him, such as the count de Grand Pré, the lord de Sainte Croix, sir Geoffry de Charny, sir William de Breune, sir James de Boenne, the lords de Peigny, de Hees, de Marnel, sir Valeran de Rayneval, the baron d'Ivry, the baron de Fontaines, the lord de Croy, sir Braque de Bracequemont, the lord de Lendury, amounting to a thousand lances at least, of barons and knights of France, with the lords of Scotland and their army, were thus overrunning the northern parts of England, burning and destroying the towns, houses, and country, the king of England, with his uncles, barons, and knights, had entered Scotland, wasting the country as they advanced. The English had quartered themselves at

Edinburgh, where the king remained for five days. On their departure, everything was completely burnt to the ground except the castle, which was very strong and well guarded.

During the residence of king Richard at Edinburgh, the English overran the whole country in the neighbourhood, and did great mischief; but they found none of the inhabitants, for they had retreated into forts and thick forests, whither they had driven all their cattle. In the king's army there were upwards of one hundred thousand men, and as many horses: of course, great quantities of provisions were wanted; but, as they found none in Scotland, many stores followed them from England by sea and land. When the king and his lords left Edinburgh they went to Dunfermline, a tolerably handsome town, where is a large and fair abbey of black monks, in which the kings of Scotland have been accustomed to be buried. The king was lodged in the abbey, but after his departure the army seized it, and burnt both that and the town. They marched towards Stirling and crossed the river Tay, which runs by Perth. They made a grand attack on the castle of Stirling, but did not conquer it, and had a number of their men killed and wounded: they then marched away, burning the town and the lands of the lord de Versey.

The intention of the duke of Lancaster and of his brothers, as well as of several knights and squires, was to lay waste all Scotland, and then pursue the French and Scots (for they had had information of their march to Carlisle), and by this means enclose them between England and Scotland, so that they should have such advantage over them, not one would return, but all should be slain, or made prisoners. In the meantime, their army overran the country at their pleasure, for none ventured to oppose them, the kingdom being void of defence, as the men-at-arms had all followed the admiral of France. The English burnt the town of Perth, which is on the banks of the Tay, and has a good harbour, from whence vessels may sail to all parts of the world. They afterwards burnt Dundee, and the English spared neither monasteries nor churches, but put all to fire and flame. The light troops of the English, and the vanguard,

advanced as far as the city of Bredane, which is situated on the sea, at the entrance into the highlands, but they did no harm to it, though the inhabitants were exceedingly alarmed, supposing they should be attacked, and that the king of England was coming.

Just in the same manner as the English conducted themselves in Scotland, did the French and Scots in Cumberland, and on the borders of England, where they burnt and destroyed large tracts of country. They entered Westmorland, passing through the lands of Greystock, and of the baron Clifford, and burnt on their march several large villages where no men-at-arms had before been. They met with no opposition, as the country was drained, for all men-at-arms were with the king in his expedition. They came at length before Carlisle, which is well enclosed with walls, towers, gates, and ditches: king Arthur formerly resided here more than elsewhere, on account of the fine woods which surround it, and for the grand adventures of arms which had happened near it.

There were in the city of Carlisle, sir Lewis Clifford, brother to sir William Neville, sir Thomas Musgrave and his son, David Hollgrave, the earl of Angus, and several others from that neighbourhood; for Carlisle is the capital of that part of the country, and it was fortunate to have such men to defend it. When the admiral of France and his army arrived, he made a very severe attack with ordnance, which lasted some time, but there were within those capable of making a good defence, so that many handsome feats of arms were performed before Carlisle.

The king's uncles and the other lords supposed the admiral of France and the Scots would continue their march, and that they would do as much mischief as they could on the borders and in Cumberland. They therefore thought they could not do better, when their stores were all arrived, than to follow their line of march until they should overtake and fight them; for, as they could not any way escape, they must be attacked to a disadvantage. Of this opinion was the duke of Lancaster, his brothers, several of the nobles of the realm, and the greater

part of the army. Their stores were now all arrived by sea or land, and the king had, in the presence of his uncles, ordered this plan to be adopted. But in one night, Michael de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, who at that time was the heart and sole council of the king, and in whom he placed his whole confidence, undid the whole business. I know not what his intentions were for so doing; but I heard afterwards, he should say to the king, "Ah, ah, my lord, what are you thinking of? You intend then to follow the plan your uncles have devised. Know, that if ye do so, you will never return, for the duke of Lancaster wishes for nothing more earnestly than your death, that he may be king. How could he dare advise your entering such a country in the winter? I would recommend you not to cross the Cumberland mountains, where are thirty passes so narrow, that if once you be enclosed within them, you will run into the greatest danger from the Scots. Never engage in such a perilous expedition, whatever they may say to you; and if the duke of Lancaster be so desirous to go thither, let him, with that division of the army under his command: for never, with my consent, shall you undertake it. You have done enough for one time: neither your father, nor your grandfather Edward, have been so far in Scotland as you have now been. This, I say, should satisfy you. Take care of your own person, you are young and promising; and there are those who profess much, but who little love you."

These words made so strong an impression on the king, he could never get them out of his head, as I shall hereafter relate. On the morrow morning, when the lords of England were preparing for their march towards Carlisle, in search of the French, and to fight with them, as had been resolved in council the preceding night, the duke of Lancaster waited on the king, ignorant of what had passed between his nephew and lord Suffolk. When the king saw him, being peevish and choleric from the preceding conversation, he said, harshly: "Uncle, uncle of Lancaster, you shall not yet succeed in your plans. Do you think that, for your fine speeches, we will madly ruin ourselves? I will no longer put my faith in you nor in

your councils, for I see in them more loss than profit, both in regard to your own honour and to that of our people : therefore, if you be desirous of undertaking this march, which you have advised, do so, but I will not, for I shall return to England, and all those who love me will follow me." "And I will follow you," replied the duke of Lancaster : "for there is not a man in your company who loves you so well as I do, and my brothers also. Should any other person, excepting yourself, dare say the contrary, or that I wish otherwise than well to you and to your people, I will throw him my glove." No answer was made by any one. The king was silent on the subject. He only spoke to those who served him, on different matters, and then gave orders for returning to England by the way they had come. The duke left the king quite melancholy, and went to make other preparations ; for he had concluded they were to pursue the French and Scots who had advanced beyond the borders ; but, as this was altered, they took the direct road to England.

Thus did the earl of Suffolk, who governed the king, break up this expedition. Some lords said the king had been badly advised not to pursue the Scots, as they had all their stores with them, and it was still in their way home. Others, afraid of the difficulties, said that, considering all things, as well the quantity of provision necessary for so large an army, as the hardships they would be exposed to in the winter season, when crossing the Cumberland mountains, they might lose more than they could gain. Thus were affairs managed. The English army returned, with the king and barons, by the way they had entered Scotland, but not before they had destroyed the greater part of that country.

News was brought to the admiral of France that the English were retreating homeward. They called a council to determine how to act, when it was resolved that, as their provision began to fail, they would return to Scotland, for they were now in a poor country, having ruined all around Carlisle, and the lands of lord Clifford, lord Mowbray, and the bishop of Carlisle ; but the city of Carlisle they could not conquer. The French said among themselves, they had burnt in the bishoprics of Durham

and Carlisle more than the value of all the towns in the kingdom of Scotland. The French and Scots marched back the way they had come. When arrived in the lowlands, they found the whole country ruined ; but the people of the country made light of it, saying, that with six or eight stakes they would soon have new houses, and find cattle enow for provision ; for the Scots had driven them for security to the forests. You must, however, know that whatever the French wanted to buy, they were made to pay very dear for ; and it was fortunate the French and Scots did not quarrel with each other seriously, as there were frequent riots on account of provision. The Scots said the French had done them more mischief than the English : and when asked, “In what manner ?” they replied, “by riding through their corn, oats, and barley, on their march, which they trod under foot, not condescending to follow the roads, for which damages they would have a recompense before they left Scotland : and they should neither find vessel nor mariner who would dare to put to sea without their permission.” Many knights and squires complained of the timber they had cut down, and of the waste they had committed to lodge themselves.

When the admiral, with his barons, knights, and squires, were returned to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, they suffered much from famine, as they could scarcely procure provision for their money. They had but little wine, beer, barley, bread, or oats : their horses, therefore, perished from hunger, or were ruined through fatigue ; and, when they wished to dispose of them, they could not find a purchaser who would give them a groat either for their horses or housings. These lords remonstrated with their commander on the manner in which they were treated, a circumstance well known to himself. They said, “they could not longer endure such difficulties, for Scotland was not a country to encamp in during the winter ; and that, if they were to remain the ensuing summer, they should soon die of poverty. If they were to spread themselves over the country, to better their condition, they were doubtful if the Scots, who had so villainously treated their foragers, would not murder them in their beds, when they should be divided.”

The admiral, having fully weighed what they said, saw clearly they were justified in thus remonstrating; notwithstanding, he had intentions of wintering there, and of sending an account of his situation to the king of France and duke of Burgundy, who, as the admiral imagined, would hasten to him reinforcements of stores, provision, and money, with which, in the course of the summer, he would be enabled to carry on an advantageous war against the English. But having considered how ill intentioned the Scots were, and the danger his men were in, as well as himself, he gave permission for all those who chose to depart. But how to depart was the difficulty, for the barons could not obtain any vessels for themselves and men. The Scots were willing that a few poor knights who had no great command should leave the country, that they might the easier govern the rest. They told the barons of France "that their dependants, when they pleased, might depart, but that they themselves should not quit the country until they had made satisfaction for the sums that had been expended for the use of their army."

This declaration was very disagreeable to sir John Vienne and the other French barons. The earls of Douglas and Moray, who pretended to be exasperated at the harsh conduct of their countrymen, remonstrated with them, that they did not act becoming men-at-arms, nor as friends to the kingdom of France, by this behaviour to its knights: and that henceforward no Scots knight would dare to set his foot in France. These two earls, who were friendly enough to the French barons, pointed out the probable effect their conduct would have on their vassals; but some replied, "Do dissemble with them, for you have lost as much as we." They therefore told the admiral they could not do anything for him: and, if they were so anxious about quitting Scotland, they must consent to make good their damages. The admiral, seeing nothing better could be done, and unwilling to lose all, for he found himself very uncomfortable, surrounded by the sea, and the Scots of a savage disposition, acceded to their proposals, and had proclaimed through the realm, that all those whom his people had injured, and who could show just cause for amends being made them,

should bring them their demands to the admiral of France, when they would be fully paid. This proclamation softened the minds of the people; and the admiral took every debt on himself, declaring he would never leave the country until everything were completely paid and satisfied.

Upon this many knights and squires obtained a passage to France, and returned through Flanders, or wherever they could land, famished, and without arms or horses, cursing Scotland, and the hour they had set foot there. They said they had never suffered so much in any expedition, and wished the king of France would make a truce with the English for two or three years, and then march to Scotland and utterly destroy it: for never had they seen such wicked people, nor such ignorant hypocrites and traitors. The admiral wrote to the king of France and duke of Burgundy, by those who first returned, a full state of his situation, and how the Scots had acted towards him: that if they wished to have him back, they must send him the full amount he had engaged to pay the Scots, and for which he had bounden himself to the knights and squires of Scotland: for the Scots had declared that they had at this time made war for the king of France and not for themselves; and that the damages which the French had committed must be satisfied before they would be allowed to return, which he had promised and sworn to perform to the barons of Scotland.

It was incumbent on the king of France, the duke of Burgundy, and their councils, to redeem the admiral, for they had sent him thither. They had the money instantly raised, and deposited in the town of Bruges, so that the whole demand of the Scots was paid to their satisfaction. The admiral left Scotland when he had thus amicably settled matters, for otherwise he could not have done it; and, taking leave of the king, who was in the highlands, and of the earls of Douglas and Moray, was attended by them to the sea-shore. He embarked at Edinburgh, and, having a favourable wind, landed at Sluys in Flanders. Some of his knights and squires did not follow the same road, as they were desirous of seeing other countries beside Scotland, and went into different parts; but the greater number returned to

France, and were so poor they knew not how to remount themselves : especially those from Burgundy, Champagne, Bar, and Lorrain, who seized the labouring horses wherever they found them in the fields.

The young king of France, and the Duke of Burgundy, feasted the admiral splendidly on his return, as was but just. They made many inquiries respecting the situation of the king and barons of Scotland. He told them “the Scots would naturally incline to the English, for they were jealous of foreigners ; and added, that as God may help him, he would rather be count of Savoy or of Artois, or some such country, than king of Scotland : that he had seen the whole force of that country assembled together, as the Scots had assured him, but there were never more than five hundred knights and squires together, and about thirty thousand other men, who would be unable to withstand the English archers, or a thousand men-at-arms.” The admiral was asked, “if he had seen the English army.” He replied, he had ; “for when I saw the manner in which the Scots fled from the English, I requested they would lead me to a place whence I might see and consider them. They did so, and I saw them pass through a defile, to the amount of sixty thousand archers, and six or seven thousand men-at-arms. The Scots said, ‘that this was the whole strength of England, for none had remained behind.’” The company paused a little, and said, “Sixty thousand archers and six or seven thousand men-at-arms is a great force.” “They may be as many as that,” said the constable of France ; “but I would rather combat the whole of them in their own country than one-half on this side the water, for this was the doctrine my master taught me in my youth.” “By my faith, constable,” replied Sir John de Vienne, “if you had been there with a good command of men-at-arms and Genoese, as I proposed, and as it was agreed on when I undertook this expedition, we would have engaged them when in Scotland, or destroyed them from want of provision.”

THE COURT OF THE COUNT DE FOIX, THE CRUEL DEATH
OF HIS ONLY SON, AND THE STRANGE DREAMS THAT
AFFECT SIR PETER DE BEARN, BASTARD BROTHER TO
THE COUNT.

On the morrow we set out, and dined at Montgerbal, when having remounted, and drank a cup at Ercie, we arrived by sunset at Orthès. The knight dismounted at his own house: and I did the same at the hotel of the Moon, kept by a squire of the count, called Ernauton du Pin, who received me with much pleasure on account of my being a Frenchman. Sir Espaign du Lyon, who had accompanied me, went to the castle to speak with the count on his affairs: he found him in his gallery, for a little before that hour he had dined. It was a custom with the count, which he had followed from his infancy, to rise at noon and sup at midnight.

The knight informed him of my arrival, and I was instantly sent for; for he is a lord above all others who delights to see strangers, in order to hear news. On my entering he received me handsomely, and retained me of his household, where I stayed upwards of twelve weeks well entertained, as were my horses. Our acquaintance was strengthened by my having brought with me a book which I had made at the desire of Wenceslaus of Bohemia, duke of Luxembourg and Brabant. In this book, called *le Méliador*, are contained all the songs, ballads, roundelays and virelays which that gentle duke had composed, and of them I had made this collection. Every night after supper I read out to him parts: during which time neither he nor any one else spoke, for he was desirous I should be well heard, and took much delight in it. When any passages were not perfectly clear, he himself discussed them with me, not in his Gascon language, but in very good French.

I shall relate to you several things respecting him and his household, for I tarried there as long as I could gain any information. Count Gaston Phœbus de Foix, of whom I am now speaking, was at that time fifty-nine years old; and I must say,

that although I have seen very many knights, kings, princes, and others, I have never seen any so handsome, either in the form of his limbs and shape, or in countenance, which was fair and ruddy, with grey and amorous eyes, that gave delight whenever he chose to express affection. He was so perfectly formed, one could not praise him too much. He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it was becoming him so to hate. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He had never any men of abandoned character with him, reigned prudently, and was constant in his devotions. There were regular nocturnals from the Psalter, prayers from the rituals to the Virgin, to the Holy Ghost, and from the burial service. He had every day distributed as alms, at his gate, five florins in small coin, to all-comers. He was liberal and courteous in his gifts; and well knew how to take when it was proper, and to give back where he had confidence. He mightily loved dogs above all other animals; and during the summer and winter amused himself much with hunting. He never liked any foolish works nor ridiculous extravagancies; and would know every month the amount of his expenditure. He chose from his own subjects twelve of the most able to receive and administer his finances: two of them had the management for two months, when they were changed for two others; and from them he selected one as comptroller, in whom he placed his greatest confidence, and to whom all the others rendered their accounts. This comptroller accounted by rolls or written books, which were laid before the count. He had certain coffers in his apartment, from whence he took money to give to different knights, squires, or gentlemen, when they came to wait on him, for none ever left him without a gift; and these sums he continually increased, in order to be prepared for any event that might happen. He was easy of access to all, and entered very freely into discourse, though laconic in his advice and in his answers. He employed four secretaries to write and copy his letters; and these secretaries were obliged to be in readiness the moment he came out from his closet. He called them neither John, Walter, nor William, but his good-for-nothings,

to whom he gave his letters after he had read them, either to copy, or to do anything else he might command.

In such manner did the count de Foix live. When he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a large lighted torch before him, which were placed near his table and gave a brilliant light to the apartment. The hall was full of knights and squires; and there were plenty of tables laid out for any person who chose to sup. No one spoke to him at his table, unless he first began a conversation. He commonly ate heartily of poultry, but only the wings and thighs; for in the daytime he neither ate nor drank much. He had great pleasure in hearing minstrels, as he himself was a proficient in the science, and made his secretaries sing songs, ballads, and roundelayes. He remained at table about two hours; and was pleased when fanciful dishes were served up to him, which having seen, he immediately sent them to the tables of his knights and squires.

In short, everything considered, though I had before been in several courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts, and noble ladies, I was never at one which pleased me more, nor was I ever more delighted with feats of arms, than at this of the count de Foix. There were knights and squires to be seen in every chamber, hall, and court, going backwards and forwards, and conversing on arms and amours. Everything honourable was there to be found. All intelligence from distant countries was there to be learnt; for the gallantry of the count had brought visitors from all parts of the world. It was there I was informed of the greater part of those events which had happened in Spain, Portugal, Arragon, Navarre, England, Scotland, and on the borders of Languedoc; for I saw, during my residence, knights and squires arrive from every nation. I therefore made inquiries from them, or from the count himself, who cheerfully conversed with me.

I was very anxious to know, seeing the hotel of the count so spacious and so amply supplied, what was become of his son Gaston, and by what accident he had died, for sir Espaign du Lyon would never satisfy my curiosity. I made so many

inquiries, that at last an old and intelligent squire informed me. He thus began his tale:—

"It is well known that the count and countess de Foix are not on good terms with each other, nor have they been so for a long time. This dissension arose from the king of Navarre, who is the lady's brother. The king of Navarre had offered to pledge himself for the lord d'Albreth, whom the count de Foix held in prison, in the sum of fifty thousand francs. The count de Foix, knowing the king of Navarre to be crafty and faithless, would not accept his security, which piqued the countess, and raised her indignation against her husband: she said, 'My lord, you show but little confidence in the honour of my brother, the king of Navarre, when you will not trust him for fifty thousand francs: if you never gain more from the Armagnacs and Labrissiens than you have done, you ought to be contented: you know that you are to assign over my dower, which amounts to fifty thousand francs, into the hands of my brother: therefore you cannot run any risk for the repayment.' 'Lady, you say truly,' replied the count; 'but, if I thought the king of Navarre would stop the payment for that cause, the lord d'Albreth should never leave Orthès until he had paid me the utmost farthing. Since, however, you entreat it, it shall be done, not out of love to you, but out of affection to my son.' Upon this, and from the assurance of the king of Navarre, who acknowledged himself debtor to the count de Foix, the lord d'Albreth recovered his liberty; he turned to the French interest, and married the sister of the duke of Bourbon. He paid, at his convenience, to the king of Navarre the sum of fifty thousand francs, according to his obligation; but that king never repaid them to the count de Foix.

"The count on this said to his wife, 'Lady, you must go to your brother in Navarre, and tell him that I am very ill satisfied with him for withholding from me the sum he has received on my account.' The lady replied, she would cheerfully go thither, and set out from Orthès with her attendants. On her arrival at Pampeluna, her brother, the king of Navarre, received her with much joy. The lady punctually delivered her message, which

when the king had heard, he replied, ‘ My fair sister, the money is yours, as your dower from the count de Foix; and, since I have possession of it, it shall never go out of the kingdom of Navarre.’ ‘ Ah, my lord,’ replied the lady, ‘ you will by this create a great hatred between the count de Foix and me; and, if you persist in this resolution, I shall never dare return, for my lord will put me to death for having deceived him.’ ‘ I cannot say,’ answered the king, who was unwilling to let such a sum go out of his hands, ‘ how you should act, whether to remain or return; but as I have possession of the money, and it is my right to keep it for you, it shall never leave Navarre.’

“ The countess de Foix, not being able to obtain any other answer, remained in Navarre, not daring to return home. The count de Foix, perceiving the malice of the king of Navarre, began to detest his wife, though she was no way to blame, for not returning after she had delivered his message. In truth, she was afraid; for she knew her husband to be cruel when displeased with any one. Thus things remained. Gaston, the son of my lord, grew up and became a fine young gentleman. He was married to the daughter of the count d’Armagnac, sister to the present count and to sir Bernard d’Armagnac; and by this union peace was ensured between Foix and Armagnac. The youth might be about fifteen or sixteen years old: he was a very handsome figure, and the exact resemblance to his father in his whole form.

“ He took it into his head to make a journey into Navarre, to visit his mother and uncle; but it was an unfortunate journey for him and for this country. On his arrival in Navarre, he was splendidly entertained: and he stayed some time with his mother. On taking leave, he could not prevail on her, notwithstanding his remonstrances and entreaties, to accompany him back; for, the lady having asked if the count de Foix his father had ordered him to bring her back, he replied, that when he set out, no such orders had been given, which caused her to fear trusting herself with him. She therefore remained, and the heir of Foix went to Pampeluna to take leave of his uncle. The king entertained him well, and detained him upwards of

ten days: on his departure he made him handsome presents, and did the same by his attendants. The last gift the king gave him was the cause of his death, and I will tell you how it happened. As the youth was on the point of setting out, the king took him privately into his chamber, and gave him a bag full of powder, which was of such pernicious quality as would cause the death of any one that ate of it. ‘Gaston, my fair nephew,’ said the king, ‘will you do what I am about to tell you? You see how unjustly the count de Foix hates your mother, who being my sister, it displeases me as much as it should you. If you wish to reconcile your father to your mother, you must take a small pinch of this powder, and when you see a proper opportunity, strew it over the meat destined for your father’s table; but take care no one sees you. The instant he shall have tasted it, he will be impatient for his wife, your mother, to return to him; and they will love each other henceforward so strongly they will never again be separated. You ought to be anxious to see this accomplished. Do not tell it to any one: for, if you do, it will lose its effect.’ The youth, who believed everything his uncle the king of Navarre had told him, replied, he would cheerfully do as he had said; and on this he departed from Pampeluna, on his return to Orthès. His father, the count de Foix, received him with pleasure, and asked what was the news in Navarre, and what presents and jewels had been given him; he replied, ‘Very handsome ones,’ and showed them all, except the bag which contained the powder.

“It was customary, in the hotel de Foix, for Gaston and his bastard brother Evan to sleep in the same chamber: they mutually loved each other and were dressed alike, for they were nearly of the same size and age. It fell out, that their clothes were once mixed together; and, the coat of Gaston being on the bed, Evan, who was malicious enough, noticing the powder in the bag, said to Gaston, ‘What is this that you wear every day on your breast?’ Gaston was not pleased at the question, and replied, ‘Give me back my coat, Evan: you have nothing to do with it.’ Evan flung him his coat, which Gaston put on, but was very pensive the whole day. Three days after, as if

God was desirous of saving the life of the count de Foix, Gaston quarrelled with Evan at tennis, and gave him a box on the ear. The boy was vexed at this, and ran crying to the apartment of the count, who had just heard mass. The count, on seeing him in tears, asked what was the matter. ‘In God’s name, my lord, replied Evan, ‘Gaston has beaten me, but he deserves beating much more than I do.’ ‘For what reason?’ said the count, who began to have some suspicions. ‘On my faith,’ said Evan, ‘ever since his return from Navarre, he wears on his breast a bag of powder: I know not of what use it can be of, nor what he intends to do with it; except that he has once or twice told me, his mother would soon return hither, and be more in your good graces than ever she was.’ ‘Ho,’ said the count, ‘hold thy tongue, and be sure thou do not mention what thou hast just told me to any man breathing.’ ‘My lord,’ replied the youth, ‘I will obey you.’ The count de Foix was very thoughtful on this subject, and remained alone until dinner-time, when he rose up, and seated himself as usual at his table in the hall. His son Gaston always placed the dishes before him, and tasted the meats. As soon as he had served the first dish, and done what was usual, the count cast his eyes on him, having formed his plan, and saw the strings of the bag hanging from his pour-point. This sight made his blood boil, and he said, ‘Gaston, come hither: I want to whisper you something.’ The youth advanced to the table, when the count, opening his bosom, undid his pour-point, and with his knife cut away the bag. The young man was thunderstruck, and said not a word, but turned pale with fear, and began to tremble exceedingly, for he was conscious he had done wrong. The count opened the bag, took some of the powder, which he strewed over a slice of bread, and, calling a dog to him, gave it him to eat. The instant the dog had eaten a morsel his eyes rolled round in his head, and he died. The count on this was very wroth, and indeed had reason: rising from table, he would have struck his son with a knife; but the knights and squires rushed in between them, saying, ‘For God’s sake, my lord, do not be too hasty, but make further inquiries before you do any ill to your son.’ The first words the count

uttered were in Gascon; ‘Ho, Gaston, thou traitor! for thee, and to increase thy inheritance which would have come to thee, have I made war, and incurred the hatred of the kings of France, England, Spain, Navarre, and Arragon, and have borne myself gallantly against them, and thou wishest to murder me! Thy disposition must be infamously bad: know therefore thou shalt die with this blow.’ And leaping over the table with a knife in his hand, he would have slain him: but the knights and squires again interceded, and on their knees said to him with tears, ‘Ah, ah! my lord, for Heaven’s sake, do not kill Gaston: you have no other child. Let him be confined and inquire further into the business. Perhaps he was ignorant what was in the bag, and may therefore be blameless.’ ‘Well,’ replied the count, ‘let him be confined in the dungeon, but so safely guarded that he may be forthcoming.’ The youth was therefore confined in this tower. The count had many of those who served his son arrested, but not all; for several escaped out of the country: in particular, the bishop of Lescar, who was much suspected, as were several others. He put to death not less than fifteen, after they had suffered the torture: and the reason he gave was, that it was impossible but they must have been acquainted with the secrets of his son, and they ought to have informed him by saying, ‘My lord, Gaston wears constantly on his breast a bag of such and such a form.’ This they did not do, and suffered a terrible death for it; which was a pity, for there were not in all Gascony such handsome or well-appointed squires. The household of the count de Foix was always splendidly established.

“This business went to the heart of the count, as he plainly showed; for he assembled at Orthès all the nobles and prelates of Foix and Béarn, and others the principal persons of the country. When they were met, he informed them of the cause of his calling them together, and told them how culpable he had found Gaston; insomuch that it was his intention he should be put to death, as he thought him deserving of it. They unanimously replied to this speech, ‘My lord, saving your grace’s favour, we will not that Gaston be put to death: he is your heir

and you have none other.' When the count thus heard his subjects declare their sentiments in favour of his son, he hesitated, and thought he might sufficiently chastise him by two or three months' confinement, when he would send him on his travels for a few years until his ill-conduct should be forgotten, and he feel grateful for the lenity of his punishment. He therefore dissolved the meeting; but those of Foix would not quit Orthès until the count had assured them Gaston should not be put to death, so great was their affection to him. He complied with their request, but said he would keep him some time in prison. On this promise, those who had been assembled departed, and Gaston remained a prisoner in Orthès. News of this was spread far and near, and reached pope Gregory XI., who resided at Avignon: he sent instantly the cardinal of Amiens, as his legate, to Béarn, to accommodate this affair; but he had scarcely travelled as far as Beziers, when he heard he had no need to continue his journey, for that Gaston the son of the count de Foix was dead. I will tell you the cause of his death, since I have said so much on the subject. The count de Foix had caused him to be confined in a room of the dungeon where was little light: there he remained for ten days. He scarcely ate or drank anything of the food which was regularly brought to him, but threw it aside. It is said, that after his death, all the meat was found untouched, so that it is marvellous how he could have lived so long. The count would not permit any one to remain in the chamber to advise or comfort him: he therefore never put off the clothes he had on when he entered his prison. This made him melancholy and vexed him, for he did not expect so much harshness: he therefore cursed the hour he was born, and lamented that he should come to such an end. On the day of his death, those who brought him food said, 'Gaston, here is meat for you.' He paid not any attention to it, but said, 'Put it down.' The person who served him, looking about, saw all the meat untouched that he had brought thither the last days: then, shutting the door, he went to the count and said, 'My lord, for God's sake, look to your son: he is starving himself in his prison. I do not believe he has eaten anything

since his confinement: for I see all that I have carried to him lying on one side untouched.' On hearing this, the count was enraged, and, without saying a word, left his apartment and went to the prison of his son. In an evil hour, he had in his hand a knife, with which he had been paring and cleaning his nails, he held it by the blade so closely that scarcely the thickness of a groat appeared of the point, when, pushing aside the tapestry that covered the entrance of the prison, through ill luck, he hit his son on a vein of his throat, as he uttered, 'Ha, traitor, why dost not thou eat?' and instantly left the room, without saying or doing anything more. The youth was much frightened at his father's arrival, and withal exceedingly weak from fasting. The point of the knife, small as it was, cut a vein, which as soon as he felt he turned himself on one side and died. The count had barely got back again to his apartment when the attendants of his son came and said, 'My lord, Gaston is dead.' 'Dead!' cried the count. 'Yes, God help me! indeed he is, my lord.' The count would not believe it, and sent one of his knights to see. The knight, on his return, confirmed the news. The count was now bitterly affected, and cried out, 'Ha, ha, Gaston! what a sorry business has this turned out for thee and me! In an evil hour didst thou go to visit thy mother in Navarre. Never shall I again enjoy the happiness I had formerly.' He then ordered his barber to be sent for, and was shaven quite bare: he clothed himself, as well as his whole household, in black. The body of the youth was borne, with tears and lamentations, to the church of the Augustin friars at Orthès, where it was buried. Thus have I related to you the death of Gaston de Foix: his father killed him indeed, but the king of Navarre was the cause of this sad event."

My heart was much affected at this recital of the squire of Béarn relative to the death of Gaston; and I was truly sorry for the count his father, whom I found a magnificent, generous, and courteous lord, and also for the country that was discontented for want of an heir. I then took leave of the squire, after having thanked him for the pleasure his narration had given me. I saw him frequently afterwards in the hotel de

Foix, when we had always some conversation. I once asked him about sir Peter de Béarn, bastard-brother to the count, who seemed to me a knight of great valour, and if he were rich or married. "Married, indeed he is," replied he, "but neither his wife nor children live with him." "For what reason?" said I. "I will tell you," replied the squire.

"Sir Peter de Béarn has a custom, when asleep in the night-time, to rise, arm himself, draw his sword, and to begin fighting as if he were in actual combat. The chamberlains and valets who sleep in his chamber to watch him, on hearing him rise, go to him, and inform him what he is doing: of all which, he tells them, he is quite ignorant, and that they lie. Sometimes they leave neither arms nor sword in his chamber, when he makes such a noise and clatter as if all the devils in hell were there. They therefore think it best to replace the arms, and sometimes he forgets them, and remains quietly in his bed." I again asked, if he had a large fortune with his wife. "Yes, in God's name, had he," says the squire; "but the lady keeps possession of it, and enjoys the profits, except a fourth part, which sir Peter has." "And where does his lady reside?" "She lives with her cousin the king of Castille: her father was count of Biscay and cousin-german to don Pedro, who put him to death. He wanted also to lay hands on this lady, to confine her. He seized her lands, and as long as he lived she received nothing from them. It was told her, when, by the death of her father, she became countess of Biscay, 'Lady, save yourself; for if don Pedro lay hands on you, he will put you to death, or at least imprison you, for he is much enraged that you should say he strangled his queen, sister to the duke of Bourbon and the queen of France, in her bed; and your evidence is more readily believed than any other, for you were of her bed-chamber.' For this reason, the countess Florence de Biscaye quitted the country with few attendants, as one naturally wishes to fly from death, passed through Biscay and came hither, when she told my lord her history.

"The count, who is kind and affectionate to all ladies and damsels, had compassion on her, detained her at his court, and

placed her with the lady de la Karasse, a great baroness of this country, and provided her with all things suitable to her rank. Sir Peter de Béarn, his brother, was at that time a young knight, and had not then this custom of fighting in his sleep, but was much in the good graces of the count, who concluded a marriage for him with this lady, and recovered her lands from don Pedro. She has a son and daughter by sir Peter, but they are young, and with her in Castille, for she would not leave them with their father; and she has the right of enjoying the greater part of her own lands."

"Holy Mary!" said I to the squire, "how came the knight to have such fancies, that he cannot sleep quietly in bed, but must rise and skirmish about the house! this is very strange."

"By my faith," answered the squire, "they have frequently asked him, but he knows nothing about it. The first time it happened was on the night following a day when he had hunted a wonderfully large bear in the woods of Béarn. This bear had killed four of his dogs and wounded many more, so that the others were afraid of him; upon which sir Peter drew his sword of Bordeaux steel, and advanced on the bear with great rage, on account of the loss of his dogs: he combated him a long time with much bodily danger, and with great difficulty slew him, when he returned to his castle of Languedudon, in Biscay, and had the bear carried with him. Every one was astonished at the enormous size of the beast, and the courage of the knight who had attacked and slain it. When the countess of Biscay, his wife, saw the bear, she instantly fainted, and was carried to her chamber, where she continued very disconsolate all that and the following day, and would not say what ailed her. On the third day she told her husband 'she should never recover her health until she had made a pilgrimage to St. James's shrine at Compostella. Give me leave, therefore, to go thither, and to carry my son Peter and my daughter Adrienne with me: I request it of you.' Sir Peter too easily complied: she had packed up all her jewels and plate unobserved by any one; for she had resolved never to return again.

"The lady set out on her pilgrimage, and took that opportunity of visiting her cousins, the king and queen of Castille, who entertained her handsomely. She is still with them, and will neither return herself nor send her children. The same night he had hunted and killed the bear, this custom of walking in his sleep seized him. It is rumoured, the lady was afraid of something unfortunate happening, the moment she saw the bear, and this caused her fainting; for that her father once hunted this bear, and during the chase, a voice cried out, though he saw nobody, 'Thou huntest me: yet I wish thee no ill; but thou shalt die a miserable death.' The lady remembered this when she saw the bear, as well as that her father had been beheaded by don Pedro without any cause; and she maintains that something unfortunate will happen to her husband; and that what passes now is nothing to what will come to pass. I have told you the story of sir Peter de Béarn," said the squire, "in compliance with your wishes: it is a well-known fact; and what do you think of it?"

I was very pensive at the wonderful things I had heard, and replied, "I do believe everything you have said: we find in ancient authors how gods and goddesses formerly changed men into beasts, according to their pleasure, and women also into birds. This bear, therefore, might have been a knight hunting in the forest of Biscay, when he, perchance, angered some god or goddess, who changed him into a bear, to do penance, as Acteon was transformed into a stag." "Acteon!" cried the squire: "my good sir, do relate it, for I shall be very happy to listen to you." "According to ancient authors, we read that Acteon was a handsome and accomplished knight, who loved dogs and the chase above all things. He was once hunting a stag of a prodigious size: the chase lasted the whole day, when he lost his men and his hounds; but, eager in pursuing the stag, he came to a large meadow, surrounded by high trees, in which was a fountain, where the goddess of Chastity and her nymphs were bathing themselves. The knight came upon them so suddenly that they were not aware of him, and he had advanced so far he could not retreat. The

nymphs, in their fright, ran to cover their mistress, whose modesty was wounded at thus being seen naked. She viewed the knight over the heads of her attendants, and said, ‘Acteon, whoever has sent thee hither has no great love for thee : I will not, that when thou shalt go hence, thou brag of having seen me naked, as well as my nymphs ; and for the outrage thou hast committed, thou shalt perform a penance. I change thee, therefore, into the form of the stag thou hast this day hunted.’ He was instantly transformed into a stag, who naturally loves waters. Thus it may have happened with regard to the bear whose history you have told me, and the countess may have had some knowledge or some fears which at the moment she would not discover : she therefore ought to be excused for what she has done.” The squire answered, “It may perchance be so ;” and thus ended our conversation.

TROUBLES IN ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF RICHARD II.

It was reported through England that a new tax was to be levied on every fire, and that each was to pay a noble, the rich making up for the deficiencies of the poor. The king’s uncles knew this would be difficult to bring about ; and they had caused it to be spread in the principal towns how greatly the inhabitants would be oppressed by such taxes, and that, as there must remain great sums in the treasury, the people ought to insist on having an account of their expenditure from those who had the management, such as the archbishop of York, the duke of Ireland, sir Simon Burley, sir Michael de la Pole, sir Nicholas Bramber, sir Robert Tresilian, sir Peter Gouloufre, sir John Salisbury, sir John Beauchamp, and the master of the wool-staple ; and, if these would render an honest account, there would be found money enough for the present demands of the kingdom. It is a well-known maxim that no one pays willingly, or takes money from his purse, if he can avoid it. These rumours were soon spread throughout England, and especially in London, which is the chief key of the realm, so

that the people rose in rebellion, to inquire into the government of the country, for that there had not for some time been anything known concerning it.

The Londoners first addressed themselves to Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, though he was younger than the duke of York; for he was much beloved for his valour, prudence, and steadiness in business. When they were in his presence, they said, "My lord, the good city of London recommends itself to your care; and its citizens, as well as all England, entreat you would take upon you the government of the realm, and learn from those who have possessed themselves of the kingdom how it has been hitherto governed; for the common people make bitter complaints, that taxes upon taxes are continually imposed, and that the kingdom, since the coronation of the king, has been more grievously oppressed by these and other extraordinary aids, than for fifty years preceding it. No one knows how these sums have been expended, nor what is become of them. You will be pleased to inquire into this, and provide a remedy, or things will turn out ill, for the discontents of the people are very strong." The duke of Gloucester replied, "My good sirs, I have attentively listened to what you have said; but I alone can do nothing. I know you have well-founded cause of complaint, as well as the rest of England; but notwithstanding I am son to a king of England, and uncle to the present king, if I were to interfere by speaking to him, he would not attend to me; for my nephew has counsellors near his person in whom he confides more than in himself, and these counsellors lead him as they please. If you wish to succeed in having your grievances redressed, you should enter into a confederacy with the principal towns, and with some of the nobles and prelates, and come before the king, where my brother and myself will cheerfully meet you, and say to the king, 'Most dear lord, you have been crowned when very young, and have hitherto been very badly advised, nor have you attended to the affairs of your kingdom, from the mean and weak counsellors you have chosen. This has caused the mismanagement of affairs, as you must have seen; and if God, out of His mercy,

had not stretched forth His hand, the country must inevitably have been ruined. For which, most redoubted lord, we supplicate you, in the presence of your uncles, as good subjects should entreat their lord, that you attend to these matters, that the noble kingdom and crown of England, which has descended to you from the most powerful and gallant king this country ever possessed, may be supported in prosperity and honour, and the common people, who now complain, be maintained in their just rights and privileges. This you swore to perform on the day of your coronation. We also entreat that you would assemble the three estates of the realm, that they may examine into the late manner of your government. Should it have been managed in a manner becoming a person of your rank, those who have governed will acquire profit and honour, and shall remain as long as they choose, and while it may be your good pleasure, in their offices. But if those who may be appointed to examine into these matters find anything contrary to good government, they will provide a remedy by quietly dismissing from your person those who have so acted, and replacing them by others better qualified; but with your consent first had, then that of your uncles and of the prelates and barons of the realm, who will pay attention in the choice to your honour and to that of your kingdom."

"When you shall have made this remonstrance to the king," said the duke of Gloucester to the Londoners, "he will give you an answer. If he should say, 'We will consider of it,' cut the matter short, and declare you will not have any delay; and press it the more to alarm him, as well as his minions. Say, boldly, that the country will not longer suffer it; and it is wonderful they have borne it so long. My brother and myself will be with the king, and also the archbishop of Canterbury, the earls of Arundel, Salisbury, and Northumberland; but say nothing should we not be present, for we are the principal personages in England, and will second you in your remonstrance, by adding that what you require is but reasonable and just. When he shall hear us thus speak, he will not contradict us, unless he be very ill advised indeed, and will appoint a day

accordingly. This is the advice and the remedy I offer you." The Londoners replied, "My lord, you have loyally spoken; but it will be difficult for us to find the king and as many lords as you have named at one time in his presence." "Not at all," said the duke; "St. George's day will be within ten days, and the king will then be at Windsor; you may be sure the duke of Ireland and sir Simon Burley will be there also. There will be many others. My brother, myself, and the earl of Salisbury will be there. Do you come, and you will act according to circumstances."

The Londoners promised to be at Windsor on St. George's day, and left the duke of Gloucester, well pleased with their reception. When that day came, the king of England held a grand festival, as his predecessors had done before him, and, accompanied by his queen and court, went to Windsor. On the morrow, the Londoners came thither with sixty horse, and those from York and other principal towns in like numbers, and lodged themselves in the town. The king was desirous of leaving the place for another three leagues off when he heard of the arrival of the commons of England, and still more so when told they wanted to speak to him; for he dreaded greatly their remonstrances, and would not have heard them: but his uncles and the earl of Salisbury said, "My lord, you cannot depart, for they are deputed hither by all your principal towns. It is proper you hear what they have to say: you will then give them your answer, or take time to consider of it." He remained therefore, but sore against his will.

The commons were introduced to the presence, in the lower hall, without the new building, where the palace stood in former times. The king was attended by his two uncles, the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Winchester, lord chancellor, the earl of Salisbury, the earl of Northumberland, and several others of the nobility. The commons made their harangue to the king, by their spokesman, a citizen of London called Simon de Sudbury, a man of sense and oratory. He formed his speech from what the duke of Gloucester had said to them; and, as you have heard that, I need not take more notice of it. The

king, having heard it, replied, "Ye commons of England, your requests are great and important, and cannot be immediately attended to; for we shall not long remain here, nor are all our council with us; indeed, the greater part are absent. I therefore bid each of you return quietly to your homes, and there peaceably remain, unless sent for, until Michaelmas, when the parliament shall be assembled at Westminster. Come thither and lay your requests before us, which we will submit to our council. What we approve shall be granted, and what we think improper refused. For think not we are to be ruled by our people. That has never been; and we can perceive nothing but what is right and just in our government, and in those who govern under us." Upwards of seven instantly replied to the king, and said, "Most redoubted lord, under your grace's favour, your justice is weak, indeed, in the realm, and you know not what behoveth you to know; for you neither make inquiry, nor examine into what is passing; and those who are your advisers will never tell you, for the great wealth they are amassing. It is not justice, sir king, to cut off heads, wrists, or feet, or any way to punish; but justice consists in the maintaining the subject in his right, and in taking care he live in peace, without having any cause of complaint. We must also say that you have appointed too long a day by referring us to Michaelmas. No time can be better than the present: we therefore unanimously declare that we will have an account, and very shortly too, from those who have governed your kingdom since your coronation, and know what is become of the great sums that have been raised in England for these last nine years, and whither they have passed. If those who have been your treasurers shall give a just account, or nearly so, we shall be much rejoiced, and leave them in their offices. Those who shall not produce honest acquittances for their expenditure shall be treated accordingly, by the commissioners that are to be nominated by you, and our lords your uncles."

The king, on this, looked at his uncles to see if they would say anything, when the duke of Gloucester said, "That he saw

hothing but what was just and reasonable in the demands they had made: what do you say, fair brother of York?" "As God may help me, it is all true," he replied, as did the other barons who were present; but the king wished them to give their opinions separately. "Sir," added the duke of Gloucester, "it is but fair that you know how your money has been expended." The king, perceiving they were all united, and that his minions dared not utter one word, for they were overawed by the presence of the nobles, said, "Well, I consent to it: let them be sent away; for summer is now approaching, and the time for my amusement in hunting." Then, addressing the Londoners, he added, "Would you have the matter instantly despatched?" "Yes, we entreat it of you, noble king: we shall likewise beg of these lords to take part, more particularly our lords your uncles." The dukes replied they would willingly undertake it, as well on the part of their lord and king, as for the country. The commons then said, "We also wish that the reverend fathers, the lord archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishops of Lincoln and Winchester, be parties." They said they would cheerfully do so. When this was agreed to, they nominated the lords present, such as the earls of Salisbury and Northumberland, sir Reginald Cobham, sir Guy de Bryan, sir Thomas Felton, sir Matthew Gournay, and said there should be from two to four of the principal persons from each city or large town, who would represent the commons of England. All this was assented to, and the time for their meeting fixed for the week after St. George's day, to be holden at Westminster; and all the king's ministers and treasurers were ordered to attend, and give an account of their administrations to the before-named lords. The king consented to the whole, not through force, but at the solicitations and prayers of his uncles, the other lords, and commons of England. It, indeed, concerned them to know how affairs had been managed, both in former times and in those of the present day. All having been amicably settled, the assembly broke up, and the lords, on leaving Windsor, returned to London, whither were summoned all collectors and receivers, from the different counties, with

their receipts and acquittances, under pain of corporal punishment and confiscation of goods.

The assembly of the commissioners of accounts was held at Westminster, consisting of the king's uncles, the prelates, barons, and deputies from the principal towns of England. It lasted upwards of a month. Some of those who appeared before it, not producing fair or honourable accounts, were punished corporally, and by confiscation of whatever they possessed.

Sir Simon Burley was charged with defalcations to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, notwithstanding he had been tutor to the king, and had assisted him in the government from his earliest youth. When called upon to account for what had become of it, he cast the blame on the archbishop of York and sir William Neville, saying he had never acted but with them and by their advice, and in conjunction with the king's chamberlains, sir Robert Tresilian, sir Robert Beauchamp, sir John Salisbury, sir Nicholas Bramber, and others; but those, when examined, excused themselves, and flung the whole fault on him. The duke of Ireland said to sir Simon privately, "I understand you are to be arrested and sent to prison until you shall pay the sum you are charged with. Do not dispute the matter, but go whither they may order: I will make your peace with the king, though they had all sworn to the contrary. You know the constable of France owes me forty thousand francs for the ransom of John of Blois, and this sum he shortly will pay: I will offer the amount to the commissioners, which, for the moment, will satisfy them: but the king is sovereign; he will pardon you all, for the balances must be paid to him and to none other." "If I did not depend," replied sir Simon Burley, "that you would strongly support me with the king, and assist me personally in this matter, I would cross the sea and go to the king of Bohemia. I should be well received there, and remain for a time until all this bustle were blown over." "I will never forsake you," said the duke of Ireland: "are we not companions, and equally implicated? You must ask time for repayment. I know well that you can

pay when you please, in ready money, one hundred thousand francs. Do not fear death, for they will never push matters so far as that; and before Michaelmas, things shall have a different turn from what these lords think: let me only once have the king in my power, and I will have him, for all that he now does he is forced to. We must satisfy these cursed Londoners, and put an end to all this discontent they have raised against us and our friends."

Sir Simon Burley put a little too much confidence in these words of the duke of Ireland, and presented himself before the commissioners, when called upon. They said, "Sir Simon, you have been a knight who has done honour to our country, and were greatly beloved by our lord the late prince of Wales. You and the duke of Ireland have been the principal ministers of the king. We have carefully examined all your accounts that have been laid before us, and must tell you, they are neither fair nor honourable, which has displeased us for the love we bear you. We have therefore unanimously resolved that you be sent to the Tower of London, there to be confined until you shall have repaid, in this chamber, according to our orders, the sum you have received for the king and realm, and for which, from the examination of the treasurer, you have never accounted: the sum amounts to two hundred and fifty thousand francs. Now, have you anything to say in your defence?" Sir Simon was much disconcerted, and said, "My lords, I shall willingly obey, as it is proper I should, your commands, and go whither you may please to send me. But I entreat that I may have a secretary allowed me to draw out an account of the great expenses I have formerly been at in Germany and Bohemia, when negotiating the marriage of our king and lord. If I should have received too much, grant me, through the king's grace and yours, that I may have a reasonable time for repayment." "To this we agree," replied the lords; and sir Simon Burley was then conducted to the Tower.

The accounts of sir Thomas Trivet and sir William Elmham were next examined. They were not popular with any of the barons of England, nor with the people, on account of their

conduct in Flanders; for it was said no Englishman had ever made so shameful an expedition. The bishop of Norwich and the governor of Calais, who at that time was sir Hugh Calverley, had cleared themselves from any blame: but the charge laid to the two knights, of taking money for the surrender of Bourbourg and Gravelines, prevented them doing the same: and some in England wanted to have their conduct (which has been before related) construed into treason; and the knights had given security for their appearance, when called upon, to the king, his uncles, and the council. This charge was now renewed, and they were summoned before the commissioners. Sir William Elmham appeared; but sir Thomas Trivet did not come, and I will tell you the cause. The same week the summons from the commissioners was brought to his house in the north, he had mounted a young horse, to try him in the fields. This horse ran away with him over hedge and through bushes, and at length fell into a ditch and broke the knight's neck. It was a pity, and his loss was much bewailed by the good people of England. Notwithstanding this, his heirs were forced to pay a large sum of florins to what was called the king's council; but the whole management was well known to rest with the uncles of the king, and the commissioners they had nominated. For, although the duke of Gloucester was the youngest of the king's uncles, he was the most active in business that concerned the country; and the better part of the prelates, nobles, and commons looked up to him.

When the composition-money of the late sir Thomas Trivet, who was killed as you have heard, was paid, the blame cast on sir William Elmham was much lightened. His former deeds in the Bordelais, Guienne, and Picardy, where he had displayed much valour in support of England, pleaded for him, having behaved like a gallant knight, so that nothing could be laid to his charge 'but having taken money for Bourbourg and Gravelines. But he excused himself by saying, "My lords, when any one is placed as we were, in respect to these two towns, it appears to me (from what I have heard sir John Chandos and sir Walter Manny, who had abundance of good

sense and valour, say), that when two or three means offer, the one most profitable to ourselves, and that which can hurt our enemies the most, ought ever to be adopted. Sir Thomas Trivet and myself, finding ourselves surrounded, so that succour could no way come to us, and that we should not be able long to withstand their assaults (for they were such knights and squires as few in England ever saw, and in such numbers, from the account of our herald, as to amount to sixteen thousand men-at-arms, and forty thousand others, while we were scarcely three hundred lances, and as many archers; our town was also so extensive we could not attend to all parts of it, which we soon felt to our cost, for, while we were defending one side, it was set on fire on another)—we became very much confused, which the enemy perceived. And, in truth, the king of France and his council acted handsomely by granting us a truce, for if they had on the morrow renewed their attack, in the situation we were in, they must have had us at their mercy. They honourably treated with us, through the duke of Brittany, who took much trouble on the occasion. We ought to have paid for this, but they gave us money; and, instead of being worsted by our enemies, we despoiled them. We certainly overreached them, when they paid us, and suffered us to depart safe and well, carrying away whatever we had gained by this expedition in Flanders. Besides," added sir William, "to purge myself from all blame, should there be in England, or out of England, any knight or squire, except the persons of my lord the dukes of York and of Gloucester, who shall dare to say that I have acted disloyally towards my natural lord the king, or have been any way guilty of treason, I am ready to throw down my glove, and with my body try the event by deeds of arms, such as the judges may assign me."

This speech, and the known valour of the knight, exculpated him, and freed him from all fear of death, which he was in danger of at the beginning. He returned to his estate, and was afterwards a renowned knight, much advanced, and of the king's council. Sir Simon Burley was still confined in the Tower, for he was mortally hated by the king's uncles and the commons of

England. The king did everything in his power to deliver him from prison during the time he resided at Sheene; but the commissioners, being determined to oppress him, dissembled, and said they could not as yet set him at liberty, for his accounts were not closed. The king, accompanied by the duke of Ireland, journeyed towards Wales, by way of Bristol; and wheresoever he went he was followed by the queen, and all the ladies and damsels of her court.

Although the king of England had left London, his uncles there remained with their advisers. You have often heard that when any disorder is in the head, all the other members of the body are affected by it, and that this sickness must be purged away by some means or other. I say this, because the duke of Ireland was in such favour with the king, that he managed him as he pleased, and governed him at will. Sir Simon Burley was also one of the principal advisers; and between them both they ruled, for a long time, king and kingdom. They were suspected of having amassed very large sums of money, and it was rumoured they had sent great part of it for safety to Germany. It had also come to the knowledge of the king, his uncles, and the rulers of the principal towns in England, that great cases and trunks had been secretly embarked from Dover castle in the night-time, which were said to contain this money sent fraudulently abroad by them to foreign countries, in consequence of which the kingdom was greatly impoverished of cash. Many grieved much at this, saying, that gold and silver were become so scarce as to occasion trade to languish. Such speeches increased the hatred to sir Simon Burley, and the commissioners declared they thought he deserved death. In short, they, on finishing his accounts, condemned him to suffer this punishment, instigated thereto by a desire to please the country, and by the archbishop of Canterbury, who related to the lords that sir Simon wanted to remove the shrine of St. Thomas from Canterbury to Dover Castle, as he said, for greater security, at the time the French invasion was expected; but it was commonly believed that he meant to seize it, and carry it out of England. Many, now he was in

prison, came forward against him ; and the knight was so over-powered, that nothing he could say in his defence availed him ; so that he was carried forth out of the Tower, and beheaded, as a traitor, in the square before it. God have mercy on his misdeeds. Notwithstanding I thus relate his disgraceful death, which I am forced to by my determination to insert nothing but truth in this history, I was exceedingly vexed thereat, and personally much grieved ; for in my youth I had found him a gentle knight, and according to my understanding, of great good sense. Such was the unfortunate end of sir Simon Burley.

His nephew and heir, sir Richard Burley, was with the duke of Lancaster in Galicia when this misfortune befell his uncle, and one of the most renowned in his army, after the constable ; for he had once the chief command of the whole army, and instructed sir Thomas Moreaux in his office of marshal ; he was likewise of the duke's council, and his principal adviser. You may suppose that, when he heard of the disgraceful death his uncle had suffered, he was mightily enraged ; but, alas ! this gallant knight died in his bed, in Castile, of sickness, with very many more, as I shall fully relate when arrived at that part of my history.

When king Richard, who was amusing himself in Wales, heard of the death of sir Simon Burley, he was very wroth ; for he had been one of his tutors and had educated him ; and he swore it should not remain unrevenged, for he had been cruelly put to death, and without the smallest plea of justice. The queen also bewailed his loss ; for he had been the principal promoter of her marriage, and had conducted her from Germany to England. The king's council began now to be seriously alarmed, such as the duke of Ireland, sir Nicholas Bramber, sir Robert Tresilian, sir John Beauchamp, sir John Salisbury, and sir Michael de la Pole. The archbishop of York, whose name was William Neville, brother to the lord Neville of Northumberland, was dismissed from his office of lord treasurer, which he had held a considerable time, and forbidden, by the duke of Gloucester, if he valued his life, ever again to intermeddle with the affairs of England ; but he might retire to his bishopric

of York, or to any other part of his diocese, for that of late he had been by far too busy. He was told that, from consideration of his dignity and birth, many things had been overlooked that were highly disgraceful to him; and that the greater part of the deputies from the cities and towns were for having him degraded from the priesthood, and punished in like manner to sir Simon Burley. He soon left London, and went to reside on his archbishopric in the north, which was worth to him about forty thousand francs a year. His whole family were much enraged, and thought his disgrace had been caused by Henry of Northumberland, though he was his relation and neighbour.

Now, consider in your own mind if I had not good cause to say that England was, at this period, in the greatest peril of being ruined past recovery. It certainly was, from the causes you have heard; for the king was exasperated against his uncles and the principal nobility of the kingdom, and they were so likewise against him and many nobles of his party. The cities and towns were quarrelling with each other, and the prelates in mutual hatred, so that no remedy for all these evils could be looked for but from God alone. The duke of Ireland, when he perceived he had gained the king, and the greater number of those in Bristol, Wales, and the adjoining parts, proceeded to say to the king, "My lord, if you will appoint me your lieutenant, I will lead twelve or fifteen thousand men to London, or to Oxford, which is yours and my city, and show my strength to these Londoners and your uncles, who have treated you with such indignity, and have put some of your council to death, and by fair words or otherwise, reduce them to obedience." The king replied, he was satisfied; adding, "I now nominate you lieutenant-general of my kingdom, to assemble men wherever you can raise them, and to lead them whithersoever you shall think it will be most for the advantage of our realm, that all may see the whole of it to be our inheritance and right. I order you to bear our banner, guidon, standard, and other our proper habiliments of war, which we ourselves should have done, had we taken the field. I should imagine that all conditions of men, on perceiving my banners, would flock to enrol themselves

under them, and would be fearful of incurring, by a contrary conduct, my displeasure." This speech greatly rejoiced the duke of Ireland.

The king of England issued his summons to many great barons, knights, and squires in Wales, in the country round Bristol, and on the Severn side. Some excused themselves by sending satisfactory reasons; but others came and placed themselves under the obedience of the king, notwithstanding their conviction that it was impossible to augur anything good from the enterprise.

While this army was collecting, the king and the duke, in a secret conference, determined to send one of their confidential friends to London, to observe what was going forward, and, if the king's uncles still remained there, to discover what they were doing. After some consideration, they could not think on a proper person to send on this errand; when a knight, who was cousin to the duke, and of the king's as well as of his council, called sir Robert Tresilian, stepped forth, and said to the duke, "I see the difficulty you have to find a trusty person to send to London: I will, from my love to you, risk the adventure." The king and the duke, well pleased with the offer, thanked him for it. Tresilian left Bristol disguised like a poor tradesman, mounted on a wretched hackney: he continued his road to London, and lodged at an inn where he was unknown; for no one could have ever imagined that one of the king's counsellors and chamberlains would have appeared in so miserable a dress.

When in London, he picked up all the news that was public, for he could not do more, respecting the king's uncles and the citizens. Having heard there was to be a meeting of the dukes and their council at Westminster, he determined to go thither to learn secretly all he could of their proceedings. This he executed, and fixed his quarters at an ale-house right opposite the palace-gate: he chose a chamber whose window looked into the palace-yard, where he posted himself to observe all who should come to this parliament. The greater part he knew, but was not, from his disguise, known to them. He, however,

remained there, at different times, so long, that a squire of the duke of Gloucester saw and knew him, for he had been many times in his company. Sir Robert instantly recollect ed him, and withdrew from the window; but the squire, having his suspicions, said, "Surely that must be Tresilian;" and to be certain of it, he entered the ale-house, and said to the landlady, "Dame, tell me, on your troth, who is he drinking above: is he alone or in company?" "On my troth, sir," she replied, "I cannot tell you his name; but he has been here some time." At these words the squire went upstairs to know the truth, and having saluted sir Robert, found he was right, though he dissembled by saying, "God preserve you, master: I hope you will not take my coming amiss, for I thought you had been one of my farmers from Essex, as you are so very like him." "By no means," said sir Robert: "I am from Kent, and hold lands of sir John Holland, and wish to lay my complaints before the council against the tenants of the archbishop of Canterbury, who encroach much on my farm." "If you will come into the hall," said the squire, "I will have way made for you to lay your grievances before the lords." "Many thanks," replied sir Robert: "not at this moment, but I shall not renounce your assistance." At these words the squire ordered a quart of ale, which having paid for, he said, "God be with you!" and left the ale-house. He lost no time in hastening to the council-chamber, and called to the usher to open the door. The usher, knowing him, asked his business: he said, "he must instantly speak with the duke of Gloucester, on matters that nearly concerned him and the council." The usher, on this, bade him enter, which he did, and made up to the duke of Gloucester, saying, "My lord, I bring you great news." "Of what?" replied the duke. "My lord, I will tell it aloud; for it concerns not only you but all the lords present. I have seen sir Robert Tresilian, disguised like a peasant, in an ale-house close by the palace-gate." "Tresilian!" said the duke. "On my faith, my lord, it is true; and you shall have him to dine with you, if you please." "I should like it much," replied the duke; "for he will tell us some news of his master, the duke of Ireland."

Go, and secure him; but with power enough not to be in danger of failing."

The squire, on these orders, left the council-chamber, and, having chosen four bailiffs, said to them, "Follow me at a distance; and, as soon as you shall perceive me make you a sign to arrest a man I am in search of, lay hands on him, and take care he do not, on any account, escape from you." The squire made for the ale-house where he had left sir Robert, and, mounting the staircase to the room where he was, said, on entering, "Tresilian, you are not come to this country for any good, as I imagine: my lord of Gloucester sends for you, and you must come and speak with him." The knight turned a deaf ear, and would have been excused, if he could, by saying, "I am not Tresilian, but a tenant of sir John Holland." "That is not true," replied the squire; "your body is Tresilian's, though not your dress." And, making the signal to the bailiffs, who were at the door, they entered the house and arrested him, and, whether he would or not, carried him to the palace. You may believe there was a great crowd to see him; for he was well known in London, and in many parts of England. The duke of Gloucester was much pleased, and would see him. When in his presence, the duke said: "Tresilian, what has brought you hither? How fares my sovereign? Where does he now reside?" Tresilian, finding he was discovered, and that no excuses would avail, replied, "On my faith, my lord, the king has sent me hither to learn the news: he is at Bristol, and on the banks of the Severn, where he hunts and amuses himself." "How!" said the duke, "you do not come dressed like an honest man, but like a spy. If you had been desirous to learn what was passing, your appearance should have been like that of a knight or a discreet person." "My lord," answered Tresilian, "if I have done wrong, I hope you will excuse me; for I have only done what I was ordered." "And where is your master, the duke of Ireland?" "My lord," said Tresilian, "he is with the king, our lord." The duke then added, "We have been informed that he is collecting a large body of men, and that the king has issued his summons to that effect:

whither does he mean to lead them?" "My lord, they are intended for Ireland." "For Ireland?" said the duke. "Yes, indeed, as God may help me," answered Tresilian.

The duke mused awhile, and then spoke: "Tresilian, Tresilian, your actions are neither fair nor honest; and you have committed a great piece of folly in coming to these parts, where you are far from being loved, as will be shortly shown to you. You, and others of your faction, have done what has greatly displeased my brother and myself, and have ill-counselled the king, whom you have made to quarrel with his chief nobility. In addition, you have excited the principal towns against us. The day of retribution is therefore come, when you shall receive payment; for whoever acts justly receives his reward: look to your affairs, for I will neither eat nor drink until you be no more." This speech greatly terrified sir Robert (for no one likes to hear of his end), by the manner in which it was uttered. He was desirous to obtain pardon, by various excuses, and the most abject humiliation, but in vain; for the duke had received information of what was going on at Bristol, and his excuses were fruitless. Why should I make a long story? Sir Robert was delivered to the hangman, who led him out of the palace to the place of execution, where he was beheaded, and then hung by the arms to a gibbet. Thus ended sir Robert Tresilian.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE SCOTS AND ENGLISH AT OTTERBOURNE.

I have before related in this history the troubles king Richard of England had suffered from his quarrels with his uncles, urged on by the wicked counsel of the duke of Ireland, which had caused several knights to lose their heads, and the archbishop of York nearly to be deprived of his benefice. By the advice of the archbishop of Canterbury and the king's new council, the lord Neville, who had commanded the defence of the frontiers of Northumberland for five years against the Scots, was dis-

missed: for this service he had been paid by the counties of Northumberland and Durham the sum of sixteen thousand francs annually. Sir Henry Percy being appointed in his stead to this command, with a salary of eleven thousand francs yearly, was a circumstance which created much animosity and hatred between the Percies and Nevilles, who were neighbours and had been friends. The barons and knights of Scotland, knowing of this, determined on an inroad to England, as the opportunity was favourable, now the English were quarrelling among themselves, to make some return for the many insults they had suffered from them.

In order that their intentions might not be known, they appointed a feast to be holden at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands. The greater part of the barons attended; and it was then resolved, that in the middle of August of the year 1388, they would assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedworth, situated amidst deep forests and on the borders of Cumberland. Having arranged everything concerning this business, they separated, but never mentioned one word of their intentions to the king; for they said among themselves, he knew nothing about war. On the appointed day, earl James Douglas first arrived at Jedworth: then came John earl of Moray, the earl of March and Dunbar, William earl of Fife, John earl of Sutherland, Stephen earl of Menteith, William earl of Mar, sir Archibald Douglas, sir Robert Erskine, sir Malcolm Drummond, sir William and sir James Lindsay, sir Thomas Berry, sir Alexander Lindsay, sir John Swinton of Swinton, sir John de Sandelans, sir Patrick Dunbar, sir John Sinclair, sir Walter Sinclair, sir Patrick Hepburn, sir John Montgomery, sir John his son, and his two sons; sir John Maxwell, sir Adam Glendinning, sir William de Redurin, sir William Stuart, sir John Halliburton, sir John de Ludie, and sir Robert Lauder, sir Stephen Frazer, sir Alexander and sir John Ramsay, sir William of North Berwick, sir Robert Hart, sir William Wardlaw, sir John Armstrong, David Fleming, Robert Campbell, with numbers of other knights and squires of Scotland.

There had not been seen, for sixty years, so numerous an assembly: they amounted to twelve hundred spears, and forty thousand other men and archers. With the use of the bow the Scots are little acquainted; but they sling their axes over their shoulders, and, when engaged in battle, give deadly blows with them. These lords were well pleased on meeting each other, and declared they would never return to their homes without having made an inroad on England, and to such an effect that it should be remembered for twenty years to come. The more completely to combine their plans, they fixed another meeting to be held at a church in the forest of Jedworth, called Zedon, before they began their march to England.

Intelligence was carried to the earl of Northumberland (for everything is known to those who are diligent in their inquiries), to his children, to the seneschal of York, and to sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, of the great feast that was to be kept at Aberdeen. To learn what was done at it, these lords sent thither heralds and minstrels. The Scots barons could not transact their business so secretly but it was known to these minstrels, that there was to be a grand assembly of men-at-arms in the forest of Jedworth. They observed also much agitation through the country, and, on their return to Newcastle, gave a faithful report of all they had seen or heard to their lords. The barons and knights of Northumberland in consequence made their preparations, but very secretly, that the Scots might not know of it, and put off their intended inroad, and had retired to their castles ready to sally forth on the first notice of the arrival of the enemy. They said, "If the Scots enter the country through Cumberland by Carlisle, we will ride into Scotland, and do them more damage than they can do to us; for theirs is an open country, which may be entered anywhere, but ours is the contrary, with strong and well-fortified towns and castles."

To be more sure of their intentions, they resolved to send an English gentleman, well acquainted with the country, to this meeting in the forest of Jedworth. The English squire journeyed without interruption until he came to the church of

Yetholm, where the Scots barons were assembled, and entered it, as a servant following his master, and heard the greater part of their plans. When the meeting was near breaking up, he left the church on his return and went to a tree, thinking to find his horse which he had tied there by the bridle, but he was gone; for a Scotsman (they are all thieves) had stolen him. He was fearful of making a noise about it, and set off on foot, though booted and spurred. He had not gone two bow-shots from the church before he was noticed by two Scots knights who were in conversation. The first who saw him said, "I have witnessed many wonderful things, but what I now see is equal to any: that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet makes no inquiries after it. On my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us: let us go after him, and see whether I am right or not." The two knights soon overtook him. On their approach he was alarmed, and wished himself anywhere else. They asked him whither he was going, whence he had come, and what he had done with his horse. As he contradicted himself in his answers, they laid hands on him, and said he must come before their captains, and he was brought back to the church of Yetholm, to the earl of Douglas and the other lords. They examined him closely, for they knew him for an Englishman, as to the reasons he had come thither, and assured him if he did not truly answer all their questions, his head should be struck off; but if he told the truth, no harm should happen to him. Very unwillingly he obeyed, for the love of life prevailed; and the Scots barons learnt that he had been sent by the earl of Northumberland to discover the number of their forces, and whither they were to march. This intelligence gave them the greatest pleasure, and they would not on any account but have taken this spy.

He was asked where the barons of Northumberland were? if they had any intentions of making an excursion? and what road to Scotland they would take: along the sea-shore from Berwick to Dunbar, or by the mountains through the country of Menteith to Stirling? He replied, "Since you will force me to tell the truth, when I left Newcastle, there were not any

signs of an excursion being made; but the barons are all ready to set out at a moment's warning, as soon as they shall hear you have entered England. They will not oppose you, for they are not in sufficient numbers to meet so large a body as you are reported to them to consist of." "And what do they estimate our numbers at in Northumberland?" said lord Moray. "They say, my lord," replied the squire, "that you have full forty thousand men, and twelve hundred spears; and by way of counteracting your career, should you march to Cumberland, they will take the road through Berwick to Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh: if you follow the other road, they will then march to Carlisle, and enter your country by these mountains." The Scottish lords, on hearing this, were silent, but looked at each other. The English squire was delivered to the governor of the castle of Jedworth, with orders to have particular guard over him; when they conferred together in the church of Yetholm, and formed other plans.

The barons of Scotland were in high spirits at this intelligence, and considered their success as certain, now they knew the disposition of the enemy. They held a council, as to their mode of proceeding, and the wisest and most accustomed to arms, such as sir Archibald Douglas, the earl of Fife, sir Alexander Ramsay, sir John Sinclair, and sir James Lindsay, were the speakers: they said, "That to avoid any chance of failing in their attempt, they would advise the army to be divided, and two expeditions to be made, so that the enemy might be puzzled whither to march their forces. The largest division, with the baggage, should go to Carlisle, in Cumberland: and the other, consisting of three or four hundred spears, and two thousand stout infantry and archers, all well mounted, should make for Newcastle-on-Tyne, cross the river, and enter Durham, spoiling and burning the country. They will have committed great waste in England before our enemies can have any information of their being there: if we find they come in pursuit of us, which they certainly will, we will then unite together, and fix on a proper place to offer them battle, as we all seem to have that desire, and to gain honour; for it is time

to repay them some of the mischiefs they have done to us." This plan was adopted, and sir Archibald Douglas, the earl of Fife, the earl of Sutherland, the earl of Menteith, the earl of Mar, the earl of Stratherne, sir Stephen Frazer, sir George Dunbar, with sixteen other great barons of Scotland, were ordered to the command of the largest division that was to march to Carlisle. The earl of Douglas, the earl of March and Dunbar, and the earl of Moray were appointed leaders of the three hundred picked lances and two thousand infantry, who were to advance to Newcastle-on-Tyne and invade Northumberland. When these two divisions separated, the lords took a very affectionate leave of each other, promising that if the English took the field against them, they would not fight until they were all united, which would give them such a superiority of force as must ensure victory. They then left the forest of Jedworth, one party marching to the right and the other to the left. The barons of Northumberland not finding their squire return, nor hearing anything of the Scots, began to suspect the accident which had happened. They therefore ordered every one to be prepared to march at a moment's notice, or when they should hear of the Scots having entered the country, for they considered their squire as lost.

Let us return to the expedition under the earl of Douglas and his companions, for they had more to do than the division that went to Carlisle, and were eager to perform some deeds of arms. When the earls of Douglas, Moray, and March were separated from the main body, they determined to cross the Tyne and enter the bishopric of Durham, and, after they had despoiled and burnt that country as far as the city of Durham, to return by Newcastle, and quarter themselves there in spite of the English. This they executed, and riding at a good pace, through bye-roads, without attacking town, castle, or house, arrived on the lands of the lord Percy, and crossed the river Tyne, without any opposition, at the place they had fixed on, about three leagues above Newcastle, near to Brancepeth, where they entered the rich country of Durham, and instantly began their war, by burning towns and slaying the inhabitants.

Neither the earl of Northumberland nor the barons and knights of the country had heard anything of their invasion: but when intelligence came to Durham and Newcastle that the Scots were abroad, which was indeed visible enough from the smoke that was everywhere seen, the earl of Northumberland sent his two sons to Newcastle; but he himself remained at Alnwick, and issued his orders for every one to repair thither also. Before his sons left him, he said, "You will hasten to Newcastle, where the whole country will join you: I will remain here, for it is the road they may return by: if we can surround them, we shall do well; but I know not for certain where they now are." Sir Henry and sir Ralph Percy obeyed their father's orders, and made for Newcastle accompanied by the gentlemen and others fit to bear arms. In the meantime, the Scots continued destroying and burning all before them, so that the smoke was visible at Newcastle. They came to the gates of Durham, where they skirmished, but made no long stay, and set out on their return, as they had planned at the beginning of the expedition, driving and carrying away all the booty they thought worth their pains. The country is very rich between Durham and Newcastle, which is but twelve English miles distant: there was not a town in all this district, unless well enclosed, that was not burnt. The Scots recrossed the Tyne at the same place, and came before Newcastle, where they halted. All the knights and squires of the country were collected at Newcastle, and thither came the seneschal of York, sir Ralph Langley, sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, sir Robert Ogle, sir Thomas Grey, sir Thomas Halton, sir John Felton, sir John Lilburne, sir William Walsingham, sir Thomas Abington, the baron of Halton, sir John Copeland, and so many others, the town was filled with more than it could lodge.

The three Scots lords, having completed the object of their expedition into Durham, lay before Newcastle three days, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always the first at the barriers, when many valiant deeds were done with lances hand to hand. The earl of Douglas had a long conflict

with sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of sir Henry and the other English. The earl of Douglas said, “I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far.” “By God, earl of Douglas,” replied sir Henry, “you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland: be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of.” “You must come then,” answered earl Douglas, “this night and seek for it. I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away.”

As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters, to disarm and comfort themselves. They had plenty of everything, particularly flesh meat. The Scots kept up a very strict watch, concluding, from the words of sir Henry Percy, they should have their quarters beaten up this night: they were disappointed, for sir Henry was advised to defer it.

On the morrow, the Scots dislodged from before Newcastle; and, taking the road to their own country, they came to a town and castle called Ponclau, of which sir Raymond de Laval, a very valiant knight of Northumberland, was the lord. They halted there about four o'clock in the morning, as they learned the knight to be within it, and made preparations for the assault. This was done with such courage that the place was won, and the knight made prisoner. After they had burnt the town and castle, they marched away for Otterbourne, which was eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped themselves.

This day they made no attack; but, very early on the morrow, their trumpets sounded, and they made ready for the assault, advancing towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. They attacked it so long and so unsuccessfully, that they were fatigued, and therefore sounded a retreat. When they had retired to their quarters, the chiefs held a council how to act; and the greater part were for decamping on the morrow, without attempting more against the castle, to join their countrymen in the neighbourhood of

Carlisle. But the earl of Douglas overruled this, by saying: "In despite of sir Henry Percy, who the day before yesterday declared he would take from me his pennon, that I conquered by fair deeds of arms before the gates of Newcastle, I will not depart hence for two or three days; and we will renew our attack on the castle, for it is to be taken: we shall thus gain double honour, and see if within that time he will come for his pennon: if he do, it shall be well defended." Every one agreed to what earl Douglas had said; for it was not only honourable, but he was the principal commander; and from affection to him, they quietly returned to their quarters. They made huts of trees and branches, and strongly fortified themselves. They placed their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh on the road to Newcastle, and the cattle they drove into the marsh lands.

I will return to sir Henry and sir Ralph Percy, who were greatly mortified that the earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon in the skirmish before Newcastle. They felt the more for this disgrace, because sir Henry had not kept his word; for he had told the earl that he should never carry his pennon out of England, and this he had explained to the knights who were with him in Newcastle. The English imagined the army under the earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind; for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms, and were the best acquainted with warlike affairs, strongly opposed the proposal of sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said, "Sir, many losses happen in war: if the earl of Douglas has won your pennon, he has bought it dear enough; for he has come to the gates to seek it, and has been well fought with. Another time, you will gain from him as much if not more. We say so, because you know, as well as we do, that the whole power of Scotland has taken the field. We are not sufficiently strong to offer them battle; and perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town; and if they be as reported, forty thousand strong, they will surround us, and have us at their mercy. It is much better to lose a pennon than two or

three hundred knights and squires, and leave our country in a defenceless state."

This speech checked the eagerness of the two brothers Percy, for they would not act contrary to the opinion of the council; when other news was brought to them by some knights and squires who had followed and observed the Scots, their numbers, disposition, and where they had halted. This was all fully related by knights who had traversed the whole extent of country the Scots had passed through, that they might carry to their lords the most exact information. They thus spoke, "Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, we come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They first halted at Pontland, and took sir Raymond de Laval in his castle: thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow, but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that their army does not consist of more than three thousand men, including all sorts." Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this was greatly rejoiced, and cried out, "To horse ! to horse ! for by the faith I owe my God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and to beat up their quarters this night." Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this were willing to be of the party, and made themselves ready.

The bishop of Durham was expected daily at that town; for he had heard of the irruption of the Scots, and that they were before it, in which were the sons of the earl of Northumberland preparing to offer them combat. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance, but sir Henry Percy would not wait; for he was accompanied by six hundred spears, of knights and squires, and upwards of eight thousand infantry, which, he said, would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but three hundred lances and two thousand others. When they were all assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken, making for Otterbourne, which was eight short leagues distant: but they could not

advance very fast, that their infantry might keep up with them.

As the Scots were supping, some indeed were gone to sleep, for they had laboured hard during the day, at the attack of the castle, and intended renewing it in the cool of the morning, the English arrived, and mistook, at their entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters. They forced their way into the camp, which was, however, tolerably strong, shouting out, “Percy! Percy!” In such cases, you may suppose an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made their first attack on their servants’ quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly; for, while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of their infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment. In the meantime, the night advanced, but it was sufficiently light; for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene.

When the Scots were quite ready, and properly arrayed, they left their camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. They skirted the side of a mountain which was hard by: for during the preceding day, they had well examined the country around, and said among themselves, “Should the English come to beat up our quarters, we will do so and so,” and thus settled their plans beforehand, which was the saving of them; for it is of the greatest advantage to men-at-arms, when attacked in the night, to have previously arranged their mode of defence, and well to have weighed the chance of victory or defeat. The English had soon overpowered the servants; but, as they advanced into the camp, they found fresh bodies ready to oppose them, and to continue the fight. The Scots in the meantime marched along the mountain side, and fell on the enemy’s flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order, and reinforced that part of

their army. The cries of Percy and Douglas resounded on each side.

The battle now raged: great was the pushing of lances, and very many of each party were struck down at the first onset. The English being more numerous, and anxious to defeat the enemy, kept in a compact body, and forced the Scots to retire, who were on the point of being discomfited. The earl of Douglas being young, and impatient to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting, "Douglas! Douglas!" Sir Henry and sir Ralph Percy, indignant for the affront the earl of Douglas had put on them, by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out "Percy! Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove back the Scots. Sir Patrick Hepburne, and his son of the same name, did honour to their knighthood and country, by their gallantry, under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defence they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honour to their descendants.

I was made acquainted with all the particulars of this battle by knights and squires who had been actors in it on each side. There were also, with the English, two valiant knights from the county of Foix, whom I had the good fortune to meet at Orthès the year after this battle had been fought. Their names were sir John de Châteauneuf and John de Cautiron. On my return from Foix, I met likewise at Avignon a knight and two squires of Scotland, of the party of earl Douglas. They knew me again, from the recollections I brought to their minds of their own country; for in my youth, I, the author of this history, travelled all through Scotland, and was full fifteen days resident with William, earl of Douglas, father of earl James, of whom we are now speaking, at his castle of Dalkeith, five miles distant from Edinburgh;—Earl James was then very young, but a promising youth, and he had a sister called Blanche. I had

my information, therefore, from both parties, who agreed that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought. This I readily believed, for the English and Scots are excellent men-at-arms, and whenever they meet in battle they do not spare each other; nor is there any check to their courage so long as their weapons endure. When they have well beaten each other, and one party is victorious, they are so proud of their conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly, and in such courteous manner to those who have been taken, that on their departure they return them their thanks. However, when in battle, there is no boy's play between them, nor do they shrink from the combat: and you will see, in the further detail of this battle, as excellent deeds performed as were ever witnessed.

The knights and squires of either party were anxious to continue the combat with vigour as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was there unknown, and the most splendid courage was everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland: they were so closely intermixed, that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle, than reproached with flight. As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men-at-arms, under each, exerted themselves by every means, to gain the victory: but the English at this attack were so much the stronger, that the Scots were driven back. The earl of Douglas, who was of a high spirit, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-axe with both his hands, like a gallant knight, and, to rally his men, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows on all around him, that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side; for there was none so well armed with helmets or plates but that they suffered from his battle-axe. Thus he advanced, like another Hector, thinking to recover and conquer the field, from his own prowess, until he

was met by three spears that were pointed at him : one struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. He could never disengage himself from these spears, but was borne to the ground fighting desperately. From that moment he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all ; for, though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never thought it was earl Douglas : had they known it, they would have been so rejoiced that their courage would have been redoubled, and the fortune of the day had consequently been determined to their side. The Scots were ignorant also of their loss until the battle was over, otherwise they would certainly, from despair, have been discomfited.

I will relate what befell the earl afterward. As soon as he fell, his head was cleaved with a battle-axe, the spear thrust through his thigh, and the main body of the English marched over him without paying any attention, not supposing him to be their principal enemy. In another part of the field, the earl of March and Dunbar combated valiantly ; and the English gave the Scots full employment who had followed the earl of Douglas, and had engaged with the two Percies. The earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles that have been described in this history, great and small, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe ; for there was not a man, knight or squire, who did not acquit himself gallantly, hand to hand with his enemy. It resembled something that of Cocherel, which was as long and as hardily disputed. The sons of the earl of Northumberland, sir Henry and sir Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of this expedition, behaved themselves like good knights in the combat. Almost a similar accident befell sir Ralph as that which happened to the earl of Douglas ; for, having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and, being out of breath, surrendered himself to a Scots knight, called sir John Maxwell, who was under the command, and of the household, of the earl of Moray.

When made prisoner, the knight asked him who he was; for it was dark, and he knew him not. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood, which was flowing from his wound, that he could scarcely avow himself to be sir Ralph Percy. "Well," replied the knight, "sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner: my name is Maxwell." "I agree to it," said sir Ralph, "but pay some attention to me; for I am so desperately wounded, that my drawers and greaves are full of blood." Upon this, the Scots knight was very attentive to him; when suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing to him, sir John addressed himself to the earl of Moray, and said, "My lord, I present you with sir Ralph Percy, as a prisoner; but let good care be taken of him, for he is very badly wounded." The earl was much pleased at this, and replied, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take every care of sir Ralph, who bound up and stanched his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one could say at that moment which side would be the conqueror, for there were very many captures and rescues that never came to my knowledge.

The young earl of Douglas had this night performed wonders in arms. When he was struck down, there was a great crowd round him; and he could not raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able; and there came to him his cousins, sir James Lindsay, sir John and sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight that had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, and had at this time exchanged his profession for that of a valiant man-at-arms. The whole night he had followed the earl with his battle-axe in hand, and had by his exertions more than once repulsed the English. This conduct gained the thanks of his countrymen, and turned out to his advantage, for in the same year he was promoted to the archdeaconry and made canon of Aberdeen. His name was sir William of North Berwick. To say the truth, he was well formed in all his limbs to shine in battle, and was severely wounded at this combat. When these knights came to the earl

of Douglas, they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him, covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons.

Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," replied he. "Thanks to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and sir John Sinclair, raise up my banner, for certainly it is on the ground, from the death of David Campbell, that valiant squire, who bore it, and who refused knighthood from my hands this day, though he was equal to the most eminent knights for courage or loyalty; and continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for, should the enemy know the truth, they will be greatly rejoiced." The two brothers Sinclair, and sir John Lindsay, obeyed his orders. The banner was raised and "Douglas!" shouted. Their men, who had remained behind, hearing the shouts of "Douglas!" so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage, that the English were repulsed, and many killed or struck to the ground. The Scots, by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where the earl of Douglas lay dead, for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of "Douglas!" and the greater part of the Scots knights and squires were now there. The earls of Moray and March, with their banners and men, came thither also. When they were all thus collected, perceiving the English retreat, they renewed the battle with greater vigour than before.

To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots, by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on

the contrary, had reposed themselves, which was to them of the utmost advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could never rally again, and the former drove them far beyond where the earl of Douglas lay on the ground. Sir Henry Percy, during this attack, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the lord Montgomery, a very valiant knight of Scotland. They had long fought hand to hand with much valour, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. In the end, sir Henry was made prisoner by the lord Montgomery.

You would have seen, in this engagement, such knights and squires as sir Malcolm Drummond, sir Thomas of Erskine, sir William, sir James, and sir Alexander Lindsay, the lord Saltoun, sir John Sandilands, sir Patrick Dunbar, sir John and sir Walter Sinclair, sir Patrick Hepburne and his two sons, the lord Montgomery, sir John Maxwell, sir Adam Glendinning, sir William Redoue, sir William Stuart, sir John Haliburton, sir John Lundie, sir Robert Lauder, sir Alexander Ramsay, sir Alexander Frazer, sir John Edmonstone, sir William Wardlaw, David Fleming, Robert Campbell and his two sons, John and Robert, who were that day knighted, and a hundred other knights and squires, whose names I cannot remember; but there was not one who did not most gallantly perform his part in this engagement.

On the side of the English, there were sir Ralph de Langley, sir Matthew Redman, sir Robert of Ogle, sir Thomas Graham, sir Thomas Haltoun, sir John Felton, sir Thomas Abington, sir John de Lilburn, sir William Walsingham, the baron de Haltoun, sir John de Copeland, seneschal of York, and many more, who on foot maintained the fight vigorously, both before and after the capture of sir Henry Percy. The battle was severely fought on each side; but, such is the fickleness of fortune, that though the English were a more numerous body of able men-at-arms, and at the first onset had repulsed the Scots, they in the end lost the field; and all the above-named

knights, except sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, were made prisoners. But he seeing they were defeated without hopes of recovery, and the English flying in all directions, while his brother-knights were surrendering themselves to the Scots, mounted his horse, and rode off.

Just as the defeat took place, and while the combat was continued in different parts, an English squire, whose name was Thomas Felton, and attached to the household of lord Percy, was surrounded by a body of Scots. He was a handsome man, and, as he showed, valiant in arms. He had that and the preceding night been employed in collecting the best arms, and would neither surrender nor deign to fly. It was told me that he had made a vow to that purpose, and had declared at some feast in Northumberland that at the very first meeting of the Scots and English he would acquit himself so loyally that, for having stood his ground, he should be renowned as the best combatant of both parties. I also heard, for I never saw him that I know of, that his body and limbs were of a strength befitting a vigorous combatant; and he performed such deeds of valour, when engaged with the banner of the earl of Moray, as astonished the Scots, but he was slain while thus valiantly fighting. They would willingly have made him a prisoner for his courage; and several knights proposed it to him, but in vain, for he thought he should be assisted by his friends. Thus died Thomas Felton, while engaged with a cousin of the king of Scotland, called Simon Glendinning, much lamented by his party.

According to what I heard, this battle was very bloody from its commencement to the defeat: but when the Scots saw the English were discomfited and surrendering on all sides, they behaved courteously to them, saying, "Sit down and disarm yourselves, for I am your master," but never insulted them more than if they had been brothers. The pursuit lasted a long time, and to the length of five English miles. Had the Scots been in sufficient numbers, none would have escaped death or captivity; and if sir Archibald Douglas, the earl of Fife, the earl of Sutherland, with the division that had marched for Carlisle,

had been there, they would have taken the bishop of Durham and the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, as I shall explain to you.

The same evening that sir Henry and sir Ralph Percy had left Newcastle, the bishop of Durham, with the remainder of the forces of that district, had arrived there and supped. While seated at table, he considered that he should not act very honourably if he remained in the town while his countrymen had taken the field. In consequence, he rose from table, ordered his horses to be saddled, and his trumpets to sound for those who had horses to make themselves ready, and the infantry to be drawn out in array for quitting the place. When they had all left it, they amounted to seven thousand men; that is, two thousand on horseback and five thousand on foot. Although it was now night, they took the road toward Otterbourne; but they had not advanced a league from Newcastle before intelligence was brought that the English were engaged with the Scots. On this, the bishop halted his men; and several more joined them, out of breath from the combat. They were asked how the affair went: they replied, "Badly, and unfortunately: we are defeated, and here are the Scots close at our heels." This second intelligence, being worse than the first, gave the alarm to several, who broke from their ranks; and when, shortly after, crowds came to them flying like men defeated, they were panic-struck, and so frightened with the bad news, that the bishop of Durham could not retain five hundred of his men together.

Now, supposing a large body had come upon them and followed them in their flight (with the addition of its being night) to regain the town, would not there have been much mischief? for those acquainted with arms imagine the alarm would have been so great, that the Scots would have forced their way into the place with them. When the bishop of Durham, who was eager to reinforce the English, saw his own men thus join the runaways in their flight, he demanded from sir William de Lussy, sir Thomas Clifford, and other knights of his company, what they were now to do? These knights could not, or would not advise him: for to return without having done anything

would be dishonourable, and to advance seemed attended with danger, they therefore remained silent; but the longer they waited, the more their men decreased in numbers. The bishop at length said, “Gentlemen, everything considered, there is no honour in fool-hardiness, nor is it requisite that to one misfortune we add another: we hear and see that our men are defeated: this we cannot remedy; for should we attempt to reinforce them, we scarcely know whither we should go, nor what numbers the enemy consists of. We will return this night to Newcastle, and to-morrow reassemble and march to find our enemies.” They replied, “God assist us in it!” Upon this they marched back to Newcastle. Observe the consequences of this alarm; for had they remained steady in a body, as they had left Newcastle, and forced the runaways to return with them, they must have defeated the Scots, which was the opinion of many. But it was not to be so, and the Scots remained victorious.

I will say something of sir Matthew Redman, who had mounted his horse to escape from the battle, as he alone could not recover the day. On his departure, he was noticed by sir James Lindsay, a valiant Scots knight, who was near him, and, through courage and the hope of gain, was desirous of pursuing him. His horse was ready, and leaping on him with his battle-axe hung at his neck, and spear in hand, galloped after him, leaving his men and the battle, and came so close to him, that he might, had he chosen, have hit him with his lance; but he said, “Ha, sir knight, turn about: it is disgraceful thus to fly: I am James Lindsay; and, if you do not turn, I will drive my spear into your back.” Sir Matthew made no reply, but stuck spurs harder into his horse than before. In this state did the chase last for three miles, when sir Matthew’s horse stumbling under him, he leaped off, drew his sword from the scabbard, and put himself in a posture of defence. The Scots knight made a thrust at him with his lance, thinking to strike him on the breast; but sir Matthew, by writhing his body, escaped the blow, and the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and there remained fixed. Sir Matthew now stepped forward, and with his sword cut the spear in two.

Sir James Lindsay, finding he had lost his lance, flung the shaft on the ground, and, dismounting, grasped his battle-axe, which was slung across his shoulder, and handled it with one hand very dexterously, for the Scots are accustomed thus to use it, attacking the knight with renewed courage, who defended himself with much art. They pursued each other for a long time, one with the battle-axe and the other with the sword, for there was no one to prevent them; but, at last, sir James laid about him such heavy blows, that sir Matthew was quite out of breath, which made him surrender; and he said, "Lindsay, I yield myself to you." "Indeed!" replied the Scots knight, "rescued or not." "I consent," said sir Matthew: "you will take good care of me." "That I will," answered sir James. Sir Matthew on this put his sword in the scabbard, and said, "Now, what do you require of me, for I am your prisoner by fair conquest?" "And what is it you would wish me to do?" replied sir James. "I should like," answered sir Matthew, "to return to Newcastle; and, within fifteen days, I will come to you in any part of Scotland you shall appoint." "I agree," said sir James, "on your pledging yourself, that within three weeks you be in Edinburgh; and wherever you may go, you acknowledge yourself as my prisoner." Sir Matthew having sworn to observe these conditions, each sought his horse, that was pasturing hard by, and, having mounted, took leave and departed, sir James by the way he had come, to join his countrymen, and sir Matthew to Newcastle.

Sir James, from the darkness of the night, as the moon did not shine very clear, mistook his road, and had not advanced half a league before he fell in with the bishop of Durham and more than five hundred English: he might have escaped this danger had he chosen it, but he thought they were his friends in pursuit of the enemy. When in the midst of them, those nearest asked who he was. He replied, "I am sir James Lindsay." Upon this, the bishop, who was within hearing, pushed forward and said, "Lindsay, you are taken: surrender yourself to me." "And who are you?" said Lindsay. "I am the bishop of Durham." "And where do you come from?"

added Lindsay. "By my faith, friend, I intended being at the battle, but unfortunately was too late; and in despair I am returning to Newcastle, whither you will accompany me." "If you insist on it I must comply," answered sir James; "but I have made a prisoner, and am now one myself: such is the chance of war." "Whom have you taken?" asked the bishop. "I have captured and ransomed, after a long pursuit, sir Matthew Redman." "And where is he?" said the bishop. "On my faith," replied sir James, "he is returned to Newcastle: he entreated I would allow him three weeks' liberty, which I complied with." "Well, well," said the bishop, "let us go on to Newcastle, where you shall converse with him." Thus they returned to Newcastle, sir James Lindsay as prisoner to the bishop of Durham. Under the banner of the earl of March, a squire of Gascony, John de Châteauneuf, was made prisoner, as was his companion, John de Cautiron, under the banner of the earl of Moray.

Before the dawn of day, the field was clear of combatants. The Scots had retired within their camp, and had sent scouts and parties of light horse towards Newcastle and on the adjacent roads, to observe whether the English were collecting in any large bodies, that they might not a second time be surprised. This was wisely done: for when the bishop of Durham was returned to Newcastle, and had disarmed himself at his lodgings, he was very melancholy at the unfortunate news he had heard that his cousins, the sons of the earl of Northumberland, and all the knights who had followed them, were either taken or slain. He sent for all knights and squires at the time in Newcastle, and demanded if they would suffer things to remain in their present state, for that they would be disgraced should they return without ever seeing their enemies. They held a council, and determined to arm themselves by sunrise, and to march horse and foot after the Scots to Otterbourne and offer them battle. This resolution was published throughout the town, and the trumpets sounded at the appointed hour.

The whole army made themselves ready, and were drawn up before the bridge. About sunrise they left Newcastle, through

the gate leading to Berwick, and followed the road to Otterbourne. They amounted in the whole, including horse and foot, to ten thousand men. They had not advanced two leagues before it was signified to the Scots that the bishop of Durham had rallied his troops and was on his march to give them battle. This was likewise confirmed by their scouts, who brought the same intelligence.

Sir Matthew Redman, on his return to Newcastle, told the event of the battle, and of his being made prisoner by sir James Lindsay, and learnt, to his surprise, from the bishop, or from some of his people, that sir James had in his turn been taken by the bishop. As soon, therefore, as the bishop had quitted Newcastle, sir Matthew went to his lodgings in search of his master, whom he found very melancholy, looking out of a window. "What has brought you here, sir James?" was the first salute of sir Matthew. Sir James, interrupting his melancholy thoughts, advanced to meet him, bade him good-day, and replied, "By my faith, Redman, ill luck; for I had no sooner parted with you, and was returning home, than I fell in with the bishop of Durham, to whom I am prisoner, in like manner as you are to me. I believe there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for we may finish the business here if my master consent to it." "We shall soon agree as to that," replied Redman; "but you must come and dine with me; for the bishop and his men have marched to attack your countrymen. I know not what success they will have, nor shall we be informed till their return." "I accept your invitation," answered Lindsay. In such manner did these two enjoy each other's company in Newcastle.

The barons and knights of Scotland, on being informed of the bishop of Durham's approach with ten thousand men, held a council, whether to march away or to abide the event. On mature consideration they resolved on the latter, from the difficulty of finding so strong a position to defend themselves and guard their prisoners, of whom they had many. These they could not carry away with them, on account of the wounded, nor were they willing to leave them behind. They

formed themselves in a strong body, and had fortified their camp in such a manner that it could be entered by only one pass. They then made their prisoners swear, that rescued or not they would acknowledge themselves prisoners. When this was all done, they ordered their minstrels to play as merrily as they could. The Scots have a custom, when assembled in arms, for those who are on foot to be well dressed, each having a large horn slung round his neck, in the manner of hunters, and when they blow all together, the horns being of different sizes, the noise is so great it may be heard four miles off, to the great dismay of their enemies and their own delight. The Scots commanders ordered this sort of music now to be played.

The bishop of Durham with his banner, under which were at least ten thousand men, had scarcely approached within a league of the Scots, when they began to play such a concert, that it seemed as if all the devils in hell had come thither to join in the noise, so that those of the English who had never before heard such were much frightened. This concert lasted a considerable time, and then ceased. After a pause, when they thought the English were within half a league, they recommenced it, continuing as long as before, when it again ceased. The bishop, however, kept advancing with his men in battle-array until they came within sight of the enemy, two bow-shots off: the Scots then began to play louder than before, and for a longer time, during which the bishop examined with surprise how well they had chosen their encampment, and strengthened it to their advantage. Some knights held a council how they should act, and it seemed that, after much deliberation, they thought it not advisable to risk an attack, for there were greater chances of loss than gain, but determined to return again to Newcastle.

The Scots, perceiving the English were retreating, and that there was no appearance of any battle, retired within their camp to refresh themselves with meat and liquor. They then made preparations for departure: but because sir Ralph Percy had been dangerously wounded, he begged of his master to allow him to return to Newcastle, or wherever else in Northumberland

he might have his wounds better attended to, and remain there until cured ; and in case this favour was granted him, as soon as he should be able to mount a horse, he pledged to surrender himself at Edinburgh, or in any other part of Scotland. The earl of Moray, under whose banner he was taken, readily assented to this request, and had a litter prepared for him. In a similar manner, several knights and squires obtained their liberty, fixing on a time to return in person to those who had captured them, or to send the amount of their ransoms.

I was told by those who were of the victorious party, that at this battle, which was fought in the year of grace 1388, between Newcastle and Otterbourne, on the 19th day of August, there were taken or left dead on the field, on the side of the English, one thousand and forty men of all descriptions ; in the pursuit eight hundred and forty, and more than one thousand wounded. Of the Scots there were only about one hundred slain, and two hundred made prisoners. As the English were flying, they at times rallied, and returned to combat those who were pursuing them, whenever they thought they had a favourable opportunity, and it was thus their loss was so considerable in the pursuit. You may judge, from the number of killed and prisoners on each side, if this battle was not hardly fought.

When everything had been arranged, and the dead bodies of the earl of Douglas, sir Robert Hart, and sir Simon Glendinning were enclosed within coffins, and placed on cars, they began their march, carrying with them sir Henry Percy and upwards of forty English knights. They took the road to Melrose on the Tweed, and on their departure they set fire to their huts. They lodged this night in England without any opposition, and on the morrow decamped very early and arrived at Melrose, which is an abbey of black monks, situated on the borders of the two kingdoms. They there halted, and gave directions to the friars for the burial of the earl of Douglas, whose obsequies were very reverently performed on the second day after their arrival. His body was placed in a tomb of stone, with the banner of Douglas suspended over it. Of this earl of Douglas, God save his soul ! there was no issue, nor do I know who succeeded to the estate

of Douglas ; for when I, the author of this history, was in Scotland, at his castle of Dalkeith, during the lifetime of earl William, there were only two children, a boy and a girl. There were enow of the name of Douglas ; for I knew five handsome brothers, squires, of this name, at the court of king David of Scotland, who were the children of a knight called sir James Douglas. The earl's arms, of three oreilles gules on a field or, descended to them ; but I am ignorant to whom fell the land. You must know that the sir Archibald Douglas, whom I have often mentioned as a gallant knight, and one much feared by the English, was a bastard.

When they had finished the business which had brought them to Melrose, they departed, each to his own country ; and those who had prisoners carried them with them, or ransomed them before they left Melrose. In this matter the English found the Scots very courteous and accommodating, which pleased them much, as I learnt at the castle of the count de Foix from John de Châteauneuf, who had been made prisoner under the banner of the earl of March and Dunbar : he praised the earl exceedingly for his generosity in allowing him to fix his ransom at his pleasure. Thus did these men-at-arms separate, having very soon and handsomely settled the amount of the ransoms for their prisoners, who by degrees returned to their homes. It was told me, and I believe it, that the Scots gained two hundred thousand francs for the ransoms ; and that never since the battle of Bannockburn, when the Bruce, sir William Douglas, sir Robert de Versy, and sir Simon Frazer pursued the English for three days, have they had so complete nor so gainful a victory.

When the news of it was brought to sir Archibald Douglas, the earls of Fife and Sutherland, before Carlisle, where they were with the larger division of the army, they were greatly rejoiced, but at the same time vexed that they had not been present. They held a council and determined to retreat into Scotland, since their companions had already marched thither. In consequence, they broke up their camp and re-entered Scotland.

MADNESS OF THE FRENCH KING, CHARLES VI.

You must know, in order perhaps to account truly for what followed, that the king, during his stay at Mans, laboured hard and assiduously in the council, where he had but little assistance, and was besides not perfectly recovered in health. He had been the whole summer feeble in body and mind, scarcely eating or drinking anything, and almost daily attacked with fever, to which he was naturally inclined, and this was increased by any contradiction or fatigue. He suffered much from the insult offered his constable, so that his physicians and uncles noticed that at times his intellects were deranged; but they could not do anything, for he would not listen to what they proposed, nor would he consent, on any account, to defer the expedition to Brittany.

I was told that a strange accident happened to him as he was riding through the forest of Mans, for which he ought to have assembled his council, instead of pursuing his march farther. A man, bareheaded, with naked feet, clothed in a jerkin of white russet, that showed he was more mad than otherwise, rushed out from among the trees, and boldly seized the reins of the king's horse. Having thus stopped him, he said, "King, ride no farther, but return, for thou art betrayed." This speech made such an impression on the king's mind, which was weak, that his understanding was shaken. As the man finished his speech, the men-at-arms advanced and beat him soundly on his hands, which made him drop the reins. They suffered him to run off, without paying attention to what he had said, thinking he was some madman, for which they were by many afterwards greatly blamed and disgraced: they ought at least to have arrested him, to have examined if he were really mad, and to learn why he had uttered such words, and whence he had come. Nothing, however, was done, and he made off by their rear, and was never afterwards seen by any who had the least knowledge of him. Those who were near the king's person heard very plainly the words he had spoken.

The king and his army passed on; and it might be about twelve o'clock when they were clear of the forest. They now entered an extensive sandy plain; and the sun was so resplendent, and in such force, that scarcely any could endure the heat: the horses, consequently, suffered much. There were none so used to arms as not to complain of the oppressive heat; and the lords took different routes, apart from each other. The king rode by himself, to have less dust; and the dukes of Berry and Burgundy, conversing together, kept on his left hand, at about two acres distance from him. The other lords, such as the count de la Marche, sir James de Bourbon, sir Charles d'Albret, sir Philip d'Artois, sir Henry and sir Philip de Bar, sir Peter de Navarre, rode in different paths. The duke of Bourbon, the lord de Coucy, sir Charles d'Angers, the baron d'Ivry, were following at a gentle pace, talking together, and some distance from the king, not suspecting the misfortune which was on the point of befalling him. It was manifestly the work of God, whose punishments are severe, to make his creatures tremble. Have we not seen many similar examples, both in the Old and the New Testament, especially in the instance of Nebuchadnezzar, king of the Assyrians? He reigned over them with such power, that nothing was spoken of but his magnificence and glory; when suddenly, in the midst of his pomp, the Lord of kings, God, the Master of heaven and earth, and Creator of all things, struck him in such wise that he lost his senses and his kingdom. He continued for seven years in this deplorable state, living on acorns and wild fruits, having the taste of a wild boar or hog. After this period of penitence, God restored to him his senses and memory; upon which he declared to Daniel, the servant of the Lord, that there was none other god but the God of Israel. To speak truly, God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three in name, but one in substance, was, is, and ever will be, of a sufficient power to declare his works as from the beginning, and one ought not, therefore, to be surprised at whatever wonderful things happen.

The reason why I thus speak is, that a great influence from heaven this day fell on the king of France, and, as some say,

from his own fault. The physicians of his body, who ought to have known well his constitution, declared that, considering the weak state of his health, he should not have thus exposed himself to the heat of the day, but have rode in the cool of the mornings or evenings. Those who had advised otherwise were disgraced; but he had been long led by his ministers to act just as they pleased. The king rode over this sandy plain, that reflected the heat, which was much greater than had been ever before known or felt in that season; he was besides dressed in a jacket of black velvet that added to the warmth, and had only a single hood of crimson, ornamented with a chaplet of large beautiful pearls the queen had presented to him on his leaving her. He was followed by one of his pages, who had a Montauban cap of polished steel on his head that glittered in the sun, and behind him another page rode on horseback, carrying a vermillion-coloured lance, enveloped with silk, for the king, the head of which lance was broad, sharp, and bright. The lord de la Riviere had brought a dozen such when he last came from Toulouse, and this was one; for he had presented the whole to the king, who had given three to the duke of Orleans, and the same number to the duke of Burgundy.

As they were thus riding, the pages, who were but children, grew negligent of themselves and their horses; and the one who bore the lance fell asleep, and, forgetful of what he had in his hand, let it fall on the casque of the page before him, which made both the lance and casque ring loudly. The king, being so near (the pages rode almost on the heels of his horse), was startled and shuddered; for he had in his mind the words the wise man or fool had spoken when he seized his horse's reins in the forest of Mans, and fancied a host of enemies were come to slay him. In this distraction of mind he drew his sword and advanced on the pages, for his senses were quite gone, and imagined himself surrounded by enemies, giving blows of his sword, indifferent on whom they fell, and bawled out, "Advance! advance on these traitors." The pages, seeing the king thus wroth, took care of themselves, for they imagined they had angered him by their negligence, and spurred their horses

different ways. The duke of Orleans was not far distant from the king, who made up to him with his drawn sword, for at that moment his frenzy had deprived him of the means of knowing either his brother or uncles. The duke of Orleans, seeing him approach with his naked sword, grew alarmed, and, spurring his horse, made off and the king after him. The duke of Burgundy, hearing the cries of the pages, cast his eyes to that quarter, and seeing the king pursuing his brother with his drawn sword, was thunderstruck, and not without reason: he cried out for help, saying, "My lord has lost his senses: for God's sake lay hands on him:" and then added, "Fly, fair nephew of Orleans: fly, or my lord will murder you." The duke of Orleans was much frightened, and galloped as fast as his horse could go, followed by knights and squires. There were now great shoutings, insomuch that those at a distance thought they were hunting a wolf or hare, until they learnt it was the king, who was not himself.

The duke of Orleans, however, escaped by making several turns, and was aided by knights, squires, and men-at-arms, who surrounded the king, and allowed him to waste his strength on them; for, of course, the more he exerted himself, the weaker he grew. When he made a blow at any one knight or squire, they fell before the stroke, and I never heard that in this fit of madness any one was killed. Several were struck down by his blows, because no one made any defence. At last, when he was quite jaded and running down with sweat, and his horse in a lather from fatigue, a Norman knight, who was one of his chamberlains, and much beloved by him, called sir William Martel, came behind, and caught him in his arms, though he had his sword still in his hand. When he was thus held, all the other lords came up and took the sword from him: he was dismounted, and gently laid on the ground, that his jacket might be stripped from him, to give him more air and cool him. His three uncles and brother approached; but he had lost all knowledge of them, showing no symptoms of acquaintance or affection, but rolled his eyes round in his head without speaking to any one. The princes of the blood were in amazement, and

knew not what to say nor how to act. The dukes of Berry and Burgundy at length said, "We must return to Mans, for the expedition is at an end for this season." They did not then say all they thought; but they made their intentions very apparent to those who were not in their good graces on their return to Paris, as I shall relate in the course of this history. It must be owned that, when all things are considered, it was a great pity for a king of France, who is the most noble and powerful prince in the world, to be thus suddenly deprived of his senses. There could not be any remedy applied, nor any amendment expected, since God willed it should be so.

Having undressed and cooled him as gently as they could, they laid him on a litter and carried him slowly to Mans. The marshals instantly sent orders for the van to return, and the whole army was informed there was an end to the expedition. To some the reasons were told why it was thus put an end to, to others not. The evening the king was brought back to Mans, his physicians were much occupied with him, and the princes of his blood in the utmost trouble. The event was spoken of very differently: some said that the king, to ruin the kingdom of France, had been poisoned, or bewitched, the morning before he left Mans. These words were so often repeated that they came to the ears of the duke of Orleans and others of the blood royal. In conversation together, they said, "Do you hear (for you must, unless you shut your ears) what murmurings there are against the king's ministers? It is reported, and commonly believed, that he has been poisoned or bewitched: now, how can we know whether this has been done or not?" Some made answer, "From his physicians, for they must know his habit and constitution." The physicians were sent for, and most strictly examined by the duke of Burgundy. To this examination they replied, "that the king had, for a long time, been suffering under this disorder; and, knowing that this weakness of intellect oppressed him grievously, it would make its appearance." The duke of Burgundy told the physicians, "that in the whole of the matter they had honestly acquitted themselves, but that the king, from his great anxiety to under-

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take this war, would not listen to any advice on the subject of his health. Cursed be this expedition, and unhappy is it that ever it was proposed, for it has been his destruction; and it would have been better that Clisson and his whole race had been murdered, than that the king had been afflicted with such a disorder. News of it will be carried everywhere, and, as he is now but a young man, we who are his uncles, and of his blood, who should have advised him, shall be much blamed, though we have been no way in fault. Now tell us," said the duke, addressing himself to the physicians, "were you present yesterday morning at his dinner before he mounted his horse?" "Yes, in God's name were we," said they. "And what did he eat and drink?" "So very little, that it is scarcely worth mentioning; for he sat musing the whole time." "And who was the person that last served him with liquor?" asked the duke. "That we know not," said the physicians; "for as soon as the table was removed, we went away to make ourselves ready for riding, but you will learn it from his butlers or chamberlains." Robert Tulles, a squire from Normandy, and head-butler, was called. On his coming, he was questioned who had served the king with wine. He replied, "My lords, sir Robert de Lignac." The knight was then sent for, and asked where he had taken the wine to serve the king the morning before he mounted his horse. "My lords," said he, "here is Robert Tulles who gave it me, and tasted it, as well as myself, in the king's presence." "That is true," added Robert Tulles; "and in this respect there shall not be the smallest ground for suspicions; for there is now some of the very same in bottles to what the king drank, which we will open and drink before you."

The duke of Berry then said, "We are debating here about nothing: the king is only poisoned or bewitched by bad advisers, but it is not time at present to talk of these matters. Let us bear the misfortune as well as we can for the moment."

On the conclusion of the duke of Berry's speech, the lords retired to their lodgings for the night; and the king's uncles ordered four knights of honour to sit up with the king, to attend him quietly, and administer to his wants. They were

sir Reginald de Roye, sir Reginald de Trie, the lord de Garenieres, and sir William Martel. The lord de la Riviere, sir John le Mercier, Montague, the b^egue de Villaines, sir William des Bordes, and sir Helion de Lignac were ordered not to interfere in any manner of business until the king should be perfectly recovered. On receiving this order they departed, and others took charge of the government. On the morrow morning the king's uncles visited him: they found him very weak, and asked how he had slept. His chamberlains replied, "Very little; he cannot rest." "This is sad news," said the duke of Burgundy. All three then approached him; and by this time the duke of Orleans arrived, and asked him how he was. He made no answer, but stared at them without recollecting who they were. These lords were much shocked, and, conversing together, said, "We need not stay longer, for he is extremely ill, and we do him more harm than good by our presence. We have ordered his chamberlains and physicians to take every care of him, which of course they will do. Let us consider how the kingdom is to be governed, for a government must speedily be provided, or all things will go ill." "Good brother," said the duke of Burgundy to the duke of Berry, "it will be necessary for us to go to Paris, and order the king to be brought hence gently; for we can have him better attended when nearer to us than here. We will assemble the whole council at Paris, and discuss how the kingdom shall be governed, and whether our fair nephew of Orleans be regent or we." "It is well spoken," replied the duke of Berry; "let us consider of the best place for the king to be removed to for the recovery of his health." After some consultation, it was determined he should be carried, with every precaution, to the castle of Creil, which has a good air, and is in a rich country on the river Oise.

When this was settled, the men-at-arms were disbanded, and orders given by the marshals for them to retire peaceably to their homes, without committing any ravages on the country; and that, if such excesses were indulged in, the leaders would be called upon to make reparation. The king's uncles and the

chancellor of France sent off varlets to the different cities and principal towns in Picardy, to order the inhabitants to be very attentive in the guard of them, for the reason that the king was indisposed. These orders were obeyed. The French nation was dismayed and concerned when it was publicly known that the king laboured under a frenzy. They spoke much against those who had advised him to this expedition to Brittany, and said he had been betrayed by those who had urged him on against the duke and sir Peter de Craon. People's tongues could not be stopped, for it was so serious a misfortune, it was necessary vent should be somehow given to the vexation it caused.

The king was carried to Creil, and put under the care of the before-named knights and his physicians. The men-at-arms were disbanded, and marched home. It was strictly forbidden the queen's household and all others, under pain of being severely punished, to mention this misfortune to the queen, who was far gone with child. It was concealed from her for some time, during which the king was under the care of the knights at Creil, and his physicians, who were giving him various medicines, which, however, did him little good. At this time there was a most learned physician in France, who had not his equal anywhere, a friend of the lord de Coucy, and born on his lands. His name was master William de Harseley: he had fixed his residence in the city of Laon, which he preferred to any other. On first hearing of the king's illness and the cause of it, knowing, as he thought, the king's constitution, he said, "This disorder of the king proceeds from the alarm in the forest, and by inheriting too much of his mother's weak nerves." These words were carried to the lord de Coucy, at that time in Paris with the duke of Orleans and the king's uncles. The whole of the council, and the principal barons and prelates of the realm, were there assembled, to consult on the government of the kingdom during the king's illness, and until he should be perfectly restored; and whether the duke of Orleans, or his uncles, or all three, should have the regency. They were upwards of fifteen days before they could agree: at

last it was thought advisable, from the youth of the duke of Orleans, which made him unfit to bear so great a weight, that the two uncles of the king should govern the kingdom; but that the duke of Burgundy should be the principal; and that the duchess of Burgundy should remain with the queen, and be respected as second to her in rank.

The lord de Coucy was not unmindful of what he had heard of master William de Harseley. He spoke of him to the king's uncles, and mentioned his learning and success, and that it would be proper he should try his skill to recover the king. The dukes of Berry and Burgundy listened to it, and sent for him. On his arrival at Paris, he first waited on the lord de Coucy, with whom he was very intimate, and he introduced him to the king's uncles, saying, "Here is master William de Harseley, of whom I spoke to you." The two dukes received him kindly, and made him welcome. They then ordered him to visit the king at Creil, and remain with him until he should have restored him to health. Master William, in consequence of these orders from the dukes, set out from Paris in good array, as was becoming him, and arrived at Creil, where he established himself near the king's person, and took the lead over the other physicians, undertaking to make a cure; for he saw it was to be done, since the disorder was caused by weakness of nerves, from the sudden alarm of the appearance of the madman, and then by the noise from the blow on the page's helmet; and he was very anxious to restore the king to health.

News of the king of France's illness was carried far and near, and, however others may have been grieved at it, you may suppose that the duke of Brittany and sir Peter de Craon were not much affected: they soon dried their tears, for he was pursuing them with bitter hatred. Pope Boniface and his cardinals at Rome were rejoiced on hearing it. They assembled in full consistory, and said the worst of their enemies, meaning the king of France, was severely chastised, when God had thus deprived him of his senses; and that this punishment had been inflicted by Heaven, for having so

strenuously supported the anti-pope of Avignon; that this chastisement should make him attend more to his own kingdom, and that their cause would now be better.

The pope and cardinals at Avignon, considering the great support the king had given them, had cause for alarm; but they showed none for the honour of the king and realm. They said among themselves, that the king was young and wilful, and had, by his own fault, brought on him this disorder; that those about his person had allowed him to act too much as he pleased; and that he had exerted himself in different excesses, and by riding post night and day, and had laboured unreasonably, in mind and body, on matters that should have been done by his ministers and not by himself; and that, if he had been properly and soberly educated by the advice of his uncles, this unfortunate illness would never have happened. They added that, "when he was on his journey to Languedoc, he had promised, on the word of a king, and swore likewise on his faith, that he would raise a sufficient force to destroy the anti-pope and his cardinals at Rome, and put an end to the schism and troubles of the church; but he had done nothing, and thus forfeited his oath and promise, by which he has angered God, who, to correct him, punishes him with this rod of frenzy. It therefore behoves us, when he shall have recovered his health, which may soon happen, to send properly instructed legates to remonstrate with him on this breach of promise, in order that, through our neglect, he may not be forgetful of it." Such was the language at Avignon between the pope and cardinals, who agreed that this disorder had been incurred by his own negligence and fault; but they greatly blamed those of his council and household for not having better attended to him. Many others in France did the same.

In a church at Haspres, in Hainault, dependent on the abbey of Saint Vast at Arras, lies the canonised body of Saint Aquaire, in a rich shrine of silver. This saint is celebrated for the cures he has performed on those afflicted with madness, and on that account is much visited from all parts. To pay

due respect to the saint, there was made a figure of wax resembling the king, which was sent thither with a large wax taper, and offered, with much devotion, to the shrine of the saint, that he might pray to God to alleviate this cruel affliction of the king. A similar offering was made to Saint Hermier in Rouais, who has the reputatian of curing madness, and wherever there were saints that were supposed to have efficacy, by their prayers to God, in such disorders, thither were sent offerings from the king, with much ceremony and devotion.

When this event was known in England, the king and lords were greatly concerned thereat. The duke of Lancaster especially testified his sorrow, and said to the knights near his person, "On my faith, it is a great pity, for he showed himself a man of courage, with strong inclinations to do good. When I took leave of him at Amiens, he said, 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, I earnestly entreat you will exert yourself to the utmost of your power that there may be a solid peace between the king of England your nephew and myself, and between our kingdoms: we may then march a powerful army against this Amurat, who has conquered the kingdom of Armenia from its lawful monarch, and who intends to destroy all Christendom, that we may exalt our faith, as we are bounden so to do.' Now," added the duke, "there is an end to this, for he will never again have that confidence he before enjoyed put in him." "That is true enough," said those who heard him, "and the kingdom of France seems likely to fall into much trouble."

FROISSART'S VISIT TO THE COURT OF RICHARD II.

In truth, I, sir John Froissart, treasurer and canon of Chimay, in the county of Hainault, and diocese of Liége, had, during my stay at Abbeville, a great desire to go and see the kingdom of England; more especially since a truce had been concluded, for four years, on sea and land, between France, England, and their allies. Several reasons urged me to make this journey, but

principally because in my youth I had been educated at the court of king Edward, of happy memory, and that good lady, Philippa, his queen, with their children, and others of the barons of those times, and was treated by them with all honour, courtesy, and liberality. I was anxious, therefore, to visit that country, for it ran in my imagination that if I once again saw it, I should live the longer; for twenty-seven years past I had intentions of going thither, and if I should not meet with the lords whom I had left there, I should at least see their heirs, who would likewise be of great service to me in the verification of the many histories I have related of them.

I mentioned my purpose to my very dear patrons, the lord duke Albert of Bavaria, count of Hainault, Holland, and Zealand, and lord of Frizeland; to the lord William his son, styled count d'Ostrevant; to my dear and much honoured lady Joan, duchess of Brabant and Luxembourg; and to my very much respected lord Enguerrand, lord of Coucy; as well as to that gallant knight, the lord de Gomegines. We had both, during our youth, arrived together at the English court, where I saw also the lord de Coucy, and all the nobles of France, who were hostages for the redemption of king John of France, which has been before related in this history. The three lords above mentioned, as well as the lord de Gomegines, and madame de Brabant, on my telling them my intentions, encouraged me to persevere, and they all gave me letters of introduction to the king and his uncles, with the reserve of the lord de Coucy, who, from being now so much attached to France, could only write to his daughter, the duchess of Ireland.

I had taken care to form a collection of all the poetry on love and morality that I had composed during the last twenty-four years, which I had caused to be fairly written and illuminated. I was also incited to go to England and see king Richard, son to the noble and valiant prince of Wales and Aquitaine, whom I had not seen since the time of his christening in the cathedral church of Bordeaux. I was then present, and had intentions of accompanying the prince of Wales in his expedition to Spain; but, when we came to the city of Dax, the prince sent me back

to the queen his mother in England. I was desirous, therefore, to pay my respects to the king of England and his uncles, and had provided myself with my book of poesy finely ornamented, bound in velvet, and decorated with silver-gilt clasps and studs, as a present for the king. Having this intention, I spared no pains; and the cost and labour seem trifling to people whenever they undertake anything willingly.

Having provided myself with horses, I crossed from Calais to Dover on the 12th day of July; but found no one there whom I had been acquainted with in my former journeys: the inns were all kept by new people, and the children of my former acquaintance were become men and women. I stayed half a day and night to refresh myself and horses; and on Wednesday, by nine o'clock, arrived at Canterbury to visit the shrine of Saint Thomas and the tomb of the late prince of Wales, who had been buried there with great pomp. I heard high mass, made my offering at the shrine, and returned to my inn to dinner, when I heard the king was to come the following day in pilgrimage to St. Thomas of Becket. He was lately returned from Ireland, where he had remained for nine months, or thereabouts, and was anxious to pay his devotions in this church, on account of the holy body of the saint, and because his father was there buried. I thought, therefore, it would be well to wait his arrival, which I did; and, on the morrow, the king came in great state, accompanied by lords and ladies, with whom I mixed; but they were all new faces to me, for I did not remember one of them.

Times and persons had greatly changed since I was last in England, eight-and-twenty years past. The king had not either of his uncles with him: the duke of Lancaster was in Aquitaine, and the dukes of York and Gloucester in other parts. I was at first quite astonished, and should have been comforted could I have seen an ancient knight who had been of the bed-chamber to king Edward, and was in the same capacity to the present king, as well as of his privy council, and could I have made myself known to him. The name of this knight was sir Richard Sturry. I asked if he were alive: they said he was, but not then

present, as he was at his residence in London. I then determined to address myself to sir Thomas Percy, high steward of England. I found him gracious and of agreeable manners, and he offered to present me and my letters to the king. I was rejoiced at this promise; for it is necessary to have friends to introduce one to so great a prince as the king of England. He went to the king's apartments to see if it were a proper time, but found the king had retired to repose: he therefore bade me return to my inn. When I thought the king might be risen, I went again to the palace of the archbishop, where he lodged; but sir Thomas Percy and his people were preparing to set out for Ospringe, whence he had come that morning. I asked sir Thomas's advice how to act: "For the present," he said, "do not make further attempts to announce your arrival, but follow the king; and I will take care, when he comes to his palace in this country, which he will do in two days, that you shall be well lodged as long as the court tarries there."

The king was going to a beautiful palace in the county of Kent, called Leeds castle, and I followed sir Thomas Percy's advice by taking the road to Ospringe. I lodged at an inn where I found a gallant knight of the king's chamber, but he had that morning stayed behind on account of a slight pain in his head that had seized him the preceding night. This knight, whose name was sir William de Lisle, seeing I was a foreigner and a Frenchman (for all who speak the language of Oil are by the English considered as Frenchmen, whatever country they may come from), made acquaintance with me, and I with him, for the English are courteous to strangers. He asked my situation and business in England, which I related to him at length, as well as what sir Thomas Percy had advised me to do. He replied that I could not have had better advice, for that the king would on Friday be at Leeds castle, and would find there his uncle the duke of York. I was well pleased to hear this, for I had letters to the duke, and, when young, was known to him while in the household of the late king and queen.

I courted the acquaintance of sir William de Lisle, as a means of gaining greater intimacy with the king's household. On the

Friday we rode out together, and on the road I asked if he had accompanied the king on his expedition to Ireland. He said he had. I then asked if there were any foundation in truth for what was said of St. Patrick's hole. He replied there was; and that he and another knight, during the king's stay at Dublin, had been there. They entered it at sunset, remained there the whole night, and came out at sunrise the next morning. I requested he would tell me whether he saw all the marvellous things which are said to be seen there. He made me the following answer:—"When I and my companion had passed the entrance of the cave, called the Purgatory of Saint Patrick, we descended three or four steps (for you go down into it like a cellar), but found our heads so much affected by the heat, we seated ourselves on the steps, which are of stone, and such a drowsiness came on, that we slept there the whole night." I asked if, when asleep, they knew where they were, and what visions they had. He said they had many very strange dreams, and they seemed, as they imagined, to see more than they would have done if they had been in their beds. This they both were assured of. "When morning came, and we were awake, the door of the cave was opened, for so we had ordered it, and we came out, but instantly lost all recollection of everything we had seen, and looked on the whole as a phantom." I did not push the conversation further, although I should have much liked to have heard what he would say of Ireland; but other knights overtook us, and conversed with him; and thus we rode to Leeds castle, where the king and his court arrived shortly after. The duke of York was already there; and I made myself known to him by presenting him letters from his cousins, the count of Hainault and the count d'Ostrevant. The duke recollected me, and made me a hearty welcome, saying, "Sir John, keep with us and our people; for we will show you every courtesy and attention: we are bounden so to do, from remembrance of past times, and affection to the memory of our lady-mother, to whom you were attached. We have not forgotten these times." I warmly thanked him, as was just, for his kind speech, and was well noticed by him, sir Thomas Percy, and sir William de Lisle,

who carried me to the king's chamber, where I was introduced to him by his uncle, the duke of York.

The king received me graciously and kindly; he took all the letters I presented to him, and, having read them attentively, said I was welcome, and that since I had belonged to the household of the late king and queen, his grandfather and grandmother, I must consider myself still as of the royal household of England. This day I did not offer him the book I had brought; for sir Thomas Percy told me it was not a fit opportunity, as he was much occupied with serious business. The council was deeply engaged on two subjects: first, in respect to the negotiation with France, to treat of a marriage between the king and the lady Isabella, eldest daughter to the king of France, who at that time was about eight years old. The ambassadors appointed to make this proposal to France were the earl of Rutland, cousin-german to the king, the earl marshal, the archbishop of Dublin, the bishop of Lye, the lord Clifford, lord Beaumont, lord Hugh Spencer, and several others.

Secondly, the lord de la Barde, the lord de la Taride, the lord de Pinterne, the lord de Châteauneuf, the lords de Levesque and de Copane, the chief magistrates of Bordeaux, Bayonne, and Dax, were come to England, and greatly persecuted the king, since his return from Ireland, for an answer to their petitions and remonstrances on the gift the king had made his uncle, the duke of Lancaster, of all Aquitaine, with its lordships, baronies, and dependencies, which had appertained to the king and crown of England. The above-mentioned lords, and principal cities and towns in Aquitaine, maintained that such a gift could not be made, and that it was null; for that the whole of Aquitaine was a fief depending solely on the crown of England, and that they would never consent thus to be disjoined from it. They had made several reasonable propositions for an accommodation, which I will relate in proper time and place. In order that these matters might be more fully considered, and indeed they required it, the king had summoned the principal barons and prelates of

the realm to meet him on Magdalen-day, at his palace of Eltham, seven miles from London, and the same distance from Dartford. On the fourth day after the king's arrival, when I learnt that he, his council, and the duke of York, were about to quit Leeds castle and go to Rochester, in their way to Eltham, I set out in their company.

On the road to Rochester, I asked sir William de Lisle and sir John de Grailly, governor of Bouteville, the cause of the king's journey to London, and why the parliament was to be assembled at Eltham. They both answered me satisfactorily; but sir John Grailly particularly informed me why the lords of Gascony and the deputies from the chief towns were come to England.

With such conversation did sir John de Grailly entertain me while travelling between Rochester and Dartford. He was the bastard son of that gallant knight the captal de Buch. I eagerly listened to all he said, and treasured his words in my memory; for I rode chiefly in his company, and with sir William de Lisle, the whole way from Leeds castle to Eltham.

The king arrived at Eltham on a Tuesday. On the Wednesday the lords came from all parts. There were the duke of Gloucester, the earls of Derby, Arundel, Northumberland, Kent, Rutland, the earl marshal, the archbishops of Canterbury and of York, the bishops of London and of Winchester: in short, all who had been summoned arrived at Eltham on the Thursday, by eight o'clock in the morning. The parliament was holden in the king's apartment, in the presence of the king, his uncles, and council. The knights from Gascony and the deputies from the cities and towns, as well as those sent by the duke of Lancaster, were present.

I cannot say what passed at this parliament, for I was not admitted, nor were any but the members of it. It sat for upwards of four hours. When it was over, I renewed my acquaintance after dinner with an ancient knight whom in my youth I well knew, when he was of the chamber of king Edward. He was now one of the principal advisers of king

Richard, and deserving of it : his name was sir Richard Sturry. He immediately recollected me, though it was twenty-four years since we had seen each other ; the last time was at Colleberge, at Brussels, in the hotel of duke Wenceslaus and the duchess Jane of Brabant. Sir Richard Sturry seemed very glad to see me, and made me a hearty welcome. He asked many questions, which I answered as fully and as well as I could. While we were walking near the king's apartment at Eltham, I inquired if he could inform me what had been the determination of the parliament : having mused awhile, he said he would tell me, for it was not worth while to conceal what must shortly be made public.

As I have mentioned, the deputies from Gascony and from the chief towns in Aquitaine were earnest in their solicitations to the king and council that they might remain attached to the crown of England, according to their ancient rights and privileges, which it had been repeatedly sworn should be observed, in spite of every cause, obstacle, or condition to the contrary. Three parts of the council, and the unanimous voice of the people of England, were on their side ; but Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, youngest son to the late king Edward, opposed them, and plainly showed he wished his brother of Lancaster to be detained in Aquitaine, for he felt he was too powerful when in England, and too nearly allied to the king. As for his brother of York, he held him cheap, for he interfered little in public affairs, and was without malice or guile, wishing only to live in quiet : he had besides just married a young and beautiful wife, daughter to the earl of Kent, with whom he spent most of his time which was not occupied with other amusements. The duke of Gloucester was cunning and malicious, and continually soliciting favours from his nephew king Richard, pleading poverty, though he abounded in wealth ; for he was constable of England, duke of Gloucester, earl of Buckingham, Essex, and Northampton. He had, besides, pensions on the king's exchequer, to the amount of four thousand nobles a year ; and he would not exert himself in any

way to serve his king or country, if he were not well paid for it. He was violently adverse to those of Aquitaine in this business, and did everything in his power that the duke of Lancaster might not return to England, for then he would have everything his own way.

To show that he governed the king and was the greatest in the council, as soon as he had delivered his opinion and saw that many were murmuring at it, and that the prelates and lords were discussing it in small parties, he quitted the king's chamber, followed by the earl of Derby, and entered the hall at Eltham, where he ordered a table to be spread, and they both sat down to dinner while the others were debating the business. When the duke of York heard they were at dinner, he joined them. After their dinner, which took no long time, the duke of Gloucester, dissembling his thoughts, took leave of the king as he was seated at table, mounted his horse, and returned to London. The earl of Derby remained that and the ensuing day with the king and the lords, but those from Aquitaine could not procure any answer to their petitions.

I have taken much pleasure in detailing everything relative to the dispute with Gascony and Aquitaine, that the truth of my history may be apparent; and because I, the author of it, could not be present in these councils, that ancient and valiant knight sir Richard Sturry told me everything, word for word, as I have transcribed. On the Sunday the whole council were gone to London, excepting the duke of York, who remained with the king, and sir Richard Sturry: these two, in conjunction with sir Thomas Percy, mentioned me again to the king, who desired to see the book I had brought for him. I presented it to him in his chamber, for I had it with me, and laid it on his bed. He opened and looked into it with much pleasure. He ought to have been pleased, for it was handsomely written and illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver-gilt studs, and roses of the same in the middle, with two large clasps of silver-gilt, richly worked with roses in the centre. The king asked me what the book treated of: I replied, "Of love!" He was pleased with the answer, and dipped into several places, reading parts aloud,

for he read and spoke French perfectly well, and then gave it to one of his knights, called sir Richard Credon, to carry to his oratory, and made me many acknowledgments for it.

It happened this same Sunday, after the king had received my book so handsomely, an English squire, being in the king's chamber, called Henry Castide, a man of prudence and character, and who spoke French well, made acquaintance with me, because he saw the king and lords give me so hearty a reception, and had likewise noticed the book I had presented to the king: he also imagined, from his first conversation, that I was an historian; indeed, he had been told so by sir Richard Sturry. He thus addressed me: "Sir John, have you as yet found any one to give you an account of the late expedition to Ireland, and how four kings of that country submitted themselves to the obedience of the king?" I replied that I had not. "I will tell it you, then," said the squire, who might be about fifty years old, "in order that, when you are returned home, you may at your leisure insert it in your history, to be had in perpetual remembrance." I was delighted to hear this, and offered him my warmest thanks.

Henry Castide thus began: "It is not in the memory of man that any king of England ever led so large an armament of men-at-arms and archers to make war on the Irish as the present king. He remained upwards of nine months in Ireland, at great expense, which, however, was cheerfully defrayed by his kingdom; for the principal cities and towns of England thought it was well laid out, when they saw their king return home with honour. Only gentlemen and archers had been employed on this expedition; and there were with the king four thousand knights and squires and thirty thousand archers, all regularly paid every week, and so well they were satisfied. To tell you the truth, Ireland is one of the worst countries to make war in, or to conquer; for there are such impenetrable and extensive forests, lakes, and bogs, there is no knowing how to pass them, and carry on war advantageously: it is so thinly inhabited, that, whenever the Irish please, they desert the towns, and take refuge in these forests, and live in huts made of boughs, like

wild beasts; and whenever they perceive any parties advancing with hostile dispositions, and about to enter their country, they fly to such narrow passes, it is impossible to follow them. When they find a favourable opportunity to attack their enemies to advantage, which frequently happens, from their knowledge of the country, they fail not to seize it; and no man-at-arms, be he ever so well mounted, can overtake them, so light are they of foot. Sometimes they leap from the ground behind a horseman, and embrace the rider (for they are very strong in their arms) so tightly, that he can no way get rid of them. The Irish have pointed knives, with broad blades, sharp on both sides like a dart-head, with which they kill their enemies; but they never consider them as dead until they have cut their throats like sheep, opened their bellies and taken out their hearts, which they carry off with them, and some say, who are well acquainted with their manners, that they devour them as delicious morsels. They never accept of ransom for their prisoners; and when they find they have not the advantage in any skirmishes, they instantly separate, and hide themselves in hedges, bushes, or holes underground, so that they seem to disappear, no one knows whither.

“Sir William Windsor, who has longer made war in Ireland than any other English knight, has never been able, during his residence among them, to learn correctly their manners, nor the condition of the Irish people. They are a very hardy race, of great subtlety, and of various tempers, paying no attention to cleanliness, nor to any gentleman, although their country is governed by kings, of whom there are several, but seem desirous to remain in the savage state they have been brought up in. True it is, that four of the most potent kings in Ireland have submitted to the king of England, but more through love and good-humour than by battle or force. The earl of Ormond, whose lands join their kingdoms, took great pains to induce them to go to Dublin, where the king our lord resided, and to submit themselves to him and to the crown of England. This was considered by every one as a great acquisition, and the object of the armament accomplished: for,

during the whole of king Edward's reign, of happy memory, he had never such success as king Richard. The honour is great, but the advantage little, for with such savages nothing can be done. I will tell you an instance of their savageness, that it may serve as an example to other nations. You may depend on its truth; for I was an eye-witness of what I shall relate, as they were about a month under my care and governance at Dublin, to teach them the usages of England, by orders of the king and council, because I knew their language as well as I did French and English, for in my youth I was educated among them; and earl Thomas, father of the present earl of Ormond, kept me with him, out of affection, for my good horsemanship.

" It happened that the earl above-mentioned was sent with three hundred lances and one thousand archers to make war on the Irish; for the English had kept up a constant warfare against them, in hopes of bringing them under their subjection. The earl of Ormond, whose lands bordered on his opponents, had that day mounted me on one of his best horses, and I rode by his side. The Irish having formed an ambuscade to surprise the English, advanced from it; but were so sharply attacked by the archers, whose arrows they could not withstand, for they are not armed against them, that they soon retreated. The earl pursued them, and I, who was well mounted, kept close by him: it chanced that in this pursuit my horse took fright, and ran away with me, in spite of all my efforts, into the midst of the enemy. My friends could never overtake me; and, in passing through the Irish, one of them, by a great feat of agility, leaped on the back of my horse, and held me tight with both his arms, but did me no harm with lance or knife. He pressed my horse forward for more than two hours, and conducted him to a large bush, in a very retired spot, where he found his companions who had run thither to escape the English. He seemed much rejoiced to have made me his prisoner, and carried me to his house, which was strong, and in a town surrounded with wood, palisades, and stagnant water: the name of this town was Herpelin. The gentleman who had

taken me was called Brin Costeret, a very handsome man. I have frequently made inquiries after him, and hear that he is still alive, but very old. This Bryan Costeret kept me with him seven years, and gave me his daughter in marriage, by whom I have two girls. I will tell you how I obtained my liberty. It happened in the seventh year of my captivity, that one of their kings, Arthur Macquemaire, king of Leinster, raised an army against Lionel, duke of Clarence, son to king Edward of England, and both armies met very near the city of Leinster. In the battle that followed, many were slain and taken on both sides; but, the English gaining the day, the Irish were forced to fly, and the king of Leinster escaped. The father of my wife was made prisoner, under the banner of the duke of Clarence; and as Bryan Costeret was mounted on my horse, which was remembered to have belonged to the earl of Ormond, it was then first known that I was alive, that he had honourably entertained me at his house in Herpelin, and given me his daughter in marriage. The duke of Clarence, sir William Windsor, and all of our party were well pleased to hear this news, and he was offered his liberty, on condition that he gave me mine, and sent me to the English army, with my wife and children. He at first refused the terms, from his love to me, his daughter, and our children; but, when he found no other terms would be accepted, he agreed to them, provided my eldest daughter remained with him. I returned to England with my wife and youngest daughter, and fixed my residence at Bristol. My two children are married; the one established in Ireland has three boys and two girls, and her sister four sons and two daughters.

“ Because the Irish language is as familiar to me as English, for I have always spoken it in my family, and introduce it among my grandchildren as much as I can, I have been chosen by our lord and king to teach and accustom the four Irish kings, who have sworn obedience for ever to England, to the manners of the English. I must say that these kings who were under my management were of coarse manners and understandings; and, in spite of all that I could do to soften their language and

nature, very little progress had been made, for they would frequently return to their former coarse behaviour.

"I will more particularly relate the charge that was given me over them, and how I managed it. The king of England intended these four kings should adopt the manners, appearance, and dress of the English, for he wanted to create them knights. He gave them first a very handsome house in the city of Dublin for themselves and attendants, where I was ordered to reside with them, and never to leave the house without an absolute necessity. I lived with them for three or four days without any way interfering, that we might become accustomed to each other, and I allowed them to act just as they pleased. I observed that as they sat at table they made grimaces, that did not seem to me graceful nor becoming, and I resolved in my own mind to make them drop that custom. When these kings were seated at table, and the first dish was served, they would make their minstrels and principal servants sit beside them, and eat from their plates and drink from their cups. They told me this was a praiseworthy custom of their country, where everything was in common but the bed. I permitted this to be done for three days; but on the fourth I ordered the tables to be laid out and covered properly, placing the four kings at an upper table, the minstrels at another below, and the servants lower still. They looked at each other, and refused to eat, saying I had deprived them of their old custom in which they had been brought up. I replied with a smile, to appease them, that their custom was not decent nor suitable to their rank, nor would it be honourable for them to continue it; for that now they should conform to the manners of the English; and to instruct them in these particulars was the motive of my residence with them, having been so ordered by the king of England and his council. When they heard this they made no further opposition to whatever I proposed, from having placed themselves under the obedience of England, and continued good-humouredly to persevere in it as long as I stayed with them.

"They had another custom I knew to be common in the

country, which was the not wearing breeches. I had, in consequence, plenty of breeches made of linen and cloth, which I gave to the kings and their attendants, and accustomed them to wear them. I took away many rude articles, as well in their dress as other things, and had great difficulty at the first to induce them to wear robes of silken cloth, trimmed with squirrel-skin or minever, for the kings only wrapped themselves up in an Irish cloak. In riding they neither used saddles nor stirrups, and I had some trouble to make them conform in this respect to the English manners.

"I once made inquiry concerning their faith; but they seemed so much displeased, I was forced to silence: they said they believed in God and the Trinity, without any difference from our creed. I asked which pope they were inclined to: they replied, without hesitation, 'To that at Rome.' I inquired if they would like to receive the order of knighthood? for the king would willingly create them such, after the usual modes of France, England, and other countries. They said they were knights already, which ought to satisfy them. I asked when they were made; they answered, at seven years old; that in Ireland a king makes his son a knight, and should the child have lost his father, then the nearest relation; and the young knight begins to learn to tilt with a light lance against a shield fixed to a post in a field, and the more lances he breaks the more honour he acquires. 'By this method,' added they, 'are our young knights trained, more especially kings' sons.' Although I asked this, I was before well acquainted with the manner of educating their children to arms. I made no further reply than by saying this kind of childish knighthood would not satisfy the king of England, and that he would create them in another mode. They asked, 'In what manner?' 'In church, with most solemn ceremonies;' and I believe they paid attention to what I said.

"About two days after, the king was desirous to create these kings knights; and the earl of Ormond, who understood and spoke Irish well, as his lands joined the territories of the kings, was sent to wait on them, that they might have more confidence

in the message from the king and council. On his arrival, they showed him every respect, which he returned, as he knew well how to do, and they seemed happy at his coming. He began a most friendly conversation with them, and inquired if they were satisfied with my conduct and behaviour. They replied, ‘Perfectly well: he has prudently and wisely taught us the manners and usages of his country, for which we ought to be obliged, and do thank him.’ This answer was agreeable to the earl of Ormond, for it showed sense; and then, by degrees, he began to talk of the order of knighthood they were to receive, explaining to them every article and ceremony of it, and how a great value should be set on it, and how those who were created knights behaved. The whole of the earl’s conversation was very pleasing to the four kings, whom, however, as I have not yet named, I will now do: first, Aneel the great, king of Mecte; secondly, Brun de Thomond, king of Thomond and of Aire; the third, Arthur Macquemaire, king of Leinster; and the fourth, Contruo, king of Chenour and Erpe. They were made knights by the hand of the king of England, on the feast of our Lady in March, which that year fell on a Thursday, in the cathedral of Dublin, that was founded by Saint John the Baptist. The four kings watched all the Wednesday night in the cathedral; and on the morrow, after mass, they were created knights, with much solemnity. There were knighted at the same time sir Thomas Orphem, sir Joathas Pado, and his cousin sir John Pado. The four kings were very richly dressed, suitable to their rank, and that day dined at the table of king Richard, where they were much stared at by the lords and those present; not indeed without reason; for they were strange figures, and differently countenanced to the English or other nations. We are naturally inclined to gaze at anything strange, and it was certainly, sir John, at that time a great novelty to see four Irish kings.”

“Sir Henry, I readily believe you, and would have given a good deal if I could have been there. Last year I had made arrangements for coming to England, and should have done so, had I not heard of the death of queen Anne, which made me

postpone my journey. But I wish to ask you one thing, which has much surprised me: I should like to know how these four Irish kings have so readily submitted to king Richard, when his valiant grandfather, who was so much redoubted everywhere, could never reduce them to obedience, and was always at war with them. You have said it was brought about by a treaty and the grace of God: the grace of God is good, and of infinite value to those who can obtain it; but we see few lords nowadays augment their territories otherwise than by force. When I shall be returned to my native country of Hainault, and speak of these matters, I shall be strictly examined concerning them; for our lord duke Albert of Bavaria, earl of Holland, Hainault, and Zealand, and his son William of Hainault, style themselves lords of Friesland, an extensive country, over which they claim the government, as their predecessors have done before them; but the Frieslanders refuse to acknowledge their right, and will not by any means submit themselves to their obedience."

To this Henry Castide answered: "In truth, sir John, I cannot more fully explain how it was brought about; but it is generally believed by most of our party, that the Irish were exceedingly frightened at the great force the king landed in Ireland, where it remained for nine months. Their coasts were so surrounded, that neither provision nor merchandise could be landed; but the inland natives were indifferent to this, as they are unacquainted with commerce, nor do they wish to know anything of it, but simply to live like wild beasts. Those who reside on the coast opposite to England are better informed, and accustomed to traffic. King Edward, of happy memory, had in his reign so many wars to provide for, in France, Brittany, Gascony, and Scotland, that his forces were dispersed in different quarters, and he was unable to send any great armament to Ireland. When the Irish found so large a force was now come against them, they considered it most advisable to submit themselves to the king of England. Formerly, when Saint Edward, who had been canonised, and was worshipped with much solemnity by the English, was their king, he thrice defeated the Danes on sea and land. This Saint Edward, king of

England, lord of Ireland, and of Aquitaine, the Irish loved and feared more than any other king of England before or since. It was for this reason, that, when our king went thither last year, he laid aside the leopards and flowers-de-luce, and bore the arms of Saint Edward emblazoned on all his banners: these were a cross patencé or, on a field gules, with four doves argent on the shield or banner, as you please. This we heard was very pleasing to the Irish, and inclined them more to submission, for in truth the ancestors of these four kings had done homage and service to Saint Edward: they also considered king Richard as a prudent and conscientious man, and have therefore paid their homage in the like manner as was done to Saint Edward.

"Thus I have related to you how our king accomplished the object of his expedition to Ireland. Keep it in your memory, that when returned home you may insert it in your chronicle with other histories that are connected with it." "Henry," said I, "you have well spoken, and it shall be done." Upon this we separated; and meeting soon after the herald March, I said, "March, tell me what are the arms of Henry Castide; for I have found him very agreeable, and he has kindly related to me the history of the king's expedition to Ireland, and of the four Irish kings, who, as he says, were under his governance upwards of fifteen days." March replied, "He bears for arms a chevron gules on a field argent, with three besants gules, two above the chevron and one below."

All these things I retained in my memory, and put on paper, for I wished not to forget them.

I remained in the household of the king of England as long as I pleased; but I was not always in the same place, for the king frequently changed his abode. He went to Eltham, Leeds Castle, Kingston, Shene, Chertsey, and Windsor; none very far from London.

THE DEATH OF KING RICHARD.

It was not long after this that a true report was current in London of the death of Richard of Bordeaux. I could not learn the particulars of it, nor how it happened, the day I wrote these chronicles. Richard of Bordeaux, when dead, was placed on a litter covered with black, and a canopy of the same. Four black horses were harnessed to it, and two varlets in mourning conducted the litter, followed by four knights dressed also in mourning. Thus they left the Tower of London, where he had died, and paraded the streets at a foot's pace until they came to Cheapside, which is the greatest thoroughfare in the city, and there they halted for upwards of two hours. More than twenty thousand persons, of both sexes, came to see the king, who lay in the litter, his head on a black cushion, and his face uncovered.

Some pitied him, when they saw him in this state, but others did not, saying he had for a long time deserved death. Now consider, ye kings, lords, dukes, prelates, and earls, how very changeable the fortunes of this world are. This king Richard reigned twenty-two years in great prosperity, and with much splendour; for there never was a king of England who expended such sums, by more than one hundred thousand florins, as king Richard did in keeping up his state and his household establishments. I, John Froissart, canon and treasurer of Chimay, know it well, for I witnessed and examined it, during my residence with him, for a quarter of a year. He made me good cheer, because in my youth I had been secretary to king Edward, his grandfather, and the lady Philippa of Hainault, queen of England. When I took my leave of him at Windsor, he presented me, by one of his knights called sir John Golofre, a silver-gilt goblet, weighing full two marks, filled with one hundred nobles, which were then of service to me, and will be so as long as I live. I am bound to pray to God for him, and sorry am I to write of his death; but as I have dictated and augmented this history to the utmost of my power, it became

necessary to mention it, that what became of him might be known.

I saw two strange things in my time, though widely different. I was sitting at dinner in the city of Bordeaux when king Richard was born: it was on a Wednesday, on the point of ten o'clock. At that hour sir Richard de Pontchardon, then marshal of Aquitaine, came to me and said, "Froissart, write, that it may be remembered my lady the princess is brought to bed of a fine son: he is born on Twelfth-day, the son of a king's son, and shall be king himself." The gallant knight foretold the truth, for he was king of England twenty-two years; but he did not foresee what was to be the conclusion of his life. When king Richard was born, his father was in Galicia, which don Pedro had given him to conquer: a curious thing happened, on my first going to England, which I have much thought on since. I was in the service of queen Philippa, and when she accompanied king Edward and the royal family, to take leave of the prince and princess of Wales, at Berkhamstead, on their departure for Aquitaine, I heard an ancient knight, in conversation with some ladies, say, "We have a book called Brut, that declares neither the prince of Wales, dukes of Clarence, York, nor Gloucester, will be kings of England, but the descendants of the duke of Lancaster." Now I, the author of this history, say that, considering all things, these two knights, sir Richard de Pontchardon, and sir Bartholomew Burghersh, in what they said, were both in the right, for all the world saw Richard reign for twenty-two years in England, and saw the crown then fall to the house of Lancaster. King Henry would never have been king, on the conditions you have heard, if his cousin, Richard, had treated him in the friendly manner he ought to have done. The Londoners took his part for the wrongs the king had done him and his children, whom they much compassioned.

When the funeral car of king Richard had remained in Cheapside two hours, it was conducted forward, in the same order as before, out of the town. The four knights then mounted their horses, which were waiting for them, and con-

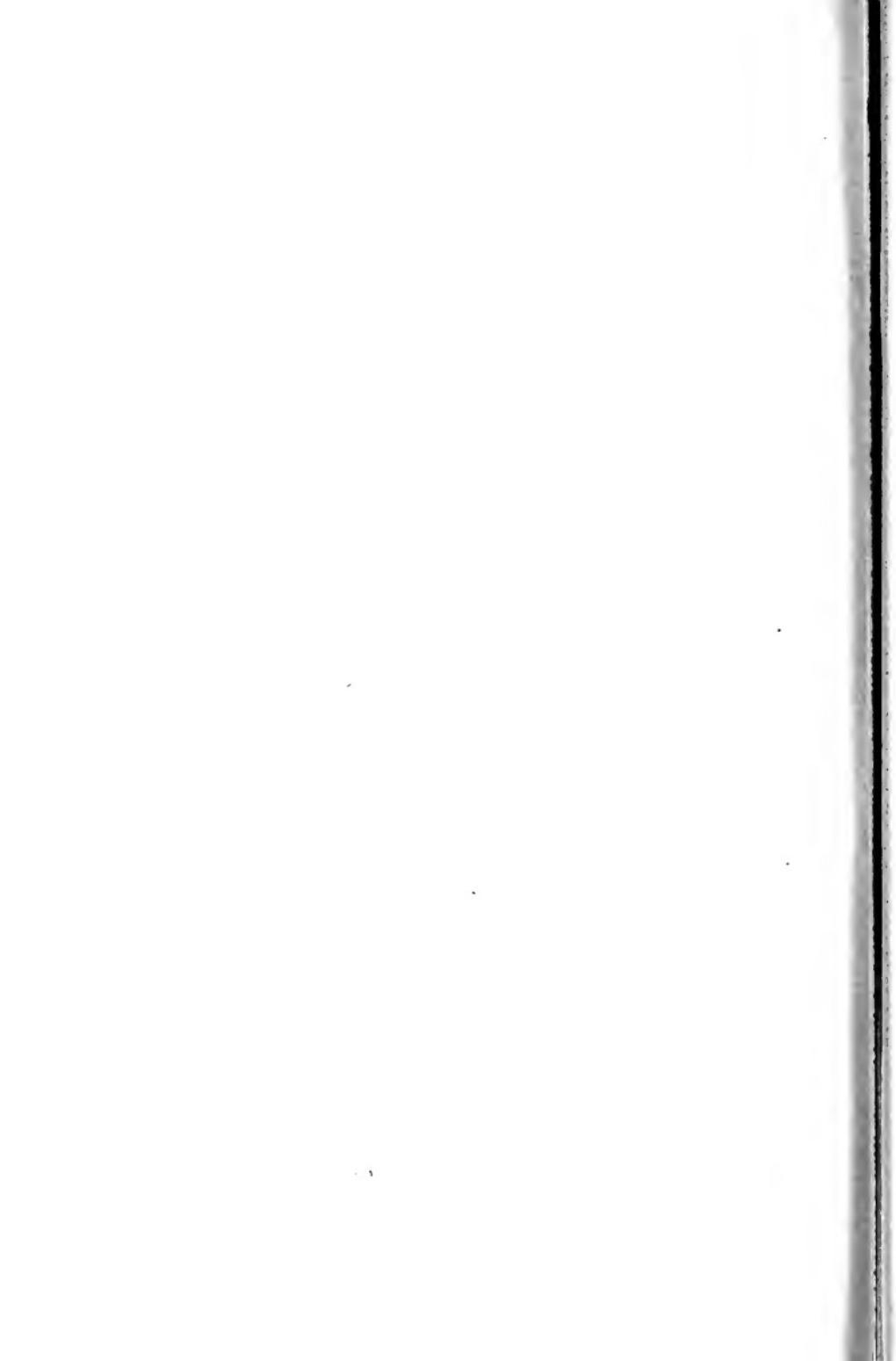
tinued their journey with the body until they came to a village, where there is a royal mansion, called Langley, thirty miles from London. There king Richard was interred: God pardon his sins, and have mercy on his soul!

It may be fitting here to reproduce a very interesting passage—written towards the close of Froissart's life—in which, after speaking of the ill-starred Edward II., he expresses his opinion of the English people. I translate from the latest version of part of the First Book—a version preserved to us in a MS. at Rome, and collated with the earlier versions by the late M. Siméon Luce. (See Introduction.)

“And because his son, named Edward, had not the same honour and success in arms (as his father, Edward I.)—for all neither are, nor can be, graced with high virtues—he fell under the hatred and indignation of his people; but they did not bring him to account for his secret follies till he had caused great evils, and perpetrated bloody executions among the nobles of his kingdom. The English will suffer for a time, but in the end they take such bloody payment as may well serve for an example; nor can they be played with. And any king who rules over them must rise from his bed and retire to rest in great peril, for never will they love or honour him if he is not victorious, and if he does not love arms, and warring against his neighbours, and especially against such as are stronger and richer than themselves. And such are their conditions, to which they hold, and have always held, and always will hold so long as England remains a habitable land. And they say generally, and experience has too often justified the saying, that after a good king comes one without valour. And they regard him as a sluggard and a sleeper if he will not walk in the ways of his father or predecessor, the good king who reigned before him. And (they think that) their land is more full of riches and all things good when they are at war, than in times

of peace. And in this belief are they born, and obstinate, nor could any one induce them to believe the contrary.

"The English are of marvellous conditions, hot and irascible, easily moved to anger, and with difficulty appeased and made placable; and they delight and take comfort in battles and slaughter. Greatly are they covetous and envious of other people's goods, and cannot perfectly and naturally enter into alliance with any foreign nation; and they are perfidious and arrogant. Especially there is under the sun no such dangerous people, the craftsmen more particularly, as in England. And very great is the difference in England between the natures and conditions of the nobles and of the artisans and villains, for the gentlemen are of noble and loyal condition, but the common people of cruel, dangerous, arrogant, and disloyal condition. And if the people wished to show its evilness and power, the nobles would endure no more than a short space. But for this long time there has been a good understanding between them, for the noble never demands of the people more than is reasonable. Indeed it would not be allowed that he should take an egg or a fowl without paying for it. The craftsman and the labourer in England lives by what he can earn, and the gentleman by his rents and revenues;—and if the king employs them, they are paid;—nor can the king tax his people, no nor would the people suffer it. There are certain ordinances and agreements established with regard to the staple of the wools, and with the produce of these the king is subsidised beyond his rents and revenues; and when he goes to war this subsidy is doubled. England is the best guarded country in the world. Otherwise it neither would nor could maintain itself; and well it behoves the king, who is their ruler, to order himself after the (people's) wish, and to incline in most things to their will; for if he does the contrary, and evil ensue, he shall suffer for it, as did this king Edward, of whom I am now speaking. . . .”—
EDITOR'S NOTE.



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